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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

Containing

THE ADVENTURES OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES,

AND TRAVELS THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MUNDELL & CO. EDINBURGH

AND FOR

J. MUNDELL, COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

1796.

19819

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be about the age of fifteen, and a country lad, who ſerved both as waiter and oſtler.

The ſocial triumvirate was compoſed of Mr. Fillet, a country practitioner in ſurgery and midwifery, Captain Crowe, and his nephew Mr. Thomas Clarke, an attorney. Fillet was a man of ſome education, and a great deal of experience, ſhrewd, ſly, and ſenſible. Captain Crowe had commanded a merchant ſhip in the Mediterranean trade for many years, and ſaved ſome money by dint of frugality and traffic. He was an excellent ſeaman, brave, active, friendly in his way, and ſcrupulouſly honeſt; but as little acquainted with the world as a ſucking child; whimſical, impatient, and ſo impetuous, that he could not help breaking in upon the converſation, whatever it might be, with repeated interruptions, that ſeemed to burſt from him by involuntary impulſe: When he himſelf attempted to ſpeak, he never finiſhed his period; but made ſuch a number of abrupt tranſitions, that his diſcourſe ſeemed to be an unconnected ſeries of unfiniſhed ſentences, the meaning of which it was not eaſy to decypher.

His nephew, Tom Clarke, was a young fellow, whoſe goodneſs of heart even the exerciſe of his profeſſion had not been able to corrupt. Before ſtrangers he never owned himſelf an attorney, without bluſhing, though he had no reaſon to bluſh for his own practice, for he conſtantly refuſed to engage in the cauſe of any client whoſe character was equivocal, and was never known to act with ſuch induſtry as when concerned for the widow and orphan, or any other object that ſued *in forma pauperis*. Indeed he was ſo replete with human kindneſs, that as often as an affecting ſtory or circumſtance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very ſuſceptible of paſſion, and ſomewhat libertine in his amours. In other reſpects, he piqued himſelf on underſtanding the practice of the courts, and in private company he took pleaſure in laying down the law; but he was an indifferent orator, and tediouſly circumſtantial in his explanations. His ſtature was rather diminutive; but, upon the whole, he had ſome title to the character of a pretty, dapper, little fellow.

The ſolitary gueſt had ſomething very forbidding in his aſpect, which was contracted by an habitual frown. His eyes were ſmall and red, and ſo deep ſet in the ſockets, that each appeared like the unextinguiſhed ſnuff of a farthing candle, gleaming through the horn of a dark lanthorn. His noſtrils were elevated in ſcorn, as if his ſenſe of ſmelling had been perpetually offended by ſome unſavoury odour; and he looked as if he wanted to ſhrink within himſelf, from the impertinence of ſociety. He wore a black periwig as ſtraight as the pinions of a raven, and this was covered with an hat flapped, and faſtened to his head by a ſpeckled handkerchief tied under his chin. He was wrapped in a great coat of brown frize, under which he ſeemed to conceal a ſmall bundle. His name was Ferret, and his character diſtinguiſhed by three peculiarities. He was never ſeen to ſmile; he was never heard to ſpeak in praiſe of any perſon whatſoever; and he was never known to give a direct anſwer to any queſtion that was aſked; but ſeemed, on all occaſions, to be actuated by the moſt perverſe ſpirit of contradiction.

Captain Crowe, having remarked that it was ſqually weather, aſked how far it was to the next market town; and underſtanding that the diſtance was not leſs than ſix miles, ſaid he had a good mind to come to an anchor for the night, if ſo be as he could have a tolerable *birth* in this here harbour. Mr. Fillet, perceiving by his ſtyle that he was a ſea-faring gentleman, obſerved that their landlady was not uſed to lodge ſuch company; and expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe, that he, who had no doubt endured ſo many ſtorms and hardſhips at ſea, ſhould think much of travelling five or ſix miles a horſeback by moon light. "For my part (ſaid he), I ride in all weathers, and at all hours, without minding cold, wet, wind, or darkneſs. My conſtitution is ſo caſe-hardened, that I believe I could live all the year at Spitzbergen. With reſpect to this road, I know every foot of it ſo exactly, that I'll engage to travel forty miles upon it blindfold, without making one falſe ſtep; and if you have faith enough to put yourſelves under my auſpices,

I will conduct you ſafe to an elegant inn, where you will meet with the beſt accommodation." "Thank you, brother (replied the Captain); we are much beholden to you for your courteous offer; but howſomever, you muſt not think I mind foul weather more than my neighbours. I have worked hard aloft and alow in many a taught gale—but this here is the caſe, d'ye ſee; we have run down a long day's reckoning; our beaſts have had a hard ſpell; and as for my own hap, brother, I doubt my bottom-planks have loſt ſome of their ſheathing, being as how I a'n't uſed to that kind of ſcrubbing."

The doctor, who had practiſed on board a man of war in his youth, and was perfectly well acquainted with the captain's dialect, aſſured him, that, if his bottom was damaged, he would *new pay* it with an excellent ſalve, which he always carried about him, to guard againſt ſuch accidents on the road: But Tom Clarke, who ſeemed to have caſt the eyes of affection upon the landlady's eldeſt daughter, Dolly, objected to their proceeding farther without reſt and refreſhment, as they had already travelled fifty miles ſince morning; and he was ſure his uncle muſt be fatigued both in mind and body, from vexation, as well as from hard exerciſe, to which he had not been accuſtomed. Fillet then deſiſted, ſaying, he was ſorry to find the captain had any cauſe for vexation; but he hoped it was not an incurable evil. This expreſſion was accompanied with a look of curioſity, which Mr. Clarke was glad of an occaſion to gratify; for, as we have hinted above, he was a very communicative gentleman, and the affair which now lay upon his ſtomach intereſted him nearly.

"I'll aſſure you, Sir (ſaid he), this here gentleman, Captain Crowe, who is my mother's own brother, has been cruelly uſed by ſome of his relations. He bears as good a character as any captain of a ſhip on the Royal Exchange, and has undergone a variety of hardſhips at ſea. What d'ye think, now, of his burſting all his ſinews, and making his eyes ſtart out of his head, in pulling his ſhip off a rock, whereby he ſaved to his owners"—Here he was interrupted by the captain, who exclaimed,

" Belay, Tom, belay :—Pr'ythee, don't veer out ſuch a deal of jaw. Clap a ſtopper on thy cable, and bring thyſelf up, my lad—what a deal of ſtuff thou haſt pumped up concerning burſting, and ſtarting, and pulling ſhips : Laud have mercy upon us !—Look ye here, brother—look ye here—mind theſe poor crippled joints ; two fingers on the ſtarboard, and three on the larboard hand ; crooked, d'ye ſee, like the knees of a bilander.—I'll tell you what, brother, you ſeem to be a—ſhip deep laden—rich cargoe—current ſetting into the bay—hard gale—lee-ſhore—all hands in the boat—tow round the headland—ſelf pulling for dear blood, againſt the whole crew. —Snap go the finger-braces—crack went the eye-blocks. Bounce day-light—flaſh ſtar-light—down I foundered, dark as hell—whizz went my ears, and my head ſpun like a whirligig.—That don't ſignify—I'm a Yorkſhire boy, as the ſaying is—all my life at ſea, brother, by reaſon of an old grandmother and maiden aunt, a couple of old ſtinking—kept me theſe forty years out of my grandfather's eſtate.—Hearing as how they had taken their departure, came aſhore, hired horſes, and clapped on all my canvas, ſteering to the northward, to take poſſeſſion of my—But it don't ſignify talking—theſe two old piratical—had held a palaver with a lawyer—an attorney, Tom, d'ye mind me, an attorney—and by his aſſiſtance hove me out of my inheritance ;—that is all, brother—hove me out of five hundred pounds a-year—that's all —what ſignifies—but ſuch windfals we don't every day pick up along ſhore.—Fill about, brother—yes, by the Lord ! thoſe two ſmuggling harridans, with the aſſiſtance of an attorney—an attorney, Tom—hove me out of five hundred a-year." " Yes, indeed, Sir (added Mr. Clarke), thoſe two malicious old women docked the intail, and left the eſtate to an alien."

Here Mr. Ferret thought proper to intermingle in the converſation with a "*piſh*, what, do'ſt talk of docking the intail? Do'ſt not know that by the ſtatute Weſtm. 2. 13 Ed. the will and intention of the donor muſt be fulfilled, and the tenant in *tail* ſhall not alien after iſſue had, or before." " Give me leave, Sir (replied Tom), I preſume you are a practitioner in the law. Now you

know, that, in the caſe of a contingent *remainder*, the intail may be deſtroyed by levying a fine, and ſuffering a recovery; or otherwiſe deſtroying the particular eſtate, before the contingency happens. If *feoffees*, who poſſeſs an eſtate only during the life of a ſon, where divers *remainders* are limited over, make a *feoffment* in fee to him, by the *feoffment* all the future *remainders* are deſtroyed. Indeed, a perſon in *remainder* may have a writ of intruſion, if any do intrude after the death of a tenant for life; and the writ *ex gravi querela* lies to execute a deviſe in *remainder* after the death of a tenant in tail without iſſue."—"Spoke like a true diſcipline of Geber," cries Ferret. "No, Sir (replied Mr. Clarke), Counſellor Caper is in the conveyancing way—I was clerk to Serjeant Croaker."—"Ay, now you may ſet up for yourſelf (reſumed the other), for you can prate as unintelligibly as the beſt of them."

"Perhaps (ſaid Tom) I do not make myſelf underſtood: If ſo be as how that is the caſe, let us change the poſition; and ſuppoſe that this here caſe is a *tail after a poſſibility of iſſue extinct*. If a tenant in *tail*, after a poſſibility, make a *feoffment* of his land, he in reverſion may enter for the forfeiture. Then we muſt make a diſtinction between *general tail* and *ſpecial tail*. It is the word *body* that makes the *intail*:—There muſt be a *body* in the *tail*, deviſed to heirs male or female, otherwiſe it is a fee-ſimple, becauſe it is not limited of what *body*. Thus a corporation cannot be ſeized in *tail*. For example; here is a young woman—What is your name, my dear? "Dolly," anſwered the daughter, with a curt'ſy. "Here's Dolly—I ſeize Dolly in *tail*—Dolly, I ſeize you in *tail*—"Sha't then," cried Dolly, pouting. "I am ſeized of land in fee—I ſettle on Dolly in *tail*."—

Dolly, who did not comprehend the nature of the illuſtration, underſtood him in a literal ſenſe, and, in a whimpering tone, exclaimed, "Sha't then, I tell thee, curſed tuoad!" Tom, however, was ſo tranſported with his ſubject, that he took no notice of poor Dolly's miſtake; but proceeded in his harangue upon the different kinds of *tails*, *remainders*, and *feiſins*, when he was interrupted by a noiſe that alarmed the whole company. The

rain had been ſucceeded by a ſtorm of wind, that howled around the houſe with the moſt ſavage impetuoſity; and the heavens were overcaſt in ſuch a manner, that not one ſtar appeared, ſo that all without was darkneſs and uproar. This aggravated the horror of divers loud ſcreams, which even the noiſe of the blaſt could not exclude from the aſtoniſhed ears of our travellers. Capt. Crowe called out, "Avaſt, avaſt!" Tom Clarke ſat ſilent, ſtaring wildly, with his mouth ſtill open; the ſurgeon himſelf ſeemed ſtartled, and Ferret's countenance betrayed evident marks of confuſion. The oſtler moved nearer the chimney, and the good woman of the houſe, with her two daughters, crept cloſe to the company.

After ſome pauſe, the captain ſtarting up, "Theſe (ſaid he) be ſignals of diſtreſs. Some poor ſouls in danger of foundering—Let us bear up a-head, and ſee if we can give them any aſſiſtance." The landlady begged him, for Chriſt's ſake, not to think of going out; for it was a ſpirit that would lead him aſtray into fens and rivers, and certainly do him a miſchief.—Crowe ſeemed to be ſtaggered by this remonſtrance, which his nephew reinforced, obſerving, that it might be a ſtratagem of rogues to decoy them into the fields, that they might rob them under the cloud of night. Thus exhorted, he reſumed his ſeat; and Mr. Ferret began to make very ſevere ſtrictures upon the folly and fear of thoſe who believed and trembled at the viſitation of ſpirits, ghoſts, and goblins. He ſaid, he would engage with twelve pennyworth of phoſphorus to frighten a whole pariſh out of their ſenſes: Then he expatiated on the puſillanimity of the nation in general; ridiculed the militia, cenſured the government, and dropped ſome hints about a change of hands, which the captain could not, and the doctor would not comprehend.

Tom Clarke, from the freedom of his diſcourſe, concluded he was a miniſterial ſpy, and communicated his opinion to his uncle in a whiſper, while this miſanthrope continued to pour forth his invectives with a fluency peculiar to himſelf. The truth is, Mr. Ferret had been a party writer, not from principle, but employment, and had felt the rod of power; in order to avoid a ſecond

exertion of which, he now found it convenient to skulk about in the country; for he had received intimation of a warrant from the ſecretary of ſtate, who wanted to be better acquainted with his perſon. Notwithſtanding the ticklish nature of his ſituation, it was become ſo habitual to him to think and ſpeak in a certain manner, that, even before ſtrangers, whoſe principles and connections he could not poſſibly know, he hardly ever opened his mouth, without uttering ſome direct or implied ſarcaſm againſt the government.

He had already proceeded a conſiderable way in demonſtrating, that the nation was bankrupt and beggared, and that thoſe who ſtood at the helm were ſteering full into the gulf of inevitable deſtruction: when his lecture was ſuddenly ſuſpended by a violent knocking at the door, which threatened the whole houſe with immediate demolition. Capt. Crowe, believing they ſhould be inſtantly boarded, unſheathed his hanger, and ſtood in a poſture of defence. Mr. Fillet armed himſelf with the poker, which happened to be red hot: The oſtler pulled down a ruſty firelock, that hung by the roof, over a flitch of bacon. Tom Clarke perceiving the landlady and her children diſtracted with terror, conducted them, out of mere compaſſion, below ſtairs into the cellar; and as for Mr. Ferret, he prudently withdrew into an adjoining pantry.

But as a perſonage of great importance in this entertaining hiſtory was forced to remain ſome time at the door before he could gain admittance, ſo muſt the reader wait with patience for the next chapter, in which he will ſee the cauſe of this diſturbance explained much to his comfort and edification.

CHAPTER II.

In which the hero of theſe adventures makes his firſt appearance on the ſtage of action.

THE outward door of the Black Lion had already ſuſtained two dreadful ſhocks; but at the third it flew

open, and in ſtalked an apparition, that ſmote the hearts of our travellers with fear and trepidation. It was the figure of a man armed cap-a-pee, bearing on his ſhoulders a bundle dropping with water, which afterwards appeared to be the body of a man that ſeemed to have been drowned, and fiſhed up from the bottom of the neighbouring river.

Having depoſited his burden carefully on the floor, he addreſſed himſelf to the company in theſe words: "Be not ſurpriſed, good people, at this unuſual appearance, which I ſhall take an opportunity to explain; and forgive the rude and boiſterous manner in which I have demanded, and indeed forced admittance: The violence of my intruſion was the effect of neceſſity. In croſſing the river, my 'ſquire and his horſe were ſwept away by the ſtream; and, with ſome difficulty, I have been able to drag him aſhore, though I am afraid my aſſiſtance reached him too late: For, ſince I brought him to land, he has given no ſigns of life."

Here he was interrupted by a groan, which iſſued from the cheſt of the 'ſquire, and terrified the ſpectators as much as it comforted the maſter. After ſome recollection, Mr. Fillet began to undreſs the body, which was laid in a blanket on the floor, and rolled from ſide to ſide by his direction. A conſiderable quantity of water being diſcharged from the mouth of this unfortunate 'ſquire, he uttered a hideous roar, and, opening his eyes, ſtared wildly around: Then the ſurgeon undertook for his recovery; and his maſter went forth with the oſtler in queſt of the horſes, which he had left by the ſide of the river. His back was no ſooner turned, than Ferret, who had been peeping from behind the pantry-door, ventured to rejoin the company; pronouncing with a ſmile, or rather grin of contempt, "Hey-day! what precious mummery is this? What, are we to have the farce of Hamlet's ghoſt?" "Adzooks (cried the captain), my kinſman Tom has dropped a-ſtern—hope in God a-has not bulged to, and gone to bottom." "Piſh (exclaimed the miſanthrope), there's no danger; the young lawyer is only ſeizing Dolly in tail."

Certain it is, Dolly ſqueaked at that inſtant in the

cellar; and Clarke appearing ſoon after in ſome confuſion, declared ſhe had been frightened by a flaſh of lightning: But this aſſertion was not confirmed by the young lady herſelf, who eyed him with a ſullen regard, indicating diſpleaſure, though not indifference; and when queſtioned by her mother, replied, "A doan't maind what a-ſays, ſo a doan't, vor all his goalden jacket, then."

In the mean time the ſurgeon had performed the operation of phlebotomy on the 'ſquire, who was lifted into a chair, and ſupported by the landlady for that purpoſe; but he had not as yet given any ſign of having retrieved the uſe of his ſenſes. And here Mr. Fillet could not help contemplating, with ſurpriſe, the ſtrange figure and accoutrements of his patient, who ſeemed in age to be turned of fifty. His ſtature was below the middle ſize; he was thick, ſquat, and brawny, with a ſmall protuberance on one ſhoulder, and a prominent belly, which, in conſequence of the water he had ſwallowed, now ſtrutted beyond its uſual dimenſions. His forehead was remarkably convex, and ſo very low, that his black buſhy hair deſcended within an inch of his noſe; but this did not conceal the wrinkles of his front, which were manifold. His ſmall glimmering eyes reſembled thoſe of the Hampſhire porker, that turns up the ſoil with his projecting ſnout. His cheeks were ſhrivelled and puckered at the corners, like the ſeams of a regimental coat as it comes from the hands of the contractor: His noſe bore a ſtrong analogy in ſhape to a tennis-ball, and in colour to a mulberry; for all the water of the river had not been able to quench the natural fire of that feature. His upper jaw was furniſhed with two long white ſharp-pointed teeth or fangs, ſuch as the reader may have obſerved in the chaps of a wolf, or full-grown maſtiff, and an anatomiſt would deſcribe as a preternatural elongation of the *dentes canini*. His chin was ſo long, ſo peaked, and incurvated, as to form in profile, with his impending forehead, the exact reſemblance of a moon in the firſt quarter. With reſpect to his equipage, he had a leathern cap upon his head, faced like thoſe worn by marines, and exhibiting in embroidery the figure of a creſcent. His coat was of white cloth, faced with black,

and cut in a very antique faſhion; and, in lieu of a waiſtcoat, he wore a buff jerkin. His feet were caſed with looſe buſkins, which, though they roſe almoſt to his knee, could not hide that curvature, known by the appellation of bandy legs. A large ſtring of bandaliers garniſhed a broad belt that graced his ſhoulders, from whence depended an inſtrument of war, which was ſomething between a back-ſword and a cutlaſs; and a caſe of piſtols were ſtuck in his girdle.

Such was the figure which the whole company now ſurveyed with admiration. After ſome pauſe, he ſeemed to recover his recollection. He rolled about his eyes around, and, attentively ſurveying every individual, exclaimed, in a ſtrange tone, "Bodikins! where's Gilbert?" This interrogation did not ſavour much of ſanity, eſpecially when accompanied with a wild ſtare, which is generally interpreted as a ſure ſign of a diſturbed underſtanding: Nevertheleſs, the ſurgeon endeavoured to aſſiſt his recollection. "Come (ſaid he), have a good heart.—How doſt do, friend?" "Do! (replied the 'ſquire) do as well as I can:—That's a lie too: I might have done better. I had no buſineſs to be here." "You ought to thank God and your maſter (reſumed the ſurgeon) for the providential eſcape you have had." "Thank my maſter! (cried the 'ſquire) thank the devil! Go and teach your grannum to crack filberds. I know who I'm bound to pray for, and who I ought to curſe the longeſt day I have to live."

Here the Captain interpoſing, "Nay, brother (ſaid he), you are bound to pray for this here gentleman as your ſheet-anchor; for, if ſo be as he had not cleared your ſtowage of the water you had taken in at your upper works, and lightened your veins, d'ye ſee, by taking away ſome of your blood, adad! you had driven before the gale, and never been brought up in this world again, d'ye ſee." "What, then you would perſuade me (replied the patient) that the only way to ſave my life was to ſhed my precious blood? Look ye, friend, it ſhall not be loſt blood to me.—I take you all to witneſs, that there ſurgeon, or apothecary, or farrier, or dog-doctor, or whatſoever he may be, has robbed me of the balſam of

life:—He has not left ſo much blood in my body as would fatten a ſtarved flea.—O! that there was a lawyer here to ſerve him with a *ſiſerari*."

Then fixing his eyes upon Ferret, he proceeded: "An't you a limb of the law, friend?—No, I cry you mercy, you look more like a ſhow-man or a conjurer."—Ferret, nettled at this addreſs, anſwered, "It would be well for you, that I could conjure a little common ſenſe into that numbſcull of yours." "If I want that commodity (rejoined the 'ſquire), I muſt go to another market, I trow.—You legerdemain men be more like to conjure the money from our pockets than ſenſe into our ſkulls.—Vor my own part, I was once cheated of vorty good ſhillings by one of your broother cups and balls." In all probability he would have deſcended to particulars, had he not been ſeized with a return of his nauſea, which obliged him to call for a bumper of brandy. This remedy being ſwallowed, the tumult in his ſtomach ſubſided. He deſired he might be put to bed without delay, and that half a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon might, in a couple of hours, be dreſſed for his ſupper.

He was accordingly led off the ſcene by the landlady and her daughter; and Mr. Ferret had juſt time to obſerve the fellow was a compoſition, in which he did not know whether knave or fool moſt predominated, when the maſter returned from the ſtable. He had taken off his helmet, and now diſplayed a very engaging countenance. His age did not ſeem to exceed thirty: He was tall, and ſeemingly robuſt; his face long and oval, his noſe aquiline, his mouth furniſhed with a ſet of elegant teeth white as the driſted ſnow, his complexion clear, and his aſpect noble. His cheſnut hair looſely flowed in ſhort natural curls; and his grey eyes ſhone with ſuch vivacity, as plainly ſhowed that his reaſon was a little diſcompoſed. Such an appearance prepoſſeſſed the greater part of the company in his favour: He bowed round with the moſt polite and affable addreſs; inquired about his 'ſquire, and, being informed of the pains Mr. Fillet had taken for his recovery, inſiſted upon that gentleman's accepting an handſome gratuity: Then, in conſideration of the cold bath he had undergone, he was pre-

vailed upon to take the poſt of honour; namely, the great chair fronting the fire, which was reinforced with a billet of wood for his comfort and convenience.

Perceiving his fellow-travellers, either overawed into ſilence by his preſence, or ſtruck dumb with admiration at his equipage, he accoſted them in theſe words, while an agreeable ſmile dimpled on his cheek.

"The good company wonders, no doubt, to ſee a man caſed in armour, ſuch as hath been for above a whole century diſuſed in this and every other country of Europe; and perhaps they will be ſtill more ſurpriſed, when they hear that man profeſs himſelf a noviciate of that military order, which hath of old been diſtinguiſhed in Great Britain, as well as through all Chriſtendom, by the name of Knights-Errant. Yes, gentlemen, in that painful and thorny path of toil and danger I have begun my career, a candidate for honeſt fame; determined, as far as in me lies, to honour and aſſert the efforts of virtue; to combat vice in all her forms, redreſs injuries, chaſtiſe oppreſſion, protect the helpleſs and forlorn, relieve the indigent, exert my beſt endeavours in the cauſe of innocence and beauty, and dedicate my talents, ſuch as they are, to the ſervice of my country."

"What! (ſaid Ferret) you ſet up for a modern Don Quixote?—The ſcheme is rather too ſtale and extravagant.—What was an humorous romance, and well-timed ſatire in Spain, near two hundred years ago, will make but a ſorry jeſt, and appear equally inſipid and abſurd, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in a country like England."

The knight, eyeing this cenſor with a look of diſdain, replied, in a ſolemn lofty tone: "He that from affectation imitates the extravagancies recorded of Don Quixote, is an impoſtor equally wicked and contemptible. He that counterfeits madneſs, unleſs he diſſembles, like the elder Brutus, for ſome virtuous purpoſe, not only debaſes his own ſoul, but acts as a traitor to heaven, by denying the divinity that is within him.—I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I truſt in heaven, viſited by that ſpirit of lunacy ſo admirably diſplayed in the fictitious character exhibited

by the inimitable Cervantes. I have not yet encountered a wind-mill for a giant; nor miſtaken this public-houſe for a magnificent caſtle: Neither do I believe this gentleman to be the conſtable; nor that worthy practitioner to be Maſter Elizabat, the ſurgeon recorded in Amadis de Gaul; nor you to be the enchanter Alquife, nor any other ſage of hiſtory or romance.—I ſee and diſtinguiſh objects as they are diſcerned and deſcribed by other men. I reaſon without prejudice, can endure contradiction, and, as the company perceives, even bear impertinent cenſure without paſſion or reſentment. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, againſt whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will every-where attack as the natural enemies of mankind."

"But that war (ſaid the cynic) may ſoon be brought to a concluſion, and your adventures cloſe in Bridewell, provided you meet with ſome determined conſtable, who will ſeize your worſhip as a vagrant, according to the ſtatute."—Heaven and earth! (cried the ſtranger, ſtarting up, and laying his hand on his ſword) do I live to hear myſelf inſulted with ſuch an opprobrious epithet, and refrain from trampling into duſt the inſolent calumniator!"

The tone in which theſe words were pronounced, and the indignation that flaſhed from the eyes of the ſpeaker, intimidated every individual of the ſociety, and reduced Ferret to a temporary privation of all his faculties: His eyes retired within their ſockets; his complexion, which was naturally of a copper hue, now ſhifted to a leaden colour; his teeth began to chatter; and all his limbs were agitated by a ſudden palſy. The knight obſerved his condition, and reſumed his ſeat, ſaying, "I was to blame: My vengeance muſt be reſerved for very different objects.—Friend, you have nothing to fear—the ſudden guſt of paſſion is now blown over. Recollect yourſelf, and I will reaſon calmly on the obſervation you have made."

This was a very reaſonable declaration to Mr. Ferret, who opened his eyes, and wiped his forehead; while the other proceeded in theſe terms: "You ſay I am in dan-

ger of being apprehended as a vagrant: I am not ſo ignorant of the laws of my country, but that I know the deſcription of thoſe who fall within the legal meaning of this odious term. You muſt give me leave to inform you, friend, that I am neither bearward, fencer, ſtroller, gipſey, mountebank, nor mendicant; nor do I practiſe ſubtle craft, to deceive and impoſe upon the king's lieges; nor can I be held as an idle diſorderly perſon, travelling from place to place, collecting moneys by virtue of counterfeited paſſes, briefs, and other falſe pretences—In what reſpect, therefore, am I to be deemed a vagrant? Anſwer boldly, without fear or ſcruple.

To this interrogation the miſanthrope replied, with a faltering accent, "If not a vagrant, you incur the penalty for riding armed in affray of the peace." "But, inſtead of riding armed in affray of the piece (reſumed the other), I ride in preſervation of the peace; and gentlemen are allowed by the law to wear armour for their defence. Some ride with blunderbuſſes, ſome with piſtols, ſome with ſwords, according to their various inclinations. Mine is to wear the armour of my forefathers: Perhaps I uſe them for exerciſe, in order to accuſtom myſelf to fatigue, and ſtrengthen my conſtitution; perhaps I aſſume them for a frolic."

"But if you ſwagger armed and in diſguiſe, aſſault me on the highway, or put me in bodily fear, for the ſake of the jeſt, the law will puniſh you in earneſt," cried the other. "But my intention (anſwered the knight) is carefully to avoid all thoſe occaſions of offence." "Then (ſaid Ferret) you may go unarmed, like other ſober people." "Not ſo (anſwered the knight), as I propoſe to travel all times, and in all places, mine armour may guard me againſt the attempts of treachery; it may defend me in combat againſt odds, ſhould I be aſſaulted by a multitude, or have occaſion to bring malefactors to juſtice."

"What, then (exclaimed the philoſopher) you intend to co-operate with the honourable fraternity of thief-takers?" "I do purpoſe (ſaid the youth, eyeing him with a look of ineffable contempt) to act as a coadjutator to the law, and even to remedy evils which

the law cannot reach; to detect fraud and treaſon, abaſe inſolence, mortify pride, diſcourage ſlander, diſgrace immodeſty, and ſtigmatize ingratitude: But the infamous part of a thief-catcher's character I diſclaim. I neither aſſociate with robbers and pickpockets, knowing them to be ſuch, that, in being entruſted with their ſecrets, I may the more effectually betray them; nor ſhall I ever pocket the reward granted by the legiſlature to thoſe by whom robbers are brought to conviction: But I ſhall always think it my duty to rid my country of that pernicious vermin, which preys upon the bowels of the commonwealth—not but that an incorporated company of licenſed thieves might, under proper regulations, be of ſervice to the community."

Ferret, emboldened by the paſſive tameneſs with which the ſtranger bore his laſt reflection, began to think he had nothing of Hector but his outſide, and gave a looſe to all the acrimony of his party-rancour. Hearing the knight mention a company of licenſed thieves, "What elſe (cried he) is the majority of the nation? What is your ſtanding army at home, that eat up their fellow-ſubjects? What are your mercenaries abroad, whom you hire to fight their own quarrels? What is your militia, that wiſe meaſure of a ſagacious miniſtry, but a larger gang of petty thieves, who ſteal ſheep and poultry through mere idleneſs; and were they confronted with an enemy, would ſteal themſelves away? What is your ..... but a knot of thieves, who pillage the nation under colour of law, and enrich themſelves with the wreck of their country? When you conſider the enormous debt of above an hundred millions, the intolerable load of taxes and impoſitions under which we groan, and the manner in which that burden is yearly accumulating, to ſupport two German electorates, without our receiving any thing in return, but the ſhows of triumph and ſhadows of conqueſt: I ſay, when you reflect on theſe circumſtances, and at the ſame time behold our cities filled with bankrupts, and our country with beggars, can you be ſo infatuated, as to deny that the miniſtry is mad, or worſe than mad; our wealth exhauſted, our people miſerable, our credit blaſted, and

our ſtate on the brink of perdition? This proſpect, indeed, will make the fainter impreſſion, if we recollect that we ourſelves are a pack of ſuch profligate, corrupted, puſillanimous raſcals, as deſerve no ſalvation."

The ſtranger, raiſing his voice to a loud tone, replied, "Such, indeed, are the inſinuations, equally falſe and inſidious, with which the deſperate emiſſaries of a party endeavour to poiſon the minds of his majeſty's ſubjects, in defiance of common honeſty and common ſenſe. But he muſt be blind to all perception, and dead to candour, who does not ſee and own that we are involved in a juſt and neceſſary war, which has been maintained on truly Britiſh principles, proſecuted with vigour, and crowned with ſucceſs; that our taxes are eaſy, in proportion to our wealth; that our conqueſts are equally glorious and important; that our commerce flouriſhes, our people are happy, and our enemies reduced to deſpair.—Is there a man who boaſts a Britiſh heart, that repines at the ſucceſs and proſperity of his country? Such there are, O ſhame to patriotiſm, and reproach to Great Britain! who act as the emiſſaries of France, both in word and writing; who exaggerate our neceſſary burdens, magnify our dangers, extol the power of our enemies, deride our victories, extenuate our conqueſts, condemn the meaſures of our government, and ſcatter the ſeeds of diſſatisfaction through the land. Such domeſtic traitors are doubly the objects of deteſtation; firſt, in perverting truth; and ſecondly, in propagating falſehood, to the prejudice of that community of which they have profeſſed themſelves members. One of theſe is well known by the name of Ferret, an old, rancorous, incorrigible inſtrument of ſedition: Happy it is for him, that he has never fallen in my way; for, notwithſtanding the maxims of forbearance which I have adopted, the indignation which the character of that caitiff inſpires, would probably impel me to ſome act of violence, and I ſhould cruſh him like an ungrateful viper, that gnawed the boſom which warmed it into life!"

Theſe laſt words were pronounced with a wildneſs of look, that even bordered upon frenzy. The miſanthrope

once more retired to the pantry for ſhelter, and the reſt of the gueſts were evidently diſconcerted.

Mr. Fillet, in order to change the converſation, which was likely to produce ſerious conſequences, expreſſed uncommon ſatisfaction at the remarks which the knight had made, ſignified his approbation of the honourable office he had undertaken, declared himſelf happy in having ſeen ſuch an accompliſhed cavalier, and obſerved, that nothing was wanting to render him a complete knight-errant, but ſome celebrated beauty, the miſtreſs of his heart, whoſe idea might animate his breaſt, and ſtrengthen his arm to the utmoſt exertion of valour: He added, that love was the ſoul of chivalry.

The ſtranger ſtarted at this diſcourſe. He turned his eyes on the ſurgeon with a fixed regard; his countenance changed; a torrent of tears guſhed down his cheeks; his head ſunk upon his boſom; he heaved a profound ſigh, and remained in ſilence with all the external marks of unutterable ſorrow. The company were, in ſome meaſure, infected by his deſpondence; concerning the cauſe of which, however, they would not venture to inquire.

By this time, the landlady, having diſpoſed of the 'ſquire, deſired to know, with many curtſies, if his honour would not chooſe to put off his wet garments, aſſuring him, that ſhe had a very good feather-bed at his ſervice, upon which many gentlevolks of the virſt quality had lain, that the ſheets were well aired, and that Dolly would warm them for his worſhip with a pan of coals. This hoſpitable offer being repeated, he ſeemed to wake from a trance of grief, aroſe from his ſeat, and bowing courteouſly to the company, withdrew.

Captain Crowe, whoſe faculty of ſpeech had been all this time abſorbed in amazement, now broke into the converſation with a volley of interjections: "Split my ſnatchblock!—Odd's firkin!—Splice my old ſhoes!—I have ſailed the ſalt ſeas, brother, ſince I was no higher than the Triton's taffrel—eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, as the ſaying is—Blacks, Indians, Moors, Morattos, and Seapoys;—but, ſmite my timbers! ſuch a man of war—"

Here he was interrupted by his nephew, Tom Clarke, who had diſappeared at the knight's firſt entrance, and now produced himſelf with an eagerneſs in his look, while the tears ſtarted in his eyes.—"Lord bleſs my ſoul! (cried he) I know that gentleman, and his ſervant, as well as I know my own father.—I am his own godſon, uncle; he ſtood for me when he was a boy—yes, indeed, Sir, my father was ſteward to the eſtate—I may ſay I was bred up in the family of Sir Everhard Greaves, who has been dead theſe two years—this is the only ſon, Sir Launcelot; the beſt-natured, worthy, generous gentleman—I care not who knows it: I love him as well as if he was my own fleſh and blood—"

At this period, Tom, whoſe heart was of the melting mood, began to ſob and weep plenteouſly, from pure affection. Crowe, who was not very ſubject to theſe tenderneſſes, damned him for a chicken-hearted lubber; repeating, with much peeviſhneſs, "What do'ſt cry for? what do'ſt cry for, noddy?" The ſurgeon, impatient to know the ſtory of Sir Launcelot, which he had heard imperfectly recounted, begged that Mr. Clarke would compoſe himſelf, and relate it as circumſtantially as his memory could retain the particulars; and Tom, wiping his eyes, promiſed to give him that ſatisfaction; which the reader, if he be ſo minded, may partake in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Which the reader, on peruſal, may wiſh were *chapter the laſt.*

The doctor preſcribed a *repetatur* of the julep, and mixed the ingredients, *ſecundum artem*; Tom Clarke hemmed thrice, to clear his pipes; while the reſt of the company, including Dolly and her mother, who had by this time adminiſtered to the knight, compoſed themſelves into earneſt and huſhed attention. Then the young lawyer began his narrative to this effect:—

"I tell ye what, gemmen, I don't pretend in this here

caſe to flouriſh and harangue like a—having never been called to—but what of that, d'ye ſee?—perhaps I may know as much as—facts are facts, as the ſaying is.—I ſhall tell, repeat, and relate a plain ſtory—matters of fact, d'ye ſee, without rhetoric, oratory, ornament, or embellilhment; without repetition, tautology, circumlocution, or going about the buſh; facts which I ſhall aver, partly on the teſtimony of my own knowledge, and partly from the information of reſponſible evidences of good repute and credit, any circumſtance known to the contrary notwithſtanding:—For as the law ſaith, if ſo be as how there is *an exception* to evidence, that *exception* is in its nature but a denial of what is taken to be good by the other party, and *exceptio in non exceptis, firmat regulam*, d'ye ſee.—But howſomever, in regard to this here affair, we need not be ſo ſcrupulous as if we were pleading before a judge *ſedente curia*.—"

Ferret, whoſe curioſity was rather more eager than that of any other perſon in this audience, being provoked by this preamble, daſhed the pipe he had juſt filled in pieces againſt the grate; and after having pronounced the interjection *piſh!* with an acrimony of aſpect altogether peculiar to himſelf, "If (ſaid he) impertinence and folly were ſelony by the ſtatute, there would be no want of unexceptionable evidence to hang ſuch an eternal babbler." "Anan, babbler! (cried Tom, reddening with paſſion, and ſtarting up) I'd have you to know, Sir, that I can bite as well as babble; and that, if I am ſo minded, I can run upon the foot after my game without being in fault, as the ſaying is; and, which is more, I can ſhake an old fox by the collar."

How far this young lawyer might have proceeded to prove himſelf ſtaunch on the perſon of the miſanthrope, if he had not been prevented, we ſhall not determine; but the whole company were alarmed at his looks and expreſſions. Dolly's roſy cheeks aſſumed an aſh-colour, while ſhe ran between the diſputants, crying, "Naay, naay—vor the love of God doant then, doant then!" But Captain Crowe exerted a parental authority over his nephew, ſaying, "Avaſt, Tom, avaſt!—Snug's the word—we'll have no boarding, d'ye ſee.—Haul forward

thy chair again, take thy birth, and proceed with thy ſtory in a direct courſe, without yawing like a Dutch yanky."

Tom, thus tutored, recollected himſelf, reſumed his ſeat, and, after ſome pauſe, plunged at once into the current of narration. "I told you before, gemmen, that the gentleman in armour was the only ſon of Sir Everhard Greaves, who poſſeſſed a free eſtate of five thouſand a year in our county, and was reſpected by all his neighbours, as much for his perſonal merit as for his family fortune. With reſpect to his ſon Launcelot, whom you have ſeen, I can remember nothing until he returned from the univerſity, about the age of ſeventeen, and then I myſelf was not more than ten years old. The young gemman was at that time in mourning for his mother; though, God knows, Sir Everhard had more cauſe to rejoice than to be afflicted at her death:—for, among friends (here he lowered his voice, and looked round the kitchen), ſhe was very whimſical, expenſive, ill-tempered, and, I'm afraid, a little—upon the—flighty order—a little touched or ſo;—but mum for that—the lady is now dead; and it is my maxim, *de mortuis nil niſi bonum*. The young 'ſquire was even then very handſome, and looked remarkably well in his weepers; but he had an awkward air and ſhambling gait, ſtooped mortally, and was ſo ſhy and ſilent that he would not look a ſtranger in the face, nor open his mouth before company. Whenever he ſpied a horſe or carriage at the gate, he would make his eſcape into the garden, and from thence into the park; where many is the good time and often he has been found ſitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, reading Greek, Latin, and other foreign linguas.

"Sir Everhard himſelf was no great ſcholar, and my father had forgot his claſſical learning; and ſo the rector of the pariſh was deſired to examine young Launcelot. It was a long time before he found an opportunity; the 'ſquire always gave him the ſlip.—At length the parſon catched him in bed of a morning, and, locking the door, to it they went tooth and nail. What paſſed betwixt them the Lord in heaven knows; but, when

the doctor came forth, he looked wild and haggard as if he had ſeen a ghoſt, his face as white as paper, and his lips trembling like an aſpen-leaf. "Parſon (ſaid the knight), what is the matter?—how do'ſt find my ſon? I hope he won't turn out a ninny, and diſgrace his family." The doctor, wiping the ſweat from his forehead, replied, with ſome heſitation, "he could not tell—he hoped the beſt—the 'ſquire was to be ſure a very extraordinary young gentleman."—But the father urging him to give an explicit anſwer, he frankly declared, that, in his opinion, the ſon would turn out either a mirror of wiſdom, or a monument of folly; for his genius and diſpoſition were altogether preternatural. The knight was ſorely vexed at this declaration, and ſignified his diſpleaſure, by ſaying, the doctor, like a true prieſt, dealt in myſteries and oracles, that would admit of different and indeed contrary interpretations. He afterwards conſulted my father, who had ſerved as a ſteward upon the eſtate for above thirty years, and acquired a conſiderable ſhare of his favour. "Will. Clarke (ſaid he, with tears in his eyes), what ſhall I do with this unfortunate lad? I would to God he had never been born; for I fear he will bring my gray hairs with ſorrow to the grave. When I am gone, he will throw away the eſtate, and bring himſelf to infamy and ruin, by keeping company with rooks and beggars.—O Will! I could forgive extravagance in a young man; but it breaks my heart to ſee my only ſon give ſuch repeated proofs of a mean ſpirit and ſordid diſpoſition!"

"Here the old gentleman ſhed a flood of tears, and not without ſome ſhadow of reaſon. By this time Launcelot was grown ſo reſerved to his father, that he ſeldom ſaw him, or any of his relations, except when he was in a manner forced to appear at table, and there his baſhfulneſs ſeemed every day to increaſe. On the other hand, he had formed ſome very ſtrange connections. Every morning he viſited the ſtable, where he not only converſed with the grooms and helpers, but ſcraped acquaintance with the horſes: He fed his favourites with his own hand, ſtroaked, careſſed, and rode them by turns; till at laſt they grew ſo familiar, that, even

when they were a-field at graſs, and ſaw him at a diſtance, they would toſs their manes, whinny like ſo many colts at ſight of the dam, and galloping up to the place where he ſtood, ſmell him all over.

"You muſt know that I myſelf, though a child, was his companion in all theſe excurſions. He took a liking to me on account of my being his godſon, and gave me more money than I knew what to do with: He had always plenty of caſh for the aſking, as my father was ordered to ſupply him liberally, the knight thinking that a command of money might help to raiſe his thoughts to a proper conſideration of his own importance. He never could endure a common beggar, that was not either in a ſtate of infancy or of old age; but, in other reſpects, he made the guineas fly in ſuch a manner, as looked more like madneſs than generoſity. He had no communication with your rich yeomen, but rather treated them and their families with ſtudied contempt, becauſe forſooth they pretended to aſſume the dreſs and manners of the gentry.

"They kept their footmen, their ſaddle horſes, and chaiſes: Their wives and daughters appeared in their jewels, their ſilks, and their ſatins, their negligees and trollopees: Their clumſy ſhanks, like ſo many ſhins of beef, were caſed in ſilk-hoſe and embroidered ſlippers: Their raw red fingers, groſs as the pipes of a chamber-organ, which had been employed in milking the cows, in twirling the mop or churn-ſtaff, being adorned with diamonds, were taught to thrum the pandola, and even to touch the keys of the harpſichord: Nay, in every village they kept a rout, and ſet up an aſſembly; and in one place a hog-butcher was maſter of the ceremonies.

"I have heard Mr. Greaves ridicule them for their vanity and awkward imitation; and therefore, I believe, he avoided all concerns with them, even when they endeavoured to engage his attention. It was the lower ſort of people with whom he chiefly converſed, ſuch as ploughmen, ditchers, and other day-labourers. To every cottager in the pariſh he was a bounteous benefactor. He was, in the literal ſenſe of the word, a careful overſeer of the poor; for he went from houſe to

houſe, induſtriouſly inquiring into the diſtreſſes of the people. He repaired their huts, clothed their backs, filled their bellies, and ſupplied them with neceſſaries for exerciſing their induſtry and different occupations.

" I'll give you one inſtance now, as a ſpecimen of his character: He and I, ſtrolling one day on the ſide of a common, ſaw two boys picking hips and haws from the hedges; one ſeemed to be about five, and the other a year older; they were both barefoot and ragged, but at the ſame time fat, fair, and in good condition. " Who do you belong to?" ſaid Mr. Greaves. " To Mary Stile (replied the oldeſt), the widow that rents one of them houſen." " And how do'ſt live, my boy? Thou lookeſt freſh and jolly;" reſumed the 'ſquire. " Lived well enough till yeſterday," anſwered the child. " And pray what happened yeſterday, my boy?" continued Mr. Greaves. " Happened! (ſaid he) why, mammy had a coople of little Welch keawes, that gi'en milk enough to fill all our bellies; mammy's, and mine, and Dick's here, and my two little ſiſters at hoam:—Yeſterday the 'ſquire ſeized the keawes for rent, God rot'un! Mammy's gone to bed ſick and ſulky: My two ſiſters be crying at hoam vor vood; and Dick and I be come hither to pick haws and bullies."

" My godfather's face grew red as ſcarlet; he took one of the children in either hand, and leading them towards the houſe, found Sir Everhard talking with my father before the gate. Inſtead of avoiding the old gentleman, as uſual, he bruſhed up to him with a ſpirit he had never ſhown before, and preſenting the two ragged boys, " Surely, Sir (ſaid he), you will not countenance that there ruffian your ſteward, in oppreſſing the widow and fatherleſs? On pretence of diſtraining for the rent of a cottage, he has robbed the mother of theſe and other poor infant-orphans of two cows, which afforded them their whole ſuſtenance. Shall you be concerned in tearing the hard-earned morſel from the mouth of indigence? Shall your name, which has been ſo long mentioned as a bleſſing, be now deteſted as a curſe by the poor, the helpleſs, and forlorn? The father of theſe babes was once your game-keeper, who died of a conſumption caught

in your ſervice.—You ſee they are almoſt naked—I found them plucking haws and ſloes, in order to appeaſe their hunger. The wretched mother is ſtarving in a cold cottage, diſtracted with the cries of other two infants, clamorous for food; and while her heart is burſting with anguiſh and deſpair, ſhe invokes heaven to avenge the widow's cauſe upon the head of her unrelenting landlord!"

"This unexpected addreſs brought tears into the eyes of the good old gentleman. Will Clarke (ſaid he to my father), how durſt you abuſe my authority at this rate? You who know I have been always a protector, not an oppreſſor of the needy and unfortunate. I charge you, go immediately and comfort this poor woman with immediate relief; inſtead of her own cows, let her have two of the beſt milch cows of my dairy; they ſhall graze in my parks in ſummer, and be foddered with my hay in winter.—She ſhall ſit rent free for life; and I will take care of theſe her poor orphans."

"This was a very affecting ſcene. Mr. Launcelot took his father's hand and kiſſed it, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and Sir Everhard embraced his ſon with great tenderneſs, crying, "My dear boy! God be praiſed for having given you ſuch a feeling heart." My father himſelf was moved, thof a practitioner of the law, and conſequently uſed to diſtreſſes.—He declared, that he had given no directions to diſtrain; and that the bailiff muſt have done it by his own authority.—If that be the caſe (ſaid the young 'ſquire), let the inhuman raſcal be turned out of our ſervice."

"Well, gemmen, all the children were immediately clothed and fed, and the poor widow had well nigh run diſtracted with joy. The old knight, being of a humane temper himſelf, was pleaſed to ſee ſuch proofs of his ſon's generoſity: He was not angry at his ſpending his money, but at ſquandering away his time among the dregs of the people. For you muſt know, he not only made matches, portioned poor maidens, and ſet up young couples that came together without money; but he mingled in every ruſtic diverſion, and bore away the prize in every conteſt. He excelled every ſwain of that

diſtrict in feats of ſtrength and activity; in leaping, running, wreſtling, cricket, cudgel-playing, and pitching the bar; and was confeſſed to be, out of ſight, the beſt dancer at all wakes and holidays: Happy was the country-girl who could engage the young 'ſquire as her partner! To be ſure, it was a comely ſight for to ſee as how the buxom country laſſes, freſh and fragrant, and bluſhing like the roſe, in their beſt apparel dight, their white hoſe, and clean ſhort dimity petticoats, their gaudy gowns of printed cotton; their top-knots and ſtomachers, bedizened with bunches of ribbons of various colours, green, pink, and yellow; to ſee them crowned with garlands, and aſſembled on May-day, to dance before 'ſquire Launcelot, as he made his morning's progreſs through the village. Then all the young peaſants made their appearance with cockades, ſuited to the fancies of their ſeveral ſweet-hearts, and boughs of flowering hawthorn. The children ſported about like flocks of friſking lambs, or the young fry ſwarming under the ſunny bank of ſome meandering river. The old men and women, in their holiday-garments, ſtood at their doors to receive their benefactor, and poured forth bleſſings on him as he paſſed: The children welcomed him with their ſhrill ſhouts, the damſels with ſongs of praiſe, and the young men with the pipe and tabor, marched before him to the May-pole, which was bedecked with flowers and bloom. There the rural dance began: A plentiful dinner, with oceans of good liquor, was beſpoke at the White Hart: The whole village was regaled at the 'ſquire's expence; and both the day and the night was ſpent in mirth and pleaſure.

"Lord help you! he could not reſt if he thought there was an aching heart in the whole pariſh. Every paultry cottage was in a little time converted into a pretty, ſnug, comfortable habitation, with a wooden porch at the door, glaſs caſements in the windows, and a little garden behind, well ſtored with greens, roots, and ſallads. In a word, the poor's rate was reduced to a mere trifle; and one would have thought the golden age was revived in Yorkſhire. But, as I told you before, the old knight could not bear to ſee his only ſon ſo wholly attached to

theſe lowly pleaſures, while he induſtriouſly ſhunned all opportunities of appearing in that ſuperior ſphere to which he was deſigned by nature and by fortune. He imputed his conduct to meanneſs of ſpirit, and adviſed with my father touching the propereſt expedient to wean his affections from ſuch low-born purſuits. My father counſelled him to ſend the young gentleman up to London, to be entered as a ſtudent in the Temple, and recommended him to the ſuperintendance of ſome perſon who knew the town, and might engage him inſenſibly in ſuch amuſements and connections, as would ſoon lift his ideas above the humble objects on which they had been hitherto employed. This advice appeared ſo ſalutary, that it was followed without the leaſt heſitation. The young 'ſquire himſelf was perfectly well ſatisfied with the propoſal; and in a few days he ſet out for the great city: But there was not a dry eye in the pariſh at his departure, although he prevailed upon his father to pay in his abſence all the penſions he had granted to thoſe who could not live on the fruit of their own induſtry. In what manner he ſpent his time in London, it is none of my buſineſs to inquire; thof I know pretty well what kind of lives are led by gemmen of your Inns of Court.—I myſelf once belonged to Serjeant's Inn, and was perhaps as good a wit and a critic as any Templar of them all. Nay, as for that matter, thof I deſpiſe vanity, I can aver with a ſafe conſcience, that I had once the honour to belong to the ſociety called *the Town:* We were all of us attorneys clerks, gemmen, and had our meetings at an ale-houſe in Butcher-row, where we regulated the diverſions of the theatre.

"But to return from this digreſſion: Sir Everhard Greaves did not ſeem to be very well pleaſed with the conduct of his ſon at London. He got notice of ſome irregularities and ſcrapes into which he had fallen; and the 'ſquire ſeldom wrote to his father, except to draw upon him for money; which he did ſo faſt, that in eighteen months the old gentleman loſt all patience.

"At this period 'ſquire Darnel chanced to die, leaving an only daughter, a minor, heireſs of three thouſand a year, under the guardianſhip of her uncle Anthony,

whoſe brutal character all the world knows. The breath was no ſooner out of his brother's body, than he reſolved, if poſſible, to ſucceed him in parliament as repreſentative for the borough of Aſhenton. Now you muſt know, that this borough had been for many years a bone of contention between the families of Greaves and Darnel; and at length the difference was compromiſed by the interpoſition of friends, on condition that Sir Everhard and 'Squire Darnel ſhould alternately repreſent the place in parliament. They agreed to this compromiſe for their mutual convenience; but they were never heartily reconciled. Their political principles did not tally; and their wives looked upon each other as rivals in fortune and magnificence: So that there was no intercourſe between them, thof they lived in the ſame neighbourhood. On the contrary, in all diſputes, they conſtantly headed the oppoſite parties. Sir Everhard underſtanding that Anthony Darnel had begun to canvaſs, and was putting every iron in the fire, in violation and contempt of the *pactum familiæ* before mentioned, fell into a violent paſſion, that brought on a ſevere fit of the gout; by which he was diſabled from giving perſonal attention to his own intereſt. My father, indeed, employed all his diligence and addreſs, and ſpared neither money, time, nor conſtitution, till at length he drank himſelf into a conſumption, which was the death of him. But, after all, there is a great difference between a ſteward and a principal. Mr. Darnel attended in *propria perſona*, flattered and careſſed the women, feaſted the electors, hired mobs, made proceſſions, and ſcattered about his money in ſuch a manner, that our friends durſt hardly ſhow their heads in public.

"At this very criſis, our young 'ſquire, to whom his father had written an account of the tranſaction, arrived unexpectedly at Graveſbury-hall, and had a long private conference with Sir Everhard. The news of his return ſpread like wild-fire through all that part of the country: Bonfires were made, and the bells ſet a ringing in ſeveral towns and ſteeples; and next morning above ſeven hundred people were aſſembled at the gate, with muſic, flags, and ſtreamers, to welcome their young

'ſquire, and accompany him to the borough of Aſhenton. He ſet out on foot with his retinue, and entered one end of the town juſt as Mr. Darnel's mob had come in at the other. Both arrived about the ſame time at the market place; but Mr. Darnel, mounting firſt into the balcony of the town-houſe, made a long ſpeech to the people in favour of his own pretenſions, not without ſome invidious reflections glanced at Sir Everhard, his competitor.

"We did not much mind the acclamations of his party, which we knew had been hired for the purpoſe; but we were in ſome pain for Mr. Greaves, who had not been uſed to ſpeak in public. He took his turn, however, in the balcony, and, uncovering his head, bowed all round with the moſt engaging courteſy. He was dreſſed in a green frock trimmed with gold, and his own dark hair flowed about his ears in natural curls, while his face was overſpread with a bluſh, that improved the glow of youth to a deeper crimſon; and I dare ſay ſet many a female heart a palpitating. When he made his firſt appearance, there was juſt ſuch a humming and clapping of hands as you may have heard when the celebrated Garrick comes upon the ſtage in King Lear, or King Richard, or any other top character. But how agreeably were we diſappointed, when our young gentleman made ſuch an oration as would not have diſgraced a Pitt, an Egmont, or a Murray! while he ſpoke, all was huſhed in admiration and attention; you could have almoſt heard a feather drop to the ground. It would have charmed you to hear with what modeſty he recounted the ſervices which his father and grandfather had done to the corporation; with what eloquence he expatiated upon the ſhameful infraction of the treaty ſubſiſting between the two families; and with what keen and ſpirited ſtrokes of ſatire he retorted the ſarcaſms of Darnel.

"He no ſooner concluded his harangue, than there was ſuch a burſt of applauſe, as ſeemed to rend the very ſky. Our muſic immediately ſtruck up; our people advanced with their enſigns, and, as every man had a good cudgel, broken heads would have enſued, had not Mr. Darnel and his party thought proper to retreat with uncommon diſpatch. He never offered to make another

public entrance, as he ſaw the torrent ran ſo violently againſt him; but ſat down with his loſs, and withdrew his oppoſition, though at bottom extremely mortified and incenſed. Sir Everhard was unanimouſly elected, and appeared to be the happieſt man upon earth; for, beſides the pleaſure ariſing from his victory over this competitor, he was now fully ſatisfied that his ſon, inſtead of diſgracing, would do honour to his family. It would have moved a heart of ſtone, to ſee with what a tender tranſport of paternal joy he received his dear Launcelot, after having heard of his deportment and ſucceſs of Aſhenton; where, by the bye, he gave a ball to the ladies, and diſplayed as much elegance and politeneſs, as if he, had been bred at the court of Verſailles.

"This joyous ſeaſon was of ſhort duration: In a little time all the happineſs of the family was overcaſt by a ſad incident, which hath left ſuch an unfortunate impreſſion upon the mind of the young gentleman, as, I am afraid, will never be effaced. Mr. Darnel's niece and ward, the great heireſs, whoſe name is Aurelia, was the moſt celebrated beauty of the whole country; if I ſaid the whole kingdom, or indeed all Europe, perhaps I ſhould barely do her juſtice. I don't pretend to be a limner, gemmen; nor does it become me to delineate ſuch excellence; but ſurely I may preſume to repeat from the play,

"Oh! ſhe is all that painting can expreſs,
"Or youthful poets fancy when they love!

"At that time ſhe might be about ſeventeen; tall and fair, and ſo exquiſitely ſhaped—you may talk of your Venus de Medicis, your Dianas, your nymphs, and Galateas; but if Praxiteles, and Roubillac, and Wilton, were to lay their heads together, in order to make a complete pattern of beauty, they would hardly reach her model of perfection.—As for complexion, poets will talk of blending the lily with the roſe, and bring in a parcel of ſimiles of cowſlips, carnations, pinks, and daiſies.—There's Dolly, now, has got a very good complexion:—Indeed, ſhe's the very picture of health and innocence—you are, indeed, my pretty laſs;—but *parva componere magnis*.—Miſs Darnel is all amazing beauty, deli-

cacy, and dignity! Then the ſoftneſs and expreſſion of her fine blue eyes; her pouting lips of coral hue; her neck, that riſes like a tower of poliſhed alabaſter between two mounts of ſnow.—I tell you what, gemmen, it don't ſignify talking; if e'er a one of you was to meet this young lady alone, in the midſt of a heath or common, or any unfrequented place, he would down on his knees, and think he kneeled before ſome ſupernatural being. I'll tell you more: She not only reſembles an angel in beauty, but a ſaint in goodneſs, and an hermit in humility;—ſo void of all pride and affectation; ſo ſoft, and ſweet, and affable, and humane! Lord! I could tell ſuch inſtances of her charity!

"Sure enough, ſhe and Sir Launcelot were formed by nature for each other: Howſoever, the cruel hand of fortue hath intervened, and ſevered them for ever. Every ſoul that knew them both, ſaid it was a thouſand pities but they ſhould come together, and extinguiſh, in their happy union, the mutual animoſity of the two families, which had ſo often embroiled the whole neighbourhood. Nothing was heard but the praiſes of Miſs Aurelia Darnel and Mr. Launcelot Greaves; and no doubt the parties were prepoſſeſſed, by this applauſe, in favour of each other. At length, Mr. Greaves went one Sunday to her pariſh church; but, though the greater part of the congregation watched their looks, they could not perceive that ſhe took the leaſt notice of him; or that he ſeemed to be ſtruck with her appearance. He afterwards had an opportunity of ſeeing her, more at leiſure, at the York aſſembly, during the races; but this opportunity was productive of no good effect, becauſe he had that ſame day quarrelled with her uncle on the turf.

"An old grudge, you know, gemmen, is ſoon inflamed to a freſh rupture. It was thought Mr. Darnel came on purpoſe to ſhow his reſentment. They differed about a bet upon Miſs Cleverlegs, and, in the courſe of the diſpute, Mr. Darnel called him a petulant boy. The young 'ſquire, who was as haſty as gunpowder, told him he was man enough to chaſtiſe him for his inſolence; and would do it on the ſpot, if he thought it would not interrupt the diverſion. In all probability they would

have come to points immediately, had not the gentlemen interpoſed; ſo that nothing further paſſed, but abundance of foul language on the part of Mr. Antony, and a repeated defiance to ſingle combat.

"Mr. Greaves, making a low bow, retired from the field; and in the evening danced at the aſſembly with a young lady from the biſhoprick, ſeemingly in good temper and ſpirits, without having any words with Mr. Darnel, who was alſo preſent. But in the morning he viſited that proud neighbour betimes; and they had almoſt reached a grove of trees on the north ſide of the town, when they were ſuddenly overtaken by half a dozen gentlemen, who had watched their motions. It was in vain for them to diſſemble their deſign, which could not now take effect. They gave up their piſtols, and a reconciliation was patched up by the preſſing remonſtrances of their common friends; but Mr. Darnel's hatred ſtill rankled at bottom, and ſoon broke out in the ſequel. About three months after this tranſaction, his niece Aurelia, with her mother, having been to viſit a lady in the chariot, the horſes being young, and not uſed to the traces, were ſtartled at the braying of a jack-aſs on the common, and taking fright, ran away with the carriage like lightning. The coachman was thrown from the box, and the ladies ſcreamed piteouſly for help. Mr. Greaves chanced to be a horſeback on the other ſide of an encloſure, when he heard their ſhrieks; and riding up to the hedge, knew the chariot, and ſaw their diſaſter. The horſes were then running full ſpeed in ſuch a direction, as to drive headlong over a precipice into a ſtone quarry, where they and the chariot, and the ladies, muſt be daſhed in pieces.

"You may conceive, gemmen, what his thoughts were when he ſaw ſuch a fine young lady, in the flower of her age, juſt plunging into eternity; when he ſaw the lovely Aurelia on the brink of being precipitated among rocks, where her delicate limbs muſt be mangled and tore aſunder; when he perceived, that, before he could ride round by the gate, the tragedy would be finiſhed. The fence was ſo thick and high, flanked with a broad ditch on the outſide, that he could not hope to clear it;

although he was mounted on Scipio, bred out of Miſs Couſlip, the ſire Muley, and his grandſire the famous Arabian Muſtapha.—Scipio was bred by my father, who would not have taken a hundred guineas for him, from any other perſon but the young 'ſquire—Indeed, I have heard my poor father ſay—"

By this time Ferret's impatience was become ſo outrageous, that he exclaimed in a furious tone, "Damn your father, and his horſe, and his colt into the bargain!"

Tom made no reply; but began to ſtrip with great expedition. Captain Crowe was ſo choked with paſſion, that he could utter nothing but disjointed ſentences: He roſe from his ſeat, brandiſhed his horſewip, and ſeizing his nephew by the collar, cried, "Odd's heartlikins! ſirrah, I have a good mind—Devil fire your running tackle, you land-lubber!—can't you ſteer without all this tacking hither and thither, and the Lord knows whither?—'Noint my block! I'd give thee a rope's end for thy ſupper if it wan't—"

Dolly had conceived a ſneaking kindneſs for the young lawyer, and thinking him in danger of being roughly handled, flew to his relief. She twiſted her hand in Crowe's neckloth without ceremony, crying, "Sha't then, I tell thee, old codger—Who kears a vig vor thy vooliſh trantrums?"

While Crowe looked black in the face, and ran the riſk of ſtrangulation under the gripe of this amazon, Mr. Clarke having diſengaged himſelf of his hat, wig, coat, and waiſtcoat, advanced in an elegant attitude of manual offence towards the miſanthrope, who ſnatched up a gridiron from the chimney corner, and Diſcord ſeemed to clap her ſooty wings in expectation of battle.—But as the reader may have more than once already curſed the unconſcionable length of this chapter, we muſt poſtpone to the next opportunity the incidents that ſucceeded this denunciation of war.

CHAPTER IV.

In which it appears that the knight, when heartily ſet in for ſleeping, was not eaſily diſturbed,

In all probability the kitchen of the Black Lion, from a domeſtic temple of ſociety and good fellowſhip, would have been converted into a ſcene or ſtage of ſanguinary diſpute, had not Pallas or Diſcretion interpoſed in the perſon of Mr. Fillet, and, with the aſſiſtance of the oſtler, diſarmed the combatants, not only of their arms, but alſo of their reſentment.

The impetuoſity of Mr. Clarke was a little checked at ſight of the gridiron, which Ferret brandiſhed with uncommon dexterity; a circumſtance from whence the company were, upon reflection, induced to believe, that before he plunged into the ſea of politics, he had occaſionally figured in the character of that facetious droll, who accompanies your itinerant phyſicians, under the familiar appellation of Merry-Andrew, or Jack-Pudding, and on a wooden ſtage entertains the populace with a ſolo on the ſalt-box, or a ſonnata on the tongs and gridiron. Be that as it may, the young lawyer ſeemed to be a little diſcompoſed at the glancing of this extraordinary weapon of offence, which the fair hands of Dolly had ſcoured, until it had ſhone as bright as the ſhield of Achilles; or as the emblem of good old Engliſh fare, which hangs by a red ribbon round the neck of that thrice-honoured ſage's head, in velvet bonnet caſed, who preſides by rotation at the genial board, diſtinguiſhed by the title of the *Beef-ſteak Club*; Where the delicate rumps irreſiſtibly attract the ſtranger's eye, and, while they ſeem to cry, "Come cut me—come cut me," conſtrain, by wondrous ſympathy, each mouth to overflow: Where the obliging and humorous Jemmy B——t, the gentle Billy H——d, replete with human kindneſs, and the generous Johnny B——d, reſpected and beloved by all the world, attend as the prieſts and miniſters of mirth, good cheer, and jollity, and aſſiſt with culinary art the raw, unpractiſed, awkward gueſt.

But, to return from this digreſſive ſimile: The oſtler no ſooner ſtept between thoſe menacing antagoniſts, than Tom Clarke very quietly reſumed his clothes, and Mr. Ferret reſigned the gridiron without farther queſtion. The doctor did not find it quite ſo eaſy to releaſe the throat of Captain Crowe from the maſculine graſp of the virago Dolly, whoſe fingers could not be diſengaged until the honeſt ſeaman was almoſt at the laſt gaſp. After ſome pauſe, during which he panted for breath, and untied his neckcloth, "Damn thee, for a brimſtone galley (cried he); I was never ſo grappled withal ſince I knew a card from a compaſs.—Adzooks! the jade has ſo taughtened my rigging, d'ye ſee, that I—Snatch my bowlines, if I come athwart thy hawſer, I'll turn thy keel upwards—or mayhap ſet thee a-driving under thy bare poles—I will—I will, you hell-fire, ſaucy—I will."

Dolly made no reply; but ſeeing Mr. Clarke ſit down again with great compoſure, took her ſtation likewiſe at the oppoſite ſide of the apartment. Then Mr. Fillet requeſted the lawyer to proceed with his ſtory, which, after three hems, he accordingly proſecuted in theſe words:

"I told you, gemmen, that Mr. Greaves was mounted on Scipio, when he ſaw Miſs Darnel and her mother in danger of being hurried over a precipice. Without reflecting a moment, he gave Scipio the ſpur, and at one ſpring he cleared five and twenty feet, over hedge and ditch, and every obſtruction. Then he rode full ſpeed, in order to turn the coach-horſes; and, finding them quite wild and furious, endeavoured to drive againſt the counter of the hither horſe, which he miſſed, and ſtaked poor Scipio on the pole of the coach. The ſhock was ſo great, that the coach-horſes made a full ſtop within ten yards of the quarry, and Mr. Greaves was thrown forwards towards the coach-box, which, mounting with admirable dexterity, he ſeized the reins before the horſes could recover of their fright. At that inſtant the coachman came running up, and looſed them from the traces with the utmoſt diſpatch. Mr. Greaves had now time to give his attention to the ladies, who were well nigh diſtracted with fear. He no ſooner opened the chariot-

door than Aurelia, with a wildneſs of look, ſprung into his arms, and, claſping him round the neck, fainted away. I leave you to gueſs, gemmen, what were his feelings at this inſtant. The mother was not ſo diſcompoſed, but that ſhe could contribute to the recovery of her daughter, whom the young 'ſquire ſtill ſupported in his embrace. At length ſhe retrieved the uſe of her ſenſes, and, perceiving the ſituation in which ſhe was, the blood reviſited her face with a redoubled glow, while ſhe deſired him to ſet her down upon the turf.

" Mrs. Darnel, far from being ſhy or reſerved in her compliments of acknowledgments, kiſſed Mr. Launcelot without ceremony, the tears of gratitude running down her cheeks; ſhe called him her dear ſon, her generous deliverer, who, at the hazard of his own life, had ſaved her and her child from the moſt diſmal fate that could be imagined.

" Mr. Greaves was ſo much tranſported on this occaſion, that he could not help diſcloſing a paſſion, which he had hitherto induſtriouſly concealed. " What I have done (ſaid he), was but a common office of humanity, which I would have performed for any of my fellow-creatures; but, for the preſervation of Miſs Aurelia Darnel, I would at any time ſacrifice my life with pleaſure." The young lady did not hear this declaration unmoved: Her face was again fluſhed, and her eyes ſparkled with pleaſure: Nor was the youth's confeſſion diſagreeable to the good lady her mother, who, at one glance, perceived all the advantages of ſuch an union between the two families.

" Mr. Greaves propoſed to ſend the coachman to his father's ſtable for a pair of ſober horſes, that could be depended upon, to draw the ladies home to their own habitation; but they declined the offer, and choſe to walk, as the diſtance was not great. He then inſiſted upon his being their conductor; and, each taking him under the arm, ſupported them to their own gate, where ſuch an apparition filled all the domeſtics with aſtoniſhment. Mrs. Darnel, taking him by the hand, led him into the houſe, where ſhe welcomed him with another affectionate embrace, and indulged him with an ambro-

ſtal kiſs of Aurelia, ſaying, "But for you, we had both been by this time in eternity. Sure it was Heaven that ſent you as an angel to our aſſiſtance!" She kindly inquired if he had himſelf ſuſtained any damage in adminiſtering that deſperate remedy to which they owed their lives. She entertained him with a ſmall collation; and, in the courſe of the converſation, lamented the animoſity which had ſo long divided two neighbouring families of ſuch influence and character. He was not ſlow in ſignifying his approbation of her remarks, and expreſſing the moſt eager deſire of ſeeing all thoſe unhappy differences removed: In a word, they parted with mutual ſatisfaction.

"Juſt as he advanced from the outward gate, on his return to Greaveſburyhall, he was met by Anthony Darnel on horſeback, who, riding up to him with marks of ſurpriſe and reſentment, ſaluted him with, "Your Servant, Sir.—Have you any commands for me?" The other replying with an air of indifference, "None at all"—Mr. Darnel aſked, what had procured him the honour of a viſit: The young gentleman, perceiving by the manner in which he ſpoke, that the old quarrel was not yet extinguiſhed, anſwered, with equal diſdain, that the viſit was not intended for him; and that, if he wanted to know the cauſe of it, he might inform himſelf by his own ſervants. "So I ſhall (cried the uncle of Aurelia); and perhaps let you know my ſentiments of the matter."—"Hereafter as it may be," ſaid the youth; who, turning out of the avenue, walked home, and made his father acquainted with the particulars of this adventure.

"The old gentleman chid him for his raſhneſs; but ſeemed pleaſed with the ſucceſs of his attempt; and ſtill more ſo, when he underſtood his ſentiments of Aurelia, and the deportment of the ladies.

"Next day the ſon ſent over a ſervant with a compliment to inquire about their health; and the meſſenger, being ſeen by Mr. Darnel, was told that the ladies were indiſpoſed, and did not chooſe to be troubled with meſſages. The mother was really ſeized with a fever, produced by the agitation of her ſpirits, which every

day became more and more violent, until the phyſicians deſpaired of her life. Believing that her end approached, ſhe ſent a truſty ſervant to Mr. Greaves, deſiring that ſhe might ſee him without delay; and he immediately ſet out with the meſſenger, who introduced him in the dark.

"He found the old lady in bed almoſt exhauſted, and the fair Aurelia ſitting by her, overwhelmed with grief; her lovely hair in the utmoſt diſorder, and her charming eyes inflamed with weeping. The good lady beckoning Mr. Launcelot to approach, and directing all the attendants to quit the room, except a favourite maid, from whom I learned the ſtory, ſhe took him by the hand, and fixing her eyes upon him with all the fondneſs of a mother, ſhed ſome tears, in ſilence, while the ſame marks of ſorrow trickled down his cheeks. After this affecting pauſe, "My dear ſon (ſaid ſhe), Oh! that I could have lived to ſee you ſo indeed! you find me haſtening to the goal of life." Hear the tender-hearted Aurelia, being unable to contain herſelf longer, broke out into a violent paſſion of grief, and wept aloud. The mother, waiting patiently till ſhe had thus given vent to her anguiſh, calmly entreated her to reſign herſelf ſubmiſſively to the will of Heaven: Then turning to Mr. Launcelot, "I had indulged (ſaid ſhe), a fond hope of ſeeing you allied to my family.—This is no time for me to inſiſt upon the ceremonies and forms of a vain world. Aurelia looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepoſſeſſion." No ſooner had ſhe pronounced theſe words, than he threw himſelf on his knees before the young lady, and, preſſing her hand to his lips, breathed the ſofteſt expreſſions which the moſt delicate love could ſuggeſt. "I know (reſumed the mother), that your paſſion is mutually ſincere; and I ſhould die ſatisfied, if I thought your union would not be oppoſed; but that violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's ſole guardian, will thwart her wiſhes with every obſtacle that brutal reſentment and implacable malice can contrive. Mr. Greaves, I have long admired your virtues, and am confident that I can depend upon your honour.—You ſhall give me your word, that, when I am gone, you will

take no ſteps in this affair without the concurrence of your father; and endeavour, by all fair and honourable means, to vanquiſh the prejudices, and obtain the conſent of her uncle: The reſt we muſt leave to the diſpenſation of Providence."

"The 'ſquire promiſed, in the moſt ſolemn and fervent manner, to obey all her injunctions, as the laſt dictates of a parent whom he ſhould never ceaſe to honour. Then ſhe favoured them both with a great deal of ſalutary advice, touching their conduct before and after marriage; and preſented him with a ring, as a memorial of her affection; at the ſame time he pulled another off his finger, and made a tender of it as a pledge of his love to Aurelia, whom her mother permitted to receive this token. Finally, he took a laſt farewel of the good matron, and returned to his father with the particulars of this interview.

"In two days Mrs. Darnel departed this life, and Aurelia was removed to the houſe of a relation, where her grief had like to have proved fatal to her conſtitution.

"In the mean time, the mother was no ſooner committed to the earth, than Mr. Greaves, mindful of her exhortations, began to take meaſures for a reconciliation with the guardian. He engaged ſeveral gentlemen to interpoſe their good offices; but they always met with the moſt mortifying repulſe: And at laſt Anthony Darnel declared, that his hatred to the houſe of Greaves was hereditary, habitual, and unconquerable. He ſwore he would ſpend his heart's blood to perpetuate the quarrel; and that, ſooner than his niece ſhould match with young Lancelot, he would ſacrifice her with his own hand.

"The young gentleman, finding his prejudice ſo rancorous and invincible, left off making any further advances; and, ſince he found it impoſſible to obtain his conſent, reſolved to cultivate the good graces of Aurelia, and wed her in deſpite of her implacable guardian. He found means to eſtabliſh a literary correſpondence with her, as ſoon as her grief was a little abated; and even to effect an interview, after her return to her own

houſe: But he ſoon had reaſon to repent of his indulgence. The uncle entertained ſpies upon the young lady, who gave him an account of this meeting; in conſequence of which ſhe was ſuddenly hurried to ſome diſtant part of the country, which we never could diſcover.

"It was then we thought Mr. Launcelot a little diſordered in his brain, his grief was ſo wild, and his paſſion ſo impetuous. He refuſed all ſuſtenance, neglected his perſon, renounced his amuſements, rode out in the rain, ſometimes bare headed; ſtrolled about the fields all night, and became ſo peeviſh, that none of the domeſtics durſt ſpeak to him, without the hazard of broken bones. Having played theſe pranks for about three weeks, to the unſpeakable chagrin of his father, and the aſtoniſhment of all that knew him, he ſuddenly grew calm, and his good humour returned. But this, as your ſea-faring people ſay, was a deceitful calm, that ſoon uſhered in a dreadful ſtorm.

"He had long ſought an opportunity to tamper with ſome of Mr. Darnel's ſervants, who could inform him of the place where Aurelia was confined; but there was not one about the family who could give him that ſatisfaction; for the perſons who accompanied her remained as a watch upon her motions, and none of the other domeſtics were privy to the tranſaction. All attempts proving fruitleſs, he could no longer reſtrain his impatience, but throwing himſelf in the way of the uncle, upbraided him in ſuch harſh terms, that a formal challenge enſued. They agreed to decide their difference without witneſſes; and one morning, before ſun-riſe, met on that very common where Mr. Greaves had ſaved the life of Aurelia. The firſt piſtol was fired on each ſide without any effect; but Mr. Darnel's ſecond wounded the young 'ſquire in the flank; nevertheleſs, having a piſtol in reſerve, he deſired his antagoniſt to aſk his life. The other, inſtead of ſubmitting, drew his ſword; and Mr. Greaves, firing his piece into the air, followed his example. The conteſt then became very hot, though of ſhort continuance. Darnel being diſarmed at the firſt onſet, our young 'ſquire gave him back the ſword,

which he was baſe enough to uſe a ſecond time againſt his conqueror. Such an inſtance of repeated ingratitude and brutal ferocity diveſted Mr. Greaves of his temper and forbearance. He attacked Mr. Anthony with great fury, and at the firſt longe ran him up to the hilt, at the ſame time ſeized with his left hand the ſhell of his enemy's ſword, which he broke in diſdain. Mr. Darnel having fallen, the other immediately mounted his horſe, which he had tied to a tree before the engagement, and riding full ſpeed to Aſhenton, ſent a ſurgeon to Anthony's aſſiſtance. He afterwards ingenuouſly confeſſed all theſe particulars to his father, who was overwhelmed with conſternation, for the wounds of Darnel were judged mortal; and as no perſon had ſeen the particulars of the duel, Mr. Launcelot might have been convicted of murder.

"On theſe conſiderations, before a warrant could be ſerved upon him, the old knight, by dint of the moſt eager entreaties, accompanied with marks of horror and deſpair, prevailed upon his ſon to withdraw himſelf from the kingdom, until ſuch time as the ſtorm ſhould be overblown. Had his heart been unengaged, he would have choſe to travel; but at this period, when his whole ſoul was engroſſed, and ſo violently agitated by his paſſion for Aurelia, nothing but the fear of ſeeing the old gentleman run diſtracted, would have induced him to deſiſt from the purſuit of that young lady, far leſs quit the kingdom where ſhe reſided.

"Well then, gemmen, he repaired to Harwich, where he embarked for Holland, from whence he proceeded to Bruſſels, where he procured a paſſport from the French king, by virtue of which he travelled to Marſeilles, and there took a tartan for Genoa. The firſt letter Sir Everhard received from him was dated at Florence. Meanwhile the ſurgeon's prognoſtic was not altogether verified. Mr. Darnel did not die immediately of his wounds; but he lingered a long time, as it were in the arms of death, and even partly recovered; yet, in all probability, he will never be wholly reſtored to the enjoyment of his health; and is obliged every ſummer to attend the hot-well at Briſtol. As his wounds began to heal, his hatred to Mr. Greaves ſeemed to revive with

augmented violence; and he is now, if poſſible, more than ever determined againſt all reconciliation.

"Mr. Launcelot, after having endeavoured to amuſe his imagination with a ſucceſſion of curious objects, in a tour of Italy, took up his reſidence at a town called Piſa, and there fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouſe him but the news of his father's death.

"The old gentleman (God reſt his ſoul) never held up his head after the departure of his darling Launcelot; and the dangerous condition of Darnel kept up his apprehenſion: This was reinforced by the obſtinate ſilence of the youth, and certain accounts of his diſordered mind, which he had received from ſome of thoſe perſons who take pleaſure in communicating diſagreeable tidings. A complication of all theſe grievances, co-operating with a ſevere fit of the gout and gravel, produced a fever, which, in a few days, brought Sir Everhard to his long home, after he had ſettled his affairs with Heaven and earth, and made his peace with God and man. I'll aſſure you, gemmen, he made a moſt edifying and Chriſtian end: He died regretted by all his neighbours except Anthony, and might be ſaid to be embalmed by the tears of the poor, to whom he was always a bounteous benefactor.

"When the ſon, now Sir Launcelot, came home, he appeared ſo meagre, wan, and hollow-eyed, that the ſervants hardly knew their young maſter. His firſt care was to take poſſeſſion of his fortune, and ſettle accounts with the ſteward who had ſucceeded my father. Theſe affairs being diſcuſſed, he ſpared no pains to get intelligence concerning Miſs Darnel; and ſoon learned more of that young lady than he deſired to know; for it was become the common talk of the country, that a match was agreed upon between her and young 'Squire Sycamore, a gentleman of a very great fortune. Theſe tidings were probably confirmed under her own hand, in a letter which ſhe wrote to Sir Launcelot. The contents were never exactly known but to the parties themſelves; nevertheleſs, the effects were too viſible, for, from that bleſſed moment, he ſpoke not one word to any living creature for the ſpace of three days; but was ſeen

ſometimes to ſhed a flood of tears, and ſometimes to burſt out into a fit of laughing. At laſt he broke ſilence, and ſeemed to wake from his diſorder. He became more fond than ever of the exerciſe of riding, and began to amuſe himſelf again with acts of benevolence.

"One inſtance of his generoſity and juſtice deſerves to be recorded in braſs or marble: You muſt know, gemmen, the rector of the pariſh was lately dead, and Sir Everhard had promiſed the preſentation to another clergyman. In the mean time, Sir Launcelot chancing one Sunday to ride through a lane, perceived a horſe ſaddled and bridled feeding on the ſide of a fence; and, caſting his eyes around, beheld on the other ſide of the hedge an object lying extended on the ground, which he took to be the body of a murdered traveller. He forthwith alighted, and, leaping into the field, deſcried a man at full length, wrapped in a great coat, and writhing in agony. Approaching nearer, he found it was a clergyman, in his gown and caſſock. When he inquired into the caſe, and offered his aſſiſtance, the ſtranger roſe up, thanked him for his courteſy, and declared that he was now very well. The knight, who thought there was ſomething myſterious in this incident, expreſſed a deſire to know the cauſe of his rolling in the graſs in that manner; and the clergyman, who knew his perſon, made no ſcruple in gratifying his curioſity. "You muſt know, Sir (ſaid he), I ſerve the curacy of your own pariſh, for which the late incumbent paid me twenty pounds a year; but this ſum being ſcarce ſufficient to maintain my wife and children, who are five in number, I agreed to read prayers in the afternoon at another church, about four miles from hence; and for this additional duty I receive ten pounds more: As I keep a horſe, it was formerly an agreeable exercile rather than a toil; but of late years I have been afflicted with a rupture, for which I conſulted the moſt eminent operators in the kingdom; but I have no cauſe to rejoice in the effects of their advice, though one of them aſſured me I was completely cured. The malady is now more troubleſome than ever, and often comes upon me ſo violently while I am on horſeback, that I am forced to alight, and lie down upon

the ground, until the cauſe of the diſorder can for the time be reduced."

"Sir Launcelot not only condoled with him upon his misfortune, but deſired him to throw up the ſecond cure, and he would pay him ten pounds a-year out of his own pocket. "Your generoſity confounds me, good Sir (replied the clergyman); and yet I ought not to be ſurpriſed at any inſtance of benevolence in Sir Launcelot Greaves; but I will check the fulneſs of my heart. I ſhall only obſerve, that your good intention towards me can hardly take effect. The gentleman, who is to ſucceed the late incumbent, has given me notice to quit the premiſes, as he hath provided a friend of his own for the curacy." "What! (cried the knight) does he mean to take your bread from you, without aſſigning any other reaſon?" "Surely, Sir (replied the eccleſiaſtic), I know of no other reaſon. I hope my morals are irreproachable, and that I have done my duty with a conſcientious regard; I may venture an appeal to the pariſhioners among whom I have lived theſe ſeventeen years. After all, it is natural for every man to favour his own friends in preference to ſtrangers. As for me, I propoſe to try my fortune in the great city, and I doubt not but Providence will provide for me and my little ones."

"To this declaration Sir Launcelot made no reply; but, riding home, ſet on foot a ſtrict inquiry into the character of this man, whoſe name was Jenkins. He found that he was a reputed ſcholar, equally remarkable for his modeſty and good life; that he viſited the ſick, aſſiſted the needy, compromiſed diſputes among his neighbours, and ſpent his time in ſuch a manner as would have done honour to any Chriſtian divine. Thus informed, the knight ſent for the gentleman to whom the living had been promiſed, and accoſted him to this effect: "Mr. Tootle, I have a favour to aſk of you. The perſon who ſerves the cure of this pariſh, is a man of good character, beloved by the people, and has a large family. I ſhall be obliged to you if you will continue him in the curacy." The other told him he was ſorry he could not comply with his requeſt, being that he had

already promiſed the curacy to a friend of his own. "No matter (replied Sir Launcelot), ſince I have not intereſt with you, I will endeavour to provide for Mr. Jenkins in ſome other way."

"That ſame afternoon he walked over to the curate's houſe, and told him that he had ſpoken in his behalf to Dr. Tootle, but the curacy was pre-engaged. The good man having made a thouſand acknowledgments for the trouble his honour had taken; "I have not intereſt ſufficient to make you curate (ſaid the knight) but I can give you the living itſelf, and that you ſhall have." So ſaying, he retired, leaving Mr. Jenkins incapable of uttering one ſyllable, ſo powerfully was he ſtruck with this unexpected turn of fortune. The preſentation was immediately made out, and in a few days Mr. Jenkins was put in poſſeſſion of his benefice, to the inexpreſſible joy of the congregation.

"Hitherto every thing went right, and every unprejudiced perſon commended the knight's conduct; but in a little time his generoſity ſeemed to overleap the bounds of diſcretion, and even in ſome caſes might be thought tending to a breach of the king's peace. For example, he compelled, *vi et armis*, a rich farmer's ſon to marry the daughter of a cottager, whom the young fellow had debauched. Indeed it ſeems there was a promiſe of marriage in the caſe, though it could not be legally aſcertained. The wench took on diſmally, and her parents had recourſe to Sir Launcelot, who ſending for the delinquent, expoſtulated with him ſeverely on the injury he had done the young woman, and exhorted him to ſave her life and reputation by performing his promiſe, in which caſe he (Sir Launcelot) would give her three hundred pounds to her portion. Whether the farmer thought there was ſomething intereſted in this uncommon offer, or was a little elevated by the conſcionſneſs of his father's wealth, he rejected the propoſal with ruſtic diſdain, and ſaid, if ſo be as how the wench would ſwear the child to him, he would ſettle it with the pariſh; but declared, that no 'ſquire in the land ſhould oblige him to buckle with ſuch a cracked pitcher. This reſolution, however, he could not maintain; for, in leſs than two

hours, the rector of the parish had direction to publish the banns, and the ceremony was performed in due course.

"Now, though we know not precisely the nature of the arguments that were used with the farmer, we may conclude they were of the minatory species, for the young fellow could not, for some time, look any person in the face.

"The knight acted as the general redresser of grievances. If a woman complained to him of being ill-treated by her husband, he first inquired into the foundation of the complaint, and if he found it just, catechised the defendant. If the warning had no effect, and the man proceeded to fresh acts of violence, then his judge took the execution of the law in his own hand, and horsewhipped the party. Thus he involved himself in several law-suits, that drained him of pretty large sums of money. He seemed particularly incensed at the least appearance of oppression; and supported divers poor tenants against the extortion of their landlords. Nay, he has been known to travel two hundred miles as a volunteer, to offer his assistance in the cause of a person, who he heard was by chicanery and oppression wronged of a considerable estate. He accordingly took her under his protection, relieved her distresses, and was at a vast expence in bringing the suit to a determination; which being unfavourable to his client, he resolved to bring an appeal into the House of Lords, and certainly would have executed his purpose, if the gentlewoman had not died in the interim."

At this period, Ferret interrupted the narrator, by observing, that the said Greaves was a common nuisance, and ought to be prosecuted on the statute of barretry.

"No, Sir (resumed Mr. Clarke), he cannot be convicted of barretry, unless he is always at variance with some person or other, a mover of suits and quarrels, who disturbs the peace under colour of law. Therefore he is in the indictment styled, *Communis malefactor, calumniator, et seminator litium.*"

"Pr'ythee truce with thy definitions (cried Ferret),

and make an end of thy long-winded ſtory. Thou haſt no title to be ſo tedious, until thou comeſt to have a coif in the court of common pleas."

Tom ſmiled contemptuous, and had juſt opened his mouth to proceed, when the company were diſturbed by a hideous repetition of groans, that ſeemed to iſſue from the chamber in which the body of the 'ſquire was depoſited. The landlady ſnatched the candle, and ran into the room, followed by the doctor and the reſt; and this accident naturally ſuſpended the narration. In like manner, we ſhall conclude the chapter, that the reader may have time to breathe, and digeſt what he has already heard.

CHAPTER V.

In which this recapitulation draws to a cloſe.

WHEN the landlady entered the room from whence the groaning proceeded, ſhe found the 'ſquire lying on his back, under the dominion of the night-mare, which rode him ſo hard, that he not only groaned and ſnorted, but the ſweat ran down his face in ſtreams. The perturbation of his brain, occaſioned by this preſſure, and the fright he had lately undergone, gave riſe to a very terrible dream, in which he fancied himſelf apprehended for a robbery. The horror of the gallows was ſtrong upon him, when he was ſuddenly awaked by a violent ſhock from the doctor; and the company broke in upon his view, ſtill perverted by fear, and bedimmed by ſlumber. His dream was now realized by a full perſuaſion that he was ſurrounded by the conſtable and his gang. The firſt object that preſented itſelf to his diſordered view, was the figure of Ferret, who might very well have paſſed for the finiſher of the law; againſt him, therefore, the firſt effort of his deſpair was directed. He ſtarted upon the floor, and ſeizing a certain utenſil, that ſhall be nameleſs, launched it at the miſanthrope with ſuch violence, that, had he not cautiouſly

this circumſtance, his eyes began to ſtare, and his teeth to chatter; while Dolly, whoſe looks were fixed invariably on this narrator, growing pale, and hitching her joint-ſtool nearer the chimney, exclaimed, in a frightened tone, "Moother, Moother, in the neame of God, look to 'un! how a quakes! as I'm a precious ſaoul, a looks as if a ſaw ſomething." Tom forced a ſmile, and thus proceeded:

"While Sir Launcelot tarried within the chapel, with the doors all locked, the other knight ſtalked round and round it on the outſide, with his ſword drawn, to the terror of divers perſons who were preſent at the ceremony. As ſoon as day broke, he opened one of the doors, and, going in to Sir Launcelot, read a book for ſome time, which we did ſuppoſe to be the conſtitutions of knight-errantry: Then we heard a loud ſlap, which echoed through the whole chapel, and the ſtranger pronounce, with an audible and ſolemn voice, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight—be faithful, bold, and fortunate." You cannot imagine, gemmen, what an effect this ſtrange ceremony had upon the people who were aſſembled. They gazed at one another in ſilent horror, and when Sir Launcelot came forth completely armed, took to their heels in a body, and fled with the utmoſt precipitation. I myſelf was overturned in the croud; and this was the caſe with that very individual perſon who now ſerves him as a 'ſquire. He was ſo frightened, that he could not riſe, but lay roaring in ſuch a manner, that the knight came up, and gave him a thwack with his launce acroſs the ſhoulders, which roufed him with a vengeance. For my own part, I freely own I was not unmoved at ſeeing come ſuch a figure ſtalking out of a church in the gray of the morning; for it recalled to my remembrance the idea of the ghoſt in Hamlet, which I had ſeen acted in Drury-lane, when I made my firſt trip to London, and I had not yet got rid of the impreſſion.

"Sir Launcelot, attended by the other knight, proceeded to the ſtable, from whence, with his own hands, he drew forth one of his beſt horſes, a fine mettleſome

ſorrel, who had got blood in him, ornamented with rich trappings. In a trice, the two knights, and the other two ſtrangers, who now appeared to be trumpeters, were mounted. Sir Launcelot's armour was lacquered black; and on his ſhield was repreſented the moon in her firſt quarter, with the motto *Impleat orbem.* The trumpets having ſounded a charge, the ſtranger pronounced with a loud voice, "God preſerve this gallant knight in all his honourable achievements; and may he long continue to preſs the ſides of his now adopted ſteed, which I denominate Bronzomarte, hoping that he will rival in ſwiftneſs and ſpirit, Bayardo, Brigliadoro, or any other ſteed of paſt or preſent chivalry! After another flouriſh of the trumpets, all four clapped ſpurs to their horſes, Sir Launcelot couching his launce, and galloped to and fro, as if they had been mad, to the terror and aſtoniſhment of all the ſpectators.

"What ſhould have induced our knight to chooſe this here man for his 'ſquire, is not eaſy to determine; for, of all the ſervants about the houſe, he was the leaſt likely either to pleaſe his maſter, or engage in ſuch an undertaking. His name is Timothy Crabſhaw, and he acted in the capacity of whipper-in to Sir Everhard. He afterwards married the daughter of a poor cottager, by whom he has ſeveral children, and was employed about the houſe as a ploughman and carter. To be ſure, the fellow has a dry ſort of humour about him; but he was univerſally hated among the ſervants, for his abuſive tongue and perverſe diſpoſition, which often brought him into trouble; for, though the fellow is as ſtrong as an elephant, he has no more courage naturally than a chicken—I ſay naturally, becauſe, ſince his being a member of knight-errantry, he has done ſome things that appear altogether incredible and preternatural.

"Timothy kept ſuch a bawling, after he had received the blow from Sir Launcelot, that every body on the field thought ſome of his bones were broken; and his wife, with five bantlings, came ſniveling to the knight, who ordered her to ſend the huſband directly to his houſe. Tim accordingly went thither, groaning pi-

teouſly all the way, creeping along with his body bent like a Greenland canoe. As ſoon as he entered the court, the outward door was ſhut; and Sir Launcelot coming down ſtairs with a horſewhip in his hand, aſked what was the matter with him that he complained ſo diſmally? To this queſtion he replied, "that it was as common as duck-weed in his country, for a man to complain when his bones were broke." "What ſhould have broke your bones?" ſaid the knight. "I cannot gueſs (anſwered the other), unleſs it was that delicate ſwitch that your honour in your mad pranks handled ſo dextrouſly upon my carcaſe." Sir Launcelot then told him, there was nothing ſo good for a bruiſe, as a ſweat, and he had the remedy in his hand. Timothy, eyeing the horſewhip aſkance, obſerved that there was another ſtill more ſpeedy, to wit, a moderate pill of lead, with a ſufficient doſe of gunpowder. "No, raſcal (cried the knight), that muſt be reſerved for your betters." So ſaying, he employed the inſtrument ſo effectually, that Crabſhaw ſoon forgot his fractured ribs, and capered about with great agility.

"When he had been diſciplined in this manner to ſome purpoſe, the knight told him he might retire, but ordered him to return next morning, when he ſhould have a repetition of the medicine, provided he did not find himſelf capable of walking in an erect poſture.

"The gate was no ſooner thrown open, than Timothy ran home with all the ſpeed of a grayhound, and corrected his wife, by whoſe advice he had pretended to be ſo grievouſly damaged in his perſon.

"Nobody dreamed that he would next day preſent himſelf at Greaveſbury-hall; nevertheleſs, he was there very early in the morning, and even cloſeted a whole hour altogether with Sir Launcelot. He came out making wry faces, and ſeveral times ſlapped himſelf on the forehead, crying, "Bodikins! thof he be crazy, I an't, that I an't!" When he was aſked what was the matter, he ſaid, he believed the devil had got in him, and he ſhould never be his own man again.

"That ſame day the knight carried him to Aſhenton, where he beſpoke thoſe accoutrements which he now

wears; and while theſe were making, it was thought the poor fellow would have run diſtracted. He did nothing but growl, and curſe, and ſwear to himſelf, run backwards and forwards between his own hut and Greaveſbury-hall, and quarrel with the horſes in the ſtable. At length his wife and family were removed into a ſnug farm-houſe that happened to be empty, and care taken that they ſhould be comfortably maintained.

"Theſe precautions being taken, the knight, one morning at day-break, mounted Bronzomarte, and Crabſhaw, as his 'ſquire, aſcended the back of a clumſy cart-horſe, called Gilbert. This again was looked upon as an inſtance of inſanity in the ſaid Crabſhaw; for, of all the horſes in the ſtable, Gilbert was the moſt ſtubborn and vicious, and had often like to have done miſchief to Timothy while he drove the cart and plough. When he was out of humour, he would kick and plunge, as if the devil was in him. He once thruſt Crabſhaw into the middle of a quickſet-hedge, where he was terribly torn; another time he canted him over his head into a quagmire, where he ſtuck with his heels up, and muſt have periſhed, if people had not been paſſing that way; a third time he ſeized him in the ſtable with his teeth by the rim of the belly, and ſwung him off the ground, to the great danger of his life; and I'll be hanged, if it was not owing to Gilbert, that Crabſhaw was now thrown into the river.

"Thus mounted and accoutred, the knight and his 'ſquire ſet out on their firſt excurſion. They turned off from the common highway, and travelled all that day without meeting any thing worthy recounting: But, in the morning of the ſecond day, they were favoured with an adventure. The hunt was upon a common through which they travelled, and the hounds were in full cry after a fox, when Crabſhaw, prompted by his own miſchievous diſpoſition, and neglecting the order of his maſter, who called aloud to him to deſiſt, rode up to the hounds, and croſſed them at full gallop. The huntſman, who was not far off, running towards the 'ſquire, beſtowed upon his head ſuch a memento with his pole, as made the landſcape dance before his eyes; and in a

twinkling he was ſurrounded by all the foxhunters, who plied their whips about his ears with infinite agility. Sir Launcelot advancing at an eaſy pace, inſtead of aſſiſting the diſaſtrous 'ſquire, exhorted his adverſaries to puniſh him ſeverely for his inſolence, and they were not ſlow in obeying this injunction. Crabſhaw, finding himſelf in this diſagreeable ſituation, and that there was no ſuccour to be expected from his maſter, on whoſe proweſs he had depended, grew deſperate, and, clubbing his whip, laid about him with great fury, wheeling about Gilbert, who was not idle; for he, having received ſome of the favours intended for his rider, both bit with teeth, and kicked with his heels; and at laſt made his way through the ring that encircled him, though not before he had broke the huntſman's leg, lamed one of the beſt horſes on the field, and killed half a ſcore of the hounds.

"Crabſhaw, ſeeing himſelf clear of the fray, did not tarry to take leave of his maſter, but made the moſt of his way to Greaveſbury-hall, where he appeared hardly with any veſtige of the human countenance, ſo much had he been defaced in this adventure. He did not fail to raiſe a great clamour againſt Sir Launcelot, whom he curſed as a coward in plain terms, ſwearing he would never ſerve him another day: But whether he altered his mind on cooler reflection, or was lectured by his wife, who well underſtood her own intereſt, he roſe with the cock, and went again in queſt of Sir Launcelot, whom he found on the eve of a very hazardous enterpriſe.

"In the midſt of a lane, the knight happened to meet with a party of about forty recruits, commanded by a ſerjeant, a corporal, and a drummer, which laſt had his drum ſlung at his back; but ſeeing ſuch a ſtrange figure mounted on a high-ſpirited horſe, he was ſeized with an inclination to divert his company. With this view, he braced his drum, and, hanging it in its proper poſition, began to beat a point of war, advancing under the very noſe of Bronzomarte; while the corporal exclaimed, "Damn my eyes, who have we got here? old King Stephen, from the horſe armoury in the tower, or the

fellow that rides armed at my lord mayor's ſhow?" The knight's ſteed ſeemed at leaſt as well pleaſed with the ſound of the drum, as were the recruits that followed it; and ſignified his ſatisfaction in ſome curvetings and caprioles, which did not at all diſcompoſe the rider, who, addreſſing himſelf to the ſerjeant, "Friend (ſaid he), you ought to teach your drummer better manners. I would chaſtiſe the fellow on the ſpot for his inſolence, were it not out of the reſpect I bear to his majeſty's ſervice." "Reſpect mine a——! (cried this ferocious commander) what, d'ye think to frighten us with your pewter piſs-pot on your ſkull, and your lacquered pot-lid on your arm? get out of the way, and be damned, or I'll raiſe with my halbert ſuch a clutter upon your target, that you'll remember it the longeſt day you have to live." At that inſtant, Crabſhaw arriving upon Gilbert, "So, raſcal (ſaid Sir Launcelot), you are returned. Go and beat in that ſcoundrel's drum-head."

"The 'ſquire, who ſaw no weapons of offence about the drummer but a ſword, which he hoped the owner durſt not draw, and being reſolved to exert himſelf in making atonement for his deſertion, advanced to execute his maſter's orders; but Gilbert, who liked not the noiſe, refuſed to proceed in the ordinary way. Then the 'ſquire turning his tail to the drummer, he advanced in a retrogade motion, and with one kick of his heels, not only broke the drum into a thouſand pieces, but laid the drummer in the mire, with ſuch a blow upon his hip-bone, that he halted all the days of his life. The recruits, perceiving the diſcomfiture of their leader, armed themſelves with ſtones; the ſerjeant raiſed his halbert in a poſture of defence, and immediately a ſevere action enſued. By this time, Crabſhaw had drawn his ſword, and begun to lay about him like a devil incarnate; but, in a little time, he was ſaluted by a volley of ſtones, one of which knocked out two of his grinders, and brought him to the earth, where he had like to have found no quarter; for the whole company crowded about him, with their cudgels brandiſhed; and perhaps he owed his preſervation to their preſſing ſo hard that they hindered one another from uſing their weapons.

"Sir Launcelot, ſeeing with indignation the unworthy treatment his 'ſquire had received, and ſcorning to ſtain his launce with the blood of plebeians, inſtead of couching it in the reſt, ſeized it by the middle, and fetching one blow at the ſerjeant, broke in twain the halbert which he had raiſed as a quarter-ſtaff for his defence. The ſecond ſtroke encountered his pate, which being the hardeſt part about him, ſuſtained the ſhock without damage; but the third, lighting on his ribs, he honoured the giver with immediate proſtration. The general being thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot advanced to the relief of Crabſhaw, and handled his weapon ſo effectually, that the whole body of the enemy were diſabled or routed, before one cudgel had touched the carcaſe of the fallen 'ſquire. As for the corporal, inſtead of ſtanding by his commanding officer, he had overleaped the hedge, and run to the conſtable of an adjoining village for aſſiſtance. Accordingly, before Crabſhaw could be properly remounted, the peace officer arrived with his poſſe; and by the corporal was charged with Sir Launcelot and his 'ſquire, as two highwaymen. The conſtable, aſtoniſhed at the martial figure of the knight, and intimidated at ſight of the havoc he had made, contented himſelf with ſtanding at a diſtance, diſplaying the badge of his office, and reminding the knight that he repreſented his majeſty's perſon.

"Sir Launcelot, ſeeing the poor man in great agitation, aſſured him that his deſign was to enforce, not violate the laws of his country; and that he and his 'ſquire would attend him to the next juſtice of peace; but, in the mean time, he, in his turn, charged the peace officer with the ſerjeant and drummer, who had begun the fray.

"The juſtice had been a pettifogger, and was a ſycophant to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who had a poſt at court. He therefore thought he ſhould oblige his patron, by ſhowing his reſpect for *the military;* and treated our knight with the moſt booriſh inſolence; but refuſed to admit him into his houſe, until he had ſurrendered all his weapons of offence to the conſtable. Sir Launcelot and his 'ſquire being found the aggreſſors, the

juſtice inſiſted upon making out their mittimus, if they did not find bail immediately; and could hardly be prevailed upon to agree that they ſhould remain at the houſe of the conſtable, who, being a publican, undertook to keep them in ſafe cuſtody, until the knight could write to his ſteward. Meanwhile he was bound over to the peace; and the ſerjeant with his drummer were told they had a good action againſt him for aſſault and battery, either by information or indictment.

"They were not, however, ſo fond of the law as the juſtice ſeemed to be. Their ſentiments had taken a turn in favour of Sir Launcelot, during the courſe of his examination, by which it appeared that he was really a gentleman of faſhion and fortune; and they reſolved to compromiſe the affair without the intervention of his worſhip. Accordingly, the ſerjeant repaired to the conſtable's houſe, where the knight was lodged; and humbled himſelf before his honour, proteſting with many oaths, that, if he had known his quality, he would have beaten the drummer's brains about his ears, for preſuming to give his honour or his horſe the leaſt diſturbance; thof the fellow, he believed, was ſufficiently puniſhed in being a cripple for life.

"Sir Launcelot admitted of his apologies; and taking compaſſion on the fellow who had ſuffered ſo ſeverely for his folly, reſolved to provide for his maintenance. Upon the repreſentation of the parties to the juſtice, the warrant was next day diſcharged; and the knight returned to his own houſe, attended by the ſerjeant and the drummer mounted on horſeback, the recruits being left to the corporal's charge.

"The halberdier found the good effects of Sir Launcelot's liberality; and his companion being rendered unfit for his majeſty's ſervice, by the heels of Gilbert, is now entertained at Greaveſbury-hall, where he will probably remain for life.

"As for Crabſhaw, his maſter gave him to underſtand, that if he did not think him pretty well chaſtiſed for his preſumption and flight, by the diſcipline he had undergone in the laſt two adventures, he would turn him out of his ſervice with diſgrace. Timothy ſaid he believed

it would be the greateſt favour he could do him to turn him out of a ſervice in which he knew he ſhould be rib-roaſted every day, and murdered at laſt.

" In this ſituation were things at Greaveſbury-hall about a month ago, when I croſſed the country to Ferry-bridge, where I met my uncle: Probably, this is the firſt incident of their ſecond excurſion; for the diſtance between this here houſe and Sir Launcelot's eſtate does not exceed fourſcore or ninety miles."

CHAPTER VI.

In which the reader will perceive that in ſome caſes madneſs is catching.

MR. CLARKE having made an end of his narrative, the ſurgeon thanked him for the entertainment he had received; and Mr. Ferret ſhrugged up his ſhoulders in ſilent diſapprobation. As for Captain Crowe, who uſed at ſuch pauſes to pour in a broadſide of diſmembered remarks, linked together like chain-ſhot, he ſpoke not a ſyllable for ſome time; but, lighting a freſh pipe at the candle, began to roll ſuch voluminous clouds of ſmoke as in an inſtant filled the whole apartment, and rendered himſelf inviſible to the whole company. Though he thus ſhrowded himſelf from their view, he did not long remain concealed from their hearing. They firſt heard a ſtrange diſſonant cackle, which the doctor knew to be a ſea-laugh, and this was followed by an eager exclamation of " Rare paſtime, ſtrike my yards and top maſts! —I've a good mind—why ſhouldn't—many a loſing voyage I've—ſmite my taffrel but I wool—"

By this time he had relaxed ſo much in his fumigation, that the tip of his noſe and one eye re-appeared; and as he had drawn his wig forwards, ſo as to cover his whole forehead, the figure that now ſaluted their eyes was much more ferocious and terrible than the fire-breathing chimera of the ancients. Notwithſtanding this dreadful appearance, there was no indignation in his heart, but, on the contrary, an agreeable curioſity, which he was determined to gratify.

Addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Fillet, " Pr'ythee, doctor (ſaid he) can'ſt tell, whether a man, without being rated a lord or a baron, or what d'ye call um, d'ye ſee, may'nt take to the highway in the way of a frolic, d'ye ſee?—adad! for my own part, brother, I'm reſolved as how to cruiſe a bit in the way of an arrant—if ſo be as I can't at once be commander, mayhap I may be bore upon the books as a petty officer or the like, d'ye ſee."

" Now, the Lord forbid! (cried Clarke, with tears in his eyes) I'd rather ſee you dead than brought to ſuch a dilemma." " Mayhap thou would'ſt (anſwered the uncle); for then, my lad, there would be ſome picking —aha! do'ſt thou tip me the traveller, my boy?"—Tom aſſured him he ſcorned any ſuch mercenary views: " I am only concerned (ſaid he) that you ſhould take any ſtep that might tend to the diſgrace of yourſelf or your family; and I ſay again I had rather die than live to ſee you reckoned any otherwiſe than compos."—" Die and be damned! you ſhambling half-timber'd ſon of a—— (cried the choleric Crowe), do'ſt talk to me of keeping a reckoning and compaſs!—I could keep a reckoning, and box my compaſs long enough before thy keel-ſtone was laid—Sam Crowe is not come here to aſk thy counſel how to ſteer his courſe"—" Lord, Sir (reſumed the nephew), conſider what people will ſay—all the world will think you mad."—" Set thy heart at eaſe, Tom (cried the ſeaman), I'll have a trip to and again in this here channel. Mad! what then, I think for my part one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very ſound —I don't ſee why I han't as good a right to be mad as another man—but, doctor, as I was ſaying, I'd be bound to you, if you would direct me where I can buy that ſame tackle that an arrant muſt wear: as for the matter of the long pole headed with iron, I'd never deſire better than a good boathook, and I could make a ſpecial good target of that there tin ſconce that holds the candle —mayhap any blackſmith will hammer me a ſcull-cap, d'ye ſee, out of an old braſs kettle; and I can call my horſe by the name of my ſhip, which was *Mufti*."

The ſurgeon was one of thoſe wags who can laugh inwardly, without exhibiting the leaſt outward mark of

mirth or ſatisfaction. He at once perceived the amuſement which might be drawn from this ſtrange diſpoſition of the ſailor, together with the moſt likely means which could be uſed to divert him from ſuch an extravagant purſuit. He therefore tipped Clarke the wink with one ſide of his face, while the other was very gravely turned to the captain, whom he addreſſed to this effect: "It is not far from hence to Sheffield, where you might be fitted completely in half a day—then you muſt wake your armour in church or chapel, and be dubbed. As for this laſt ceremony, it may be performed by any perſon whatſoever. Don Quixote was dubbed by his landlord; and there are many inſtances on record, of errants obliging and compelling the next perſon they met to croſs their ſhoulders, and dub them knights. I myſelf would undertake to be your godfather; and I have intereſt enough to procure the keys of the pariſh church that ſtands hard by; beſides, this is the eve of St Martin, who was himſelf a knight-errant, and therefore a proper patron to a noviciate. I wiſh we could borrow Sir Launcelot's armour for the occaſion."

Crowe, being ſtruck with this hint, ſtarted up, and laying his fingers on his lips to enjoin ſilence, walked off ſoftly on his tiptoes, to liſten at the door of our knight's apartment, and judge whether or not he was aſleep. Mr. Fillet took this opportunity to tell his nephew that it would be in vain for him to combat this humour with reaſon and argument; but the moſt effectual way of diverting him from the plan of knight-errantry would be, to frighten him heartily while he ſhould keep his vigil in the church. Towards the accompliſhment of which purpoſe he craved the aſſiſtance of the miſanthrope as well as the nephew. Clarke ſeemed to reliſh the ſcheme; and obſerved that his uncle, though endued with courage enough to face any human danger, had at bottom a ſtrong fund of ſuperſtition, which he had acquired, or at leaſt improved, in the courſe of a ſea life. Ferret, who perhaps would not have gone ten paces out of his road to ſave Crowe from the gallows, nevertheleſs engaged as an auxiliary, merely in hope of ſeeing a fellow-creature miſerable; and even undertook to be the prin-

cipal agent in this adventure. For this office indeed he was better qualified than they could have imagined: In the bundle which he kept under his great coat, there was, together with divers noſtrums, a ſmall vial of liquid phoſphorus, ſufficient, as he had already obſerved, to frighten a whole neighbourhood out of their ſenſes.

In order to concert the previous meaſures, withot being overheard, theſe confederates retired with a candle and lanthorn into the ſtable; and their backs were ſcarce turned, when Captain Crowe came in loaded with pieces of the knight's armour, which he had conveyed from the apartment of Sir Launcelot, whom he had left faſt aſleep.

Underſtanding that the reſt of the company were gone out for a moment, he could not reſiſt the inclination he felt of communicating his intention to the landlady, who, with her daughter, had been too much engaged in preparing Crabſhaw's ſupper, to know the purport of their converſation. The good woman, being informed of the captain's deſign to remain alone all night in the church, began to oppoſe it with all her rhetoric. She ſaid it was ſetting his Maker at defiance, and a wilful running into temptation. She aſſured him that all the country knew that the church was haunted by ſpirits and hobgoblins; that lights had been ſeen in every corner of it; and a tall woman in white had one night appeared upon the top of the tower; that dreadful ſhrieks were often heard to come from the ſouth ayle, where a murdered man had been buried: That ſhe herſelf had ſeen the croſs on the ſteeple all a-fire; and one evening as ſhe paſſed a horſeback cloſe by the ſtile at the entrance into the churchyard, the horſe ſtood ſtill, ſweating and trembling, and had no power to proceed, until ſhe had repeated the Lord's Prayer.

Theſe remarks made a ſtrong impreſſion on the imagination of Crowe, who aſked in ſome confuſion, if ſhe had got that ſame prayer in print. She made no anſwer, but reaching the prayer-book from a ſhelf, and turning up the leaf, put it into his hand; then the captain having adjuſted his ſpectacles, began to read, or rather ſpell aloud with equal eagerneſs and ſolemnity. He had refreſhed his memory ſo well as to remember the whole,

place replied, " Hilloah ;" and turning his eyes towards the quarter whence the voice ſeemed to proceed, beheld the terrible apparition. This no ſooner ſaluted his view than his hair briſtled up, his knees began to knock, and his teeth to chatter, while he cried aloud, " In the name of God, where are you bound, ho ?" To this hail the miſanthrope anſwered, " We are the ſpirits of thy grandmother Jane and thy aunt Bridget."

At mention of theſe names, Crowe's terrors began to give way to his reſentment, and he pronounced in a quick tone of ſurpriſe, mixed with indignation, " What d'ye want ? what d'ye want ? what d'ye want, ho ?" The ſpirit replied, " We are ſent to warn thee of thy fate." " From whence ho ?" cried the captain, whoſe choler had by this time well nigh triumphed over his fear. " From heaven," ſaid the voice. " Ye lie, ye b—s of hell ! (did our novice exclaim) ye are damned for heaving me out of my right, five fathom and a half by the lead, in burning brimſtone. Don't I ſee the blue flames come out of your hawſe holes—mayhap you may be the devil himſelf for aught I know—but I truſt in the Lord, d'ye ſee—I never diſrated a kinſman, d'ye ſee, ſo don't come along ſide of me—put about on th'other tack, d'ye ſee—you need not clap hard aweather, for you'll ſoon get to hell again with a flowing ſail."

So ſaying, he had recourſe to his Paternoſter ; but perceiving the apparitions approach, he thundered out, " Avaſt,—avaſt—ſheer off, ye babes of hell, or I'll be foul of your forelights." He accordingly ſprung forwards with his hanger, and very probably would have ſet the ſpirits on their way to the other world, had he not fallen over a pew in the dark, and intangled himſelf ſo much among the benches, that he could not immediately recover his footing. The triumvirate took this opportunity to retire ; and ſuch was the precipitation of Ferret in his retreat, that he encountered a poſt, by which his right eye ſuſtained conſiderable damage ; a circumſtance which induced him to inveigh bitterly against his own folly, as well as the impertinence of his companions, who had inveigled him into ſuch a troubleſome adventure. Neither he nor Clarke could be prevailed upon

to revisit the novice. The doctor himself thought his disease was desperate; and, mounting his horse, returned to his own habitation.

Ferret, finding all the beds in the public-house were occupied, composed himself to sleep in a Windsor chair at the chimney corner; and Mr. Clarke, whose disposition was extremely amorous, resolved to renew his practices on the heart of Dolly. He had reconnoitered the apartments in which the bodies of the knight and his 'squire were deposited, and discovered close by the top of the stair-case a sort of closet or hovel, just large enough to contain a truckle-bed, which, from some other particulars, he supposed to be the bed-chamber of his beloved Dolly, who had by this time retired to her repose. Full of this idea, and instigated by the demon of desire, Mr. Thomas crept softly up stairs, and lifting the latch of the closet door, his heart began to palpitate with joyous expectation; but before he could breathe the gentle effusions of his love, the supposed damsel started up, and seizing him by the collar with an Herculean gripe, utterred, in the voice of Crabshaw, "It wan't for nothing that I dreamed of Newgate, sirrah; but I'd have thee to know, an arrant 'squire is not to be robbed by such a peddling thief as thee—here I'll howld thee vast, and the devil were in thy doublet——help! murder! vire! help!"

It was impossible for Mr. Clarke to disengage himself, and equally impracticable to speak in his own vindication; so that here he stood trembling and half-throttled, until the whole house being alarmed, the landlady and her ostler ran up stairs with a candle. When the light rendered objects visible, an equal astonishment prevailed on all sides; Crabshaw was confounded at sight of Mr. Clarke, whose person he well knew; and releasing him instantly from his grasp, "Bodikins! (cried he) I believe as how this house is haunted—who thought to meet with Measter Lawyer Clarke at midnight, and so far from hoam." The landlady could not comprehend the meaning of this encounter; nor could Tom conceive how Crabshaw had transported himself hither from the room below, in which he saw him quietly reposed. Yet no-

thing was more eaſy than to explain this myſtery: the apartment below was the chamber which the hoſteſs and her daughter reſerved for their own convenience; and this particular having been intimated to the 'ſquire while he was at ſupper, he had reſigned the bed quietly, and been conducted hither in the abſence of the company. Tom, recollecting himſelf as well as he could, profeſſed himſelf of Crabſhaw's opinion, that the houſe was haunted, declaring that he could not well account for his being there in the dark; and leaving thoſe that were aſſembled to diſcuſs this knotty point, retired down ſtairs, in hope of meeting with his charmer, whom accordingly he found in the kitchen juſt riſen, and wrapped in a looſe diſhabille.

The noiſe of Crabſhaw's cries had awakened and arouſed his maſter, who, riſing ſuddenly in the dark, ſnatched up his ſword that lay by his bed ſide, and haſtened to the ſcene of tumult, where all their mouths were opened at once, to explain the cauſe of the diſturbance, and make an apology for breaking his honour's reſt. He ſaid nothing, but taking the candle in his hand, beckoned to his 'ſquire to follow him into his apartment, reſolving to arm and take horſe immediately. Crabſhaw underſtood his meaning; and while he ſhuffled on his clothes, yawning hideouſly all the while, wiſhed the lawyer at the devil for having viſited him ſo unſeaſonably; and even curſed himſelf for the noiſe he had made, in conſequence of which he foreſaw he ſhould now be obliged to forfeit his night's reſt, and travel in the dark, expoſed to the inclemencies of the weather. "Pox rot thee, Tom Clarke, for a wicked lawyer! (ſaid he to himſelf) hadſt thou been hanged at Bartlemey-tide, I ſhould this night have ſlept in peace, that I ſhould—an I would there was a bliſter on this plaguy tongue of mine for making ſuch a hollowballoo, that I do—five gallons of cold water has my poor belly been drenched with ſince night fell, ſo as my reins and my liver are all one as if they were turned into ice, and my whole harſlet ſhakes and ſhivers like a vial of quickſilver. I have been dragged, half drowned like a rotten ewe, from the bottom of a river; and who knows but

I may be next dragged quite dead from the bottom of a coal pit—if ſo be as I am, I ſhall go to hell to be ſure, for being conſarned like in my own moorder, that I will, ſo I will; for a plague on it; I had no buſineſs with the vagaries of this crazy peated meaſter of mine, a pox on him, ſay I."

He had juſt finiſhed this ſoliloquy as he entered the apartment of his maſter, who deſired to know what was become of his armour. Timothy, underſtanding that it had been left in the room when the knight undreſſed, began to ſcratch his head in great perplexity; and at laſt declared it as his opinion, that it muſt have been carried off by witchcraft. Then he related his adventure with Tom Clarke, who he ſaid was conveyed to his bedſide he knew not how; and concluded with affirming they were no better than Papiſhes who did not believe in witchcraft. Sir Launcelot could not help ſmiling at his ſimplicity; but aſſuming a peremptory air, he commanded him to fetch the armour without delay, that he might afterwards ſaddle the horſes, in order to proſecute their journey.

Timothy retired in great tribulation to the kitchen, where, finding the miſanthrope, whom the noiſe had alſo diſturbed, and ſtill impreſſed with the notion of his being a conjurer, he offered him a ſhilling if he would caſt a figure, and let him know what was become of his maſter's armour.

Ferret, in hope of producing more miſchief, informed him without heſitation, that one of the company had conveyed it into the chancel of the church, where he would now find it depoſited; at the ſame time preſenting him with the key, which Mr. Fillet had let in his cuſtody.

The 'ſquire, who was none of thoſe who ſet hobgoblins at defiance, being afraid to enter the church alone at theſe hours, bargained with the oſtler to accompany and light him with a lanthorn. Thus attended, he advanced to the place, where the armour lay in a heap, and loaded it upon the back of his attendant without moleſtation, the lance being ſhouldered over the whole. In this equipage they were juſt going to retire, when

the oſtler, hearing a noiſe at ſome diſtance, wheeled about with ſuch velocity, that one end of the ſpear ſaluting Crabſhaw's pate, the poor 'ſquire meaſured his length on the ground; and cruſhing the lanthorn in his fall, the light was extinguiſhed. The other, terrified at theſe effects of his own ſudden motion, threw down his burden, and would have betaken himſelf to flight, had not Crabſhaw laid faſt hold on his leg, that he himſelf might not be deſerted. The ſound of the pieces clattering ont he pavement, rouſed Captain Crowe from a trance or ſlumber, in which he had lain ſince the apparition vaniſhed; and he hollowed, or rather bellowed, with vaſt vociferation. Timothy and his friend were ſo intimidated by this terrific ſtrain, that they thought no more of the armour, but ran home arm in arm, and appeared in the kitchen with all the marks of horror and conſternation.

When Sir Launcelot came forth wrapped in his cloak, and demanded his arms, Crabſhaw declared that the devil had them in poſſeſſion; and this aſſertion was confirmed by the oſtler, who pretended to know the devil by his roar. Ferret ſat in his corner, maintaining the moſt mortifying ſilence, and enjoying the impatience of the knight, who in vain requeſted an explanation of this myſtery. At length his eyes began to lighten, when ſeizing Crabſhaw in one hand, and the oſtler in the other, he ſwore by heaven he would daſh their ſouls out, and raze the houſe to the foundation, if they did not inſtantly diſcloſe the particulars of this tranſaction. The good woman fell on her knees, proteſting, in the name of the Lord, that ſhe was innocent as the child unborn, thof ſhe had lent the captain a Prayer Book to learn the Lord's Prayer, a candle and lanthorn to light him to the church, and a couple of clean ſheets for the uſe of the other gentlemen. The knight was more and more puzzled by this declaration; when Mr. Clarke, coming into the kitchen, preſented himſelf with a low obeiſance to his old patron.

Sir Launcelot's anger was immediately converted into ſurpriſe. He ſet at liberty the 'ſquire and the oſtler, and ſtretching out his hand to the lawyer, "My good

friend Clarke (ſaid he), how came you hither? Can you ſolve this knotty point, which has involved us all in ſuch confuſion?"

Tom forthwith began a very circumſtantial recapitulation of what had happened to his uncle; in what manner he had been diſappointed of the eſtate; how he had accidentally ſeen his honour, been enamoured of his character, and become ambitious of following his example. Then he related the particulars of the plan which had been laid down to divert him from his deſign, and concluded with aſſuring the knight, that the captain was a very honeſt man, though he ſeemed to be a little diſordered in his intellects. "I believe it (replied Sir Launcelot); madneſs and honeſty are not incompatible—indeed I feel it by experience."

Tom proceeded to aſk pardon, in his uncle's name, for having made ſo free with the knight's armour; and begged his honour, for the love of God, would uſe his authority with Crowe, that he might quit all thoughts of knight-errantry, for which he was by no means qualified; for being totally ignorant of the laws of the land, he would be continually committing treſpaſſes, and bring himſelf into trouble. He ſaid, in caſe he ſhould prove refractory, he might be apprehended by virtue of a friendly warrant, for having felonioufly carried off the knight's accoutrements. "Taking away another man's moveables (ſaid he), and perſonal goods againſt the will of the owner, is *furtum* and felony according to the ſtatute: Different indeed from robbery, which implies putting in fear in the king's highway, *in alta via regia violenter et felonice captum et aſportatum, in magnum terrorem*, &c. for if the robbery be laid in the indictment, as done *in quadam via pedeſtri*, in a foot-path, the offender will not be ouſted of his clergy. It muſt be *in alta via regia;* and your honour will pleaſe to take notice, that robberies committed on the river Thames are adjudged as done *in alta via regia;* for the king's high-ſtream is all the ſame as the king's highway."

Sir Launcelot could not help ſmiling at Tom's learned inveſtigation. He congratulated him on the progreſs he had made in the ſtudy of the law. He expreſſed his

concern at the ſtrange turn the captain had taken, and promiſed to uſe his influence in perſuading him to deſiſt from the prepoſterous deſign he had formed.

The lawyer, thus aſſured, repaired immediately to the church, accompanied by the 'ſquire, and held a parley with his uncle, who, when he underſtood that the knight in perſon deſired a conference, ſurrendered up the arms quietly, and returned to the public-houſe.

Sir Launcelot received the honeſt ſeaman with his uſual complacency; and perceiving great diſcompoſure in his looks, ſaid, he was ſorry to hear he had paſſed ſuch a diſagreeable night to ſo little purpoſe. Crowe, having recruited his ſpirits with a bumper of brandy, thanked him for his concern, and obſerved, that he had paſſed many a hard night in his time; but ſuch another as this, he would not be bound to weather for the command of the whole Britiſh navy. "I have ſeen Davy Jones in the ſhape of a blue flame, d'ye ſee, hopping to and fro on the ſprit-ſail yard arm; and I've ſeen your Jacks o'the Lanthorn, and Wills o'the Wiſp, and many ſuch ſpirits, both by ſea and land: But to-night I've been boarded by all the devils and damned ſouls in hell, ſqueaking and ſqualling, and glimmering and glaring. Bounce went the door—crack went the pew—craſh came the tackle—white-ſheeted ghoſts dancing in one corner by the glow-worm's light—black devils hobbling in another—Lord have mercy upon us! and I was hailed, Tom, I was, by my grandmother Jane, and my aunt Bridget, d'ye ſee—a couple of damn'd—but they're roaſting; that's one comfort, my lad."

When he had thus diſburdened his conſcience, Sir Launcelot introduced the ſubject of the new occupation at which he aſpired. "I underſtand (ſaid he), that you are deſirous of treading the paths of errantry, which, I aſſure you, are thorny and troubleſome. Nevertheleſs, as your purpoſe is to exerciſe your humanity and benevolence, ſo your ambition is commendable. But towards the practice of chivalry, there is ſomething more required than the virtues of courage and generoſity. A knight-errant ought to underſtand the ſciences, to be maſter of ethics or morality, to be well verſed in theo-

logy, a complete caſuiſt, and minutely acquainted with the laws of his country. He ſhould not only be patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue, righteous, juſt, and valiant, but alſo chaſte, religious, temperate, polite, and converſable; and have all his paſſions under the rein, except love, whoſe empire he ſhould ſubmiſſively acknowledge. He ſaid, this was the very eſſence of chivalry; and no man had ever made ſuch a profeſſion of arms, without having firſt placed his affection upon ſome beauteous object, for whoſe honour, and at whoſe command, he would cheerfully encounter the moſt dreadful perils.

He took notice, that nothing could be more irregular than the manner in which Crowe had attempted to keep his vigil: For he had never ſerved his noviciate—he had not prepared himſelf with abſtinence and prayer—he had not provided a qualified godfather for the ceremony of dubbing—he had no armour of his own to wake; but, on the very threſhold of chivalry, which is the perfection of juſtice, had unjuſtly purloined the arms of another knight: That this was a mere mockery of a religious inſtitution, and therefore unpleaſing in the ſight of Heaven; witneſs the demons and hobgoblins that were permitted to diſturb and torment him in his trial.

Crowe having liſtened to theſe remarks with earneſt attention, replied, after ſome heſitation, "I am bound to you, brother, for your kind and Chriſtian counſel—I doubt as how I've ſteered by a wrong chart, d'ye ſee—as for the matter of the ſciences, to be ſure, I know plain ſailing and mercator; and am an indifferent good ſeaman, thof I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it: But as to all the reſt, no better than the viol-block or the geer-capſtan. Religion I han't much overhauled; and we tars laugh at your polite converſation, thof, mayhap, we can chaunt a few ballads to keep the hands awake in the night-watch; then for chaſtity, brother, I doubt that's not expected in a ſailor juſt come a-ſhore, after a long voyage—ſure all thoſe poor hearts won't be damned for ſteering in the wake of nature. As for a ſweet-heart, Bet Mizen of St. Catherine's would fit me to a hair—ſhe

and I are old meſſmates; and what ſignifies talking brother, ſhe knows already the trim of my veſſel, d'ye ſee." He concluded with ſaying, "He thought he wa'n't too old to learn; and if Sir Launcelot would take him in tow, as his tender, he would ſtand by him all weathers, and it ſhould not coſt his conſort a farthing's expence."

The knight ſaid, he did not think himſelf of conſequence enough to have ſuch a pupil, but ſhould always be ready to give him his beſt advice; as a ſpecimen of which, he exhorted him to weigh all the circumſtances, and deliberate calmly and leiſurely, before he actually engaged in ſuch a boiſterous profeſſion; aſſuring him, that if, at the end of three months, his reſolution ſhould continue, he would take upon himſelf the office of his inſtructor. In the mean time, he gratified the hoſteſs for his lodging, put on his armour, took leave of the company, and, mounting Bronzomarte, proceeded ſoutherly, being attended by his 'ſquire Crabſhaw, grumbling on the back of Gilbert.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which is within a hair's breadth of proving highly intereſting.

LEAVING Captain Crowe and his nephew for the preſent, though they, and even the miſanthrope, will reappear in due ſeaſon, we are now obliged to attend the progreſs of the knight, who proceeded in a ſoutherly direction, inſenſible of the ſtorm that blew, as well as of the darkneſs, which was horrible. For ſome time, Crabſhaw ejaculated curſes in ſilence; till at length his anger gave way to his fear, which waxed ſo ſtrong upon him, that he could no longer reſiſt the deſire of alleviating it, by entering into a converſation with his maſter. By way of introduction, he gave Gilbert the ſpur, directing him towards the flank of Bronzomarte, which he encountered with ſuch a ſhock, that the knight was almoſt diſmounted. When Sir Launcelot,

with ſome warmth, aſked the reaſon of this attack, the 'ſquire replied in theſe words: "The devil (God bleſs us) mun be playing his pranks with Gilbert too, as ſure as I'm a living ſoul—I'ſe wager a teaſter, the foul fiend has left the ſeaman, and got into Gilbert, that he has—when a has paſſed through an aſs and a horſe, I'ſe marvel what beaſt a will get into next." "Probably into a mule (ſaid the knight); in that caſe, you will be in ſome danger—but I can, at any time, diſpoſſeſs you with a horſewhip."—"Aye, aye (anſwered Timothy), your honour has a mortal good hand at giving a flap with a fox's tail, as the ſaying is—'tis a wonderment you did not try your hand on that there wiſeacre that ſtole your honour's harneſs, and wants to be an arrant with a murrain to 'un. Lord help his fool's head, it becomes him as a ſow doth a cart-ſaddle." "There is no guilt in infirmity (ſaid the knight); I puniſh the vicious only." "I would your honour would puniſh Gilbert then (cried the 'ſquire), for 'tis the moſt vicious tuoad that ever I laid a leg over—but as to that ſame ſeafaring man, what may his diſtemper be?" "Madneſs," anſwered Sir Launcelot. "Bodikins (exclaimed the 'ſquire), I doubt as how other volks are leame of the ſame leg—but a'n't vor ſuch ſmall gentry as he to be mad; they mun leave that to their betters." "You ſeem to hint at me, Crabſhaw: Do you really think I am mad?" "I may ſay as how I have looked your honour in the mouth; and a ſorry dog ſhould I be, if I did not know your humours as well as I know e'er a beaſt in the ſteable at Greaveſbury-hall." "Since you are ſo well acquainted with my madneſs (ſaid the knight), what opinion have you of yourſelf, who ſerve and follow a lunatic?" "I hope I han't ſerved your honour for nothing, but I ſhall inherit ſome of your caſt vagaries—when your honour is pleaſed to be mad, I ſhould be very ſorry to be found right in my ſenſes. Timothy Crabſhaw will never eat the bread of unthankfulneſs—It ſhall never be ſaid of him, that he was wiſer than his meaſter: As for the matter of following a madman, we may ſee your honour's face is made of a fiddle; every one that looks on you, loves you." This

compliment the knight returned, by ſaying, "If my face is a fiddle, Crabſhaw, your tongue is a fiddle-ſtick that plays upon it—yet your muſic is very diſagreeable —you don't keep time." "Nor you neither, maſter (cried Timothy), or we ſhouldn't be here wandering about under cloud of night, like ſheep-ſtealers, or evil ſpirits with troubled conſciences."

Here the diſcourſe was interrupted by a ſudden diſaſter; in conſequence of which, the 'ſquire uttered an inarticulate roar, that ſtartled the knight himſelf, who was very little ſubject to the ſenſation of fear: But his ſurpriſe was changed into vexation, when he perceived Gilbert without a rider paſſing by, and kicking his heels with great agility. He forthwith turned his ſteed, and riding back a few paces, found Crabſhaw riſing from the ground. When he aſked what was become of his horſe, he anſwered in a whimpering tone, "Horſe! would I could once ſee him fairly carrion for the hounds —for my part, I believe as how 'tis no horſe, but a devil incarnate; and yet I've been worſe mounted, that I have—I'd like to have rid a horſe that was foaled of an acorn."

This accident happened in a hollow way, overſhadowed with trees, one of which the ſtorm had blown down, ſo that it lay over the road, and one of its boughs projecting horizontally, encountered the 'ſquire as he trotted along in the dark. Chancing to hitch under his long chin, he could not diſengage himſelf, but hung ſuſpended like a flitch of bacon; while Gilbert, puſhing forward, left him dangling, and, by his awkward gambols, ſeemed to be pleaſed with the joke. This capricious animal was not retaken, without the perſonal endeavours of the knight; for Crabſhaw abſolutely refuſing to budge a foot from his honour's ſide, he was obliged to alight, and faſten Bronzomarte to a tree: Then they ſet out together, and, with ſome difficulty, found Gilbert with his neck ſtretched over a five-barred gate, ſnuffing up the morning air. The 'ſquire, however, was not remounted, without firſt having undergone a ſevere reprehenſion from his maſter, who upbraided him with his cowardice, threatened to chaſtiſe him on the

ſpot, and declared that he would divorce his daſtardly ſoul from his body, ſhould he ever be incommoded or affronted with another inſtance of his baſeborn apprehenſion.

Though there was ſome riſk in carrying on the altercation at this juncture, Timothy, having bound up his jaws, could not withſtand the inclination he had to confute his maſter. He therefore, in a muttering accent, proteſted, that, if the knight would give him leave, he ſhould prove that his honour had tied a knot with his tongue, which he could not untie with all his teeth. "How, caitiff (cried Sir Launcelot), preſume to contend with me in argument!" "Your mouth is ſcarce ſhut (ſaid the other), ſince you declared that a man was not to be puniſhed for madneſs, becauſe it was a diſtemper: Now I will maintain that cowardice is a diſtemper, as well as madneſs; for nobody would be afraid, if he could help it." "There is more logic in that remark (reſumed the knight) than I expected from your clod-pate, Crabſhaw: But I muſt explain the difference between cowardice and madneſs. Cowardice, though ſometimes the effect of natural imbecility, is generally a prejudice of education, or bad habit contracted from miſinformation, or miſapprehenſion; and may certainly be cured by experience, and the exerciſe of reaſon: But this remedy cannot be applied in madneſs, which is a privation or diſorder of reaſon itſelf." "So is cowardice, as I'm a living ſoul (exclaimed the 'ſquire), don't you ſay a man is frightened out of his ſenſes? for my peart, meaſter, I can neither ſee nor hear, much leſs argufy, when I'm in ſuch a quandary: Wherefore, I do believe, odds bodikins! that cowardice and madneſs are both diſtempers, and differ no more than the hot and cold fits of an ague. When it teakes your honour, you're all heat, and fire, and fury, Lord bleſs us! but when it catches poor Tim, he's cold and dead-hearted, he ſheakes and ſhivers like an aſpen-leaf, that he does." "In that caſe (anſwered the knight), I ſhall not puniſh you for the diſtemper which you cannot help, but for engaging in a ſervice expoſed to perils, when you knew your own infirmity; in the ſame manner as a man de-

ſerves puniſhment, who enliſts himſelf for a ſoldier, while he labours under any ſecret diſeaſe." "At that rate (ſaid the 'ſquire), my bread is like to be rarely buttered o'both ſides, i'faith. But, I hope, as by the bleſſing of God I have run mad, ſo I ſhall in good time grow valiant, under your honour's precept and example."

By this time a very diſagreeable night was ſucceeded by a fair, bright morning, and a market-town appeared at the diſtance of three or four miles, when Crabſhaw, having no longer the fear of hobgoblins before his eyes, and being moreover cheered by the ſight of a place where he hoped to meet with comfortable entertainment, began to talk big, to expatiate on the folly of being afraid, and finally ſet all danger at defiance; when all of a ſudden he was preſented with an opportunity of putting in practice thoſe new adopted maxims. In an opening between two lanes, they perceived a gentleman's coach ſtopped by two highwaymen on horſeback, one of whom advanced to reconnoitre and keep the coaſt clear, while the other exacted contribution from the travellers in the coach. He who acted as centinel, no ſooner ſaw our adventurer appearing from the lane, than he rode up with a piſtol in his hand, and ordered him to halt on pain of immediate death.

To this peremptory mandate the knight made no other reply than charging him with ſuch impetuoſity, that he was unhorſed in a twinkling, and lay ſprawling on the ground, ſeemingly ſore bruiſed with his fall. Sir Launcelot commanding Timothy to alight and ſecure the priſoner, couched his launce, and rode full ſpeed at the other highwayman, who was not a little diſturbed at ſight of ſuch an apparition. Nevertheleſs, he fired his piſtol without effect; and, clapping ſpurs to his horſe, fled away at full gallop. The knight purſued him with all the ſpeed that Bronzomarte could exert; but the robber being mounted on a ſwift hunter, kept him at a diſtance; and, after a chaſe of ſeveral miles, eſcaped through a wood ſo entangled with coppice, that Sir Launcelot thought proper to deſiſt. He then, for the firſt time, recollected the ſituation in which he had left the other thief,

and remembering to have heard a female ſhriek, as he paſſed by the coach-window, reſolved to return with all expedition, that he might make a proffer of his ſervice to the lady, according to the obligation of knight-errantry. But he had loſt his way; and after an hour's ride, during which he traverſed many a field, and circled divers hedges, he found himſelf in the market town aforementioned. Here the firſt object that preſented itſelf to his eyes, was Crabſhaw, on foot, ſurrounded by a mob, tearing his hair, ſtamping with his feet, and roaring out in manifeſt diſtraction, "Show me the mayor (for the love of God), ſhow me the mayor!—O Gilbert, Gilbert! a murrain take thee, Gilbert! ſure thou waſt foaled for my deſtruction!"

From theſe exclamations, and the antic dreſs of the 'ſquire, the people, not without reaſon, concluded that the poor ſoul had loſt his wits; and the beadle was juſt going to ſecure him, when the knight interpoſed, and at once attracted the whole attention of the populace. Timothy ſeeing his maſter, fell down on his knees, crying, "The thief has run away with Gilbert—you may pound me into a peaſt, as the ſaying is: But now I'ſe as mad as your worſhip, an't afeard of the devil and all his works." Sir Launcelot deſiring the beadle would forbear, was inſtantly obeyed by that officer, who had no inclination to put the authority of his place in competition with the power of ſuch a figure, armed at all points, mounted on a fiery ſteed, and ready for the combat. He ordered Crabſhaw to attend him to the next inn, where he alighted; then taking him into a ſeparate apartment, demanded an explanation of the unconnected words he had uttered.

The 'ſquire was in ſuch agitation, that, with infinite difficulty, and by dint of a thouſand different queſtions, his maſter learned the adventure to this effect: Crabſhaw, according to Sir Launcelot's command, had alighted from his horſe, and drawn his cutlaſs, in hope of intimidating the diſcomfited robber into a tame ſurrender, though he did not at all reliſh the nature of the ſervice: But the thief was neither ſo much hurt, nor ſo tame as Timothy had imagined. He ſtarted on his feet with his

piſtol ſtill in his hand; and preſenting it to the 'ſquire, ſwore with dreadful imprecations, that he would blow his brains out in an inſtant. Crabſhaw, unwilling to hazard the trial of this experiment, turned his back, and fled with great precipitation; while the robber, whoſe horſe had run away, mounted Gilbert, and rode off acroſs the country. It was at this period, that two footmen, belonging to the coach, who had ſtaid behind to take their morning's whet at the inn where they lodged, came up to the aſſiſtance of the ladies, armed with blunderbuſſes; and the carriage proceeded, leaving Timothy alone in diſtraction and deſpair. He knew not which way to turn, and was afraid of remaining on the ſpot, leſt the robbers ſhould come back and revenge themſelves upon him for the diſappointment they had undergone. In this diſtreſs, the firſt thought that occurred, was to make the beſt of his way to the town, and demand the aſſiſtance of the civil magiſtrate towards the retrieval of what he had loſt; a deſign which he executed in ſuch a manner, as juſtly entailed upon him the imputation of lunacy.

While Timothy ſtood fronting the window, and anſwering the interrogations of his maſter, he ſuddenly exclaimed, "Bodikins! there's Gilbert!" and ſprung into the ſtreet with incredible agility. There finding his ſtrayed companion brought back by one of the footmen who attended the coach, he imprinted a kiſs on his forehead; and hanging about his neck, with the tears in his eyes, hailed his return with the following ſalutation: "Art thou come back, my darling? ah Gilbert, Gilbert! a pize upon thee! thou hadſt like to have been a dear Gilbert to me! how couldſt thou break the heart of thy old friend, who has known thee from a colt! ſeven years next graſs have I fed thee and bred thee; provided thee with ſweet hay, delicate corn, and freſh litter, that thou mought lie warm, dry, and comfortable. Ha'n't I currycombed thy carcaſe till it was as ſleek as a ſloe, and cheriſhed thee as the apple of mine eye? for all that thou haſt played me an hundred dog's tricks; biting, and kicking, and plunging, as if the devil was in thy body; and now thou couldſt run away with a thief, and leave me

to be flayed alive by meaſter: What canſt thou ſay for thyſelf, thou cruel, hard-hearted unchriſtian tuoad?" To this tender expoſtulation, which afforded much entertainment to the boys, Gilbert anſwered not one word; but ſeemed altogether inſenſible to the careſſes of Timothy, who forthwith led him into the ſtable. On the whole, he ſeems to have been an unſocial animal; for it does not appear that he ever contracted any degree of intimacy, even with Bronzomarte, during the whole courſe of their acquaintance and fellowſhip. On the contrary, he has been more than once known to ſignify his averſion, by throwing out behind, and other eruptive marks of contempt for that elegant charger, who excelled him as much in perſonal merit, as his rider Timothy was outſhone by his all-accompliſhed maſter.

While the 'ſquire accommodated Gilbert in the ſtable, the knight ſent for the footman who had brought him back; and, having preſented him with a liberal acknowledgment, deſired to know in what manner the horſe had been retrieved.

The ſtranger ſatisfied him in this particular, by giving him to underſtand, that the highwayman, perceiving himſelf purſued acroſs the country, plied Gilbert ſo ſeverely with whip and ſpur, that the animal reſented the uſage, and being beſides, perhaps, a little ſtruck with remorſe for having left his old friend Crabſhaw, ſuddenly halted, and ſtood ſtock ſtill, notwithſtanding all the ſtripes and tortures he underwent; or if he moved at all, it was in a retrogade direction. The thief, ſeeing all his endeavours ineffectual, and himſelf in danger of being overtaken, wiſely quitted his acquiſition, and fled into the boſom of a neighbouring wood.

Then the knight inquired about the ſituation of the lady in the coach, and offered himſelf as her guard and conductor; but was told that ſhe was already ſafely lodged in the houſe of a gentleman at ſome diſtance from the road. He likewiſe learned that ſhe was a perſon diſordered in her ſenſes, under the care and tuition of a widow lady her relation, and that in a day or two they ſhould purſue their journey northward to the place of her habitation.

After the footman had been ſome time diſmiſſed, the knight recollected that he had forgot to aſk the name of the perſon to whom he belonged; and began to be uneaſy at this omiſſion, which indeed was more intereſting than he could imagine: For an explanation of this nature would, in all likelihood, have led to a diſcovery, that the lady in the coach was no other than Miſs Aurelia Darnel, who ſeeing him unexpectedly in ſuch an equipage and attitude, as he paſſed the coach (for his helmet was off), had ſcreamed with ſurpriſe and terror, and fainted away. Nevertheleſs, when ſhe recovered from her ſwoon, ſhe concealed the real cauſe of her agitation, and none of her attendants were acquainted with the perſon of Sir Launcelot.

The circumſtances of the diſorder, under which ſhe was ſaid to labour, ſhall be revealed in due courſe. In the mean time, our adventurer, though unaccountably affected, never dreamed of ſuch an occurrence; but being very much fatigued, reſolved to indemnify himſelf for the loſs of laſt night's repoſe; and this happened to be one of the few things in which Crabſhaw felt an ambition to follow his maſter's example.

CHAPTER IX.

Which may ſerve to ſhow, that true patriotiſm is of no party.

THE knight had not enjoyed his repoſe above two hours, when he was diſturbed by ſuch a variety of noiſes, as might have diſcompoſed a brain of the firmeſt texture. The rumbling of carriages, and the rattling of horſes feet on the pavement, was intermingled with loud ſhouts, and the noiſe of fiddle, French-horn, and bagpipe. A loud peal was heard ringing in the church-tower, at ſome diſtance, while the inn reſounded with clamour, confuſion, and uproar.

Sir Launcelot being thus alarmed, ſtarted from his bed, and running to the window, beheld a cavalcade of perſons well mounted, and diſtinguiſhed by blue cockades.

They were generally attired like jockies, with gold-laced hats and buckſkin breeches, and one of them bore a ſtandard of blue ſilk, inſcribed in white letters, LIBERTY AND THE LANDED INTEREST. He who rode at their head was a jolly figure, of a florid complexion and round belly, ſeemingly turned of fifty, and, in all appearance, of a choleric diſpoſition. As they approached the market-place, they waved their hats, huzza'd, and cried aloud, NO FOREIGN CONNECTIONS!—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!—This acclamation, however, was not ſo loud or univerſal, but that our adventurer could diſtinctly hear a counter-cry from the populace, of NO SLAVERY,—NO POPISH PRETENDER. An inſinuation ſo ill reliſhed by the cavaliers, that they began to ply their horſewhips among the multitude, and were, in their turn, ſaluted with a diſcharge or volley of ſtones, dirt, and dead cats; in conſequence of which ſome teeth were demoliſhed, and many ſurtouts defiled.

Our adventurer's attention was ſoon called off from this ſcene, to contemplate another proceſſion of people on foot, adorned with bunches of orange ribbons, attended by a regular band of muſic, playing *God ſave great George our King*, and headed by a thin ſwarthy perſonage, of a ſallow aſpect and large goggling eyes, arched over with two thick ſemicircles of hair, or rather briſtles, jet black, and frowzy. His apparel was very gorgeous, though his addreſs was very awkward; he was accompanied by the mayor, recorder, and heads of the corporation, in their formalities. His enſigns were known by the inſcription, *Liberty of Conſcience, and the Proteſtant Succeſſion*; and the people ſaluted him as he paſſed with repeated cheers, that ſeemed to prognoſticate ſucceſs. He had particularly ingratiated himſelf with the good women, who lined the ſtreet, and ſent forth many ejaculatory petitions in his favour.

Sir Launcelot immediately comprehended the meaning of this ſolemnity: He perceived it was the prelude to the election of a member to repreſent the county in parliament, and he was ſeized with an eager deſire to know the names and characters of the competitors.

In order to gratify this deſire, he made repeated ap-

plication to the bell-rope that depended from the ceiling of his apartment; but this produced nothing, except the repetition of the words, "Coming, Sir," which echoed from three or four different corners of the houſe. The waiters were ſo diſtracted by a variety of calls, that they ſtood motionleſs, in the ſtate of the ſchoolman's aſs between two bundles of hay, incapable of determining where they ſhould firſt offer their attendance.

Our knight's patience was almoſt exhauſted, when Crabſhaw entered the room, in a very ſtrange equipage: One half of his face appeared cloſe ſhaved, and the other covered with lather, while the blood trickled in two rivulets from his noſe, upon a barber's cloth that was tucked under his chin; he looked grim with indignation, and under his left arm carried his cutlas, unſheathed. Where he had acquired ſo much of the profeſſion of knight-errantry we ſhall not pretend to determine; but, certain it is, he fell on his knees before Sir Launcelot, crying, with an accent of grief and diſtraction, "In the name of St. George for England, I beg a boon, Sir Knight, and thy compliance I demand, before the peacock and the ladies."

Sir Launcelot, aſtoniſhed at this addreſs, replied in a lofty ſtrain, "Valiant 'ſquire, thy boon is granted, provided it doth not contravene the laws of the land, and the conſtitutions of chivalry." "Then I crave leave (anſwered Crabſhaw) to challenge and defy to mortal combat that caitif barber who hath left me in this piteous condition; and I vow by the peacock, that I will not ſhave my beard, until I have ſhaved his head from his ſhoulders: So may I thrive in the occupation of an arrant 'ſquire."

Before his maſter had time to inquire into particulars, they were joined by a decent man in boots, who was likewiſe a traveller, and had ſeen the riſe and progreſs of Timothy's diſaſter. He gave the knight to underſtand, that Crabſhaw had ſent for a barber, and already undergone one half of the operation, when the operator received the long-expected meſſage from both the gentlemen who ſtood candidates at the election. The double ſummons was no ſooner intimated to him, than he threw down his baſon,

tired with precipitation, leaving the 'ſquire in the
Timothy, incenſed at this deſertion, followed him
qual celerity into the ſtreet, where he collared the
, and inſiſted upon being entirely trimmed, on pain
baſtinado. The other finding himſelf thus arreſt-
l having no time to ſpare for altercation, lifted up
, and diſcharged it upon the ſnout of Crabſhaw
uch force, that the unfortunate aggreſſor was fain
the ground, while the victor haſtened away, in
f touching the double wages of corruption.
knight being informed of theſe circumſtances,
imothy with a ſmile, that he ſhould have liberty
r the barber; but, in the mean time, he ordered
ſaddle Bronzomarte, and prepare for immediate
While the 'ſquire was thus employed, his
engaged in converſation with the ſtranger, who
ed to be a London dealer travelling for orders,
as well acquainted with the particulars which our
urer wanted to know.
as from this communicative tradeſman he learned,
e competitors were Sir Valentine Quickſet and
aac Vanderpelft; the firſt a mere fox-hunter, who
ded for ſucceſs in his election, upon his intereſt
the high-flying gentry; the other a ſtock-jobber
ntractor, of foreign extract, not without a mixture
brew blood, immenſely rich, who was countenanced
grace of ——, and ſuppoſed to have diſtributed
ſums in ſecuring a majority of votes among the
inry of the county, poſſeſſed of ſmall freeholds, and
olders, a great number of which laſt reſided in this
gh. He ſaid theſe were generally diſſenters and
rs; and that the mayor, who was himſelf a manu-
er, had received a very conſiderable order for ex-
ion, in conſequence of which it was believed he
ſupport Mr. Vanderpelft with all his influence
edit.
Launcelot, rouſed at this intelligence, called for
mour, which being buckled on in a hurry, he
ed his ſteed, attended by Crabſhaw on Gilbert, and
immediately into the midſt of the multitude by
the huſtings were ſurrounded, juſt as Sir Valentine

Quickſet began to harangue the people from an occaſional theatre, formed of a plank ſupported by the upper board of the public ſtocks, and an inferior rib of a wooden cage pitched alſo for the accommodation of petty delinquents.

Though the ſingular appearance of Sir Launcelot at firſt attracted the eyes of all the ſpectators, yet they did not fail to yield attention to the ſpeech of his brother knight Sir Valentine, which ran in the following ſtrain:—"Gentlemen vreeholders of this here county, I ſhan't pretend to meake a vine flouriſhing ſpeech—I'm a plain ſpoken man, as you all know. I hope I ſhall always ſpeak my maind without vear or vavour, as the zaying is. 'Tis the way of the Quickſets—we are no upſtarts, nor vorreigners, nor have we any Jewiſh blood in our veins;—we have lived in this here neighbourhood time out of mind, as you all know; and poſſeſs an eſtate of vive thouſand clear, which we ſpend at whoam, among you, in old Engliſh hoſpitality—All my vore-vathers have been parliament-men, and I can prove that ne'er a one o'um gave a zingle vote for the court ſince the Revolution. Vor my own peart, I value not the miniſtry three ſkips of a louſe, as the zaying is—I ne'er knew but one miniſter that was an honeſt man; and vor all the reſt, I care not if they were hanged as high as Haman, with a pox to'un—I am, thank God, a vree-born, true-hearted Engliſhman, and a loyal, thof unworthy, ſon of the church—vor all they have done vor H——r, I'd vain know what they have done vor the church, with a vengeance—vor my own peart, I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign meaſures, whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a diſmal load of debt; and taxes riſe ſo high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen vreeholders of this county, I value no miniſter a vig's end, d'ye ſee; if you will vavour me with your votes and intereſt, whereby I may be returned, I'll engage one half of my eſtate that I never cry yea to vour ſhillings in the pound, but will croſs the miniſtry in every thing, as in duty bound, and as becomes an honeſt vreeholder in the ould intereſt—but, if you ſell your votes and your country for hire, you will be deteſted in this here world, and

damned in the next to all eternity; ſo I leave every man to his own conſcience."

This eloquent oration was received by his own friends with loud peals of applauſe; which, however, did not diſcourage his competitor, who, confident of his own ſtrength, aſcended the roſtrum, or, in other words, an old caſk, ſet upright for the purpoſe. Having bowed all round to the audience, with a ſmile of gentle condeſcenſion, he told them how ambitious he was of the honour to repreſent this county in parliament; and how happy he found himſelf in the encouragement of his friends, who had ſo unanimouſly agreed to ſupport his pretenſions. He ſaid, over and above the qualification he poſſeſſed among them, he had fourſcore thouſand pounds in his pocket, which he had acquired by commerce, the ſupport of the nation, under the preſent happy eſtabliſhment, in defence of which he was ready to ſpend the laſt farthing. He owned himſelf a faithful ſubject to his Majeſty King George, ſincerely attached to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, in deteſtation and defiance of a Popiſh, an abjured, and outlawed pretender; and declared that he would exhauſt his ſubſtance and his blood, if neceſſary, in maintaining the principles of the glorious Revolution. "This (cried he) is the ſolid baſis and foundation upon which I ſtand."

Theſe laſt words had ſcarce proceeded from his mouth, when the head of the barrel or puncheon on which he ſtood, being frail and infirm, gave way; ſo that down he went with a craſh, and in a twinkling diſappeared from the eyes of the aſtoniſhed beholders. The fox-hunters, perceiving his diſaſter, exclaimed, in the phraſe and accent of the chaſe, "Stole away! ſtole away!" and with hideous vociferation, joined in the ſylvan chorus which the hunters hollow when the hounds are at fault.

The diſaſter of Mr. Vanderpelft was ſoon repaired by the aſſiduity of his friends, who diſengaged him from the barrel in a trice—hoiſted him on the ſhoulders of four ſtrong weavers, and, reſenting the unmannerly exultation of their antagoniſts, began to form themſelves in order of battle.

An obſtinate fray would have undoubtedly enſued,

had not their mutual indignation given way to their curioſity, at the motion of our knight, who had advanced into the middle between the two fronts, and waving his hand as a ſignal for them to give attention, addreſſed himſelf to them with graceful demeanour, in theſe words: "Countrymen, friends, and fellow-citizens, you are this day aſſembled to determine a point of the utmoſt conſequence to yourſelves and your poſterity; a point that ought to be determined by far other weapons than brutal force and factious clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the baſis of that excellent conſtitution which hath long flouriſhed the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the ineſtimable privilege of chooſing a delegate properly qualified to repreſent you in the high court of parliament. This is your birthright, inherited from your anceſtors, obtained by their courage, and ſealed with their blood. It is not only your birthright, which you ſhould maintain in defiance of all danger, but alſo a ſacred truſt, to be executed with the moſt ſcrupulous care and fidelity. The perſon whom you truſt ought not only to be endued with the moſt inflexible integrity, but ſhould likewiſe poſſeſs a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legiſlature. He muſt be well acquainted with the hiſtory, the conſtitution, and the laws of his country; he muſt underſtand the forms of buſineſs, the extent of the royal prerogative, the privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politics that prevail, and the connections that ſubſiſt among the different powers of Europe; for on all theſe ſubjects the deliberations of a Houſe of Commons occaſionally turn: But theſe great purpoſes will never be anſwered by electing an illiterate ſavage, ſcarce qualified, in point of underſtanding, to act as a country juſtice of peace, a man who has ſcarce ever travelled beyond the excurſion of a fox-chaſe, whoſe converſation never rambles farther than his ſtable, his kennel, and the barn-yard; who rejects decorum as degeneracy; miſtakes ruſticity for independence; aſcertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and founds his triumph on feats of drinking;

who holds his eſtate by a factious tenure; profeſſes himſelf the blind ſlave of a party, without knowing the principles that give it birth, or the motives by which it is actuated; and thinks that all patriotiſm conſiſts in railing indiſcriminately at miniſters, and obſtinately oppoſing every meaſure of the adminiſtration. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be uſed as a dangerous tool in the hands of a deſperate faction, by ſcattering the ſeeds of diſaffection, embarraſſing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy."

Here the knight was interrupted by the ſhouts and acclamations of the Vanderpelſites, who cried aloud, "Hear him! hear him! long life to the iron caſed orator." This clamour ſubſiding, he proſecuted his harangue to the following effect:

"Such a man as I have deſcribed may be dangerous from ignorance; but is neither ſo miſchievous nor ſo deteſtable as the wretch who knowingly betrays his truſt, and ſues to be the hireling and proſtitute of a weak and worthleſs miniſter; a ſordid knave, without honour or principle; who belongs to no family, whoſe example can reproach him with degeneracy; who has no country to command his reſpect; no friends to engage his affection; no religion to regulate his morals; no conſcience to reſtrain his iniquity; and who worſhips no God but Mammon: An inſinuating miſcreant, who undertakes for the dirtieſt work of the vileſt adminiſtration; who practiſes national uſury, receiving by wholeſale the rewards of venality, and diſtributing the wages of corruption by retail."

In this place our adventurer's ſpeech was drowned in the acclamations of the fox-hunters, who now triumphed in their turn, and hoickſed the ſpeaker, exclaiming, "Well opened Jowler—to'un, to'un again, Sweetlips! hey, Merry, Whitefoot!" After a ſhort interruption, he thus reſumed his diſcourſe:

"When ſuch a caitif preſents himſelf to you, like the devil, with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil—it is not the offering of diſinterreſted love; for what ſhould induce him, who has no af-

fections, to love you, to whoſe perſons he is an utter ſtranger? alas! it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. He wants to buy you at one market, that he may ſell you at another. Without doubt his intention is to make an advantage of his purchaſe; and this aim he cannot accompliſh, but by ſacrificing, in ſome ſort, your intereſt, your independency, to the wicked deſigns of a miniſter, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful diſcharge of his duty. But, even if he ſhould not find an opportunity of ſelling you to advantage, the crime, the ſhame, the infamy, will ſtill be the ſame in you, who, baſer than the moſt abandoned proſtitutes, have ſold yourſelves and your poſterity for hire—for a paltry price, to be refunded with intereſt by ſome miniſter, who will indemnify himſelf out of your own pockets: For, after all, you are bought and ſold with your own money—the miſerable pittance you may now receive, is no more than a pitcher full of water thrown in to moiſten the ſucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom. Let me therefore adviſe and exhort you, my countrymen, to avoid the oppoſite extremes of the ignorant clown and the deſigning courtier, and chooſe a man of honeſty, intelligence, and moderation, who will—."

The doctrine of moderation was a very unpopular ſubject in ſuch an aſſembly; and accordingly they rejected it as one man. They began to think the ſtranger wanted to ſet up for himſelf, a ſuppoſition that could not fail to incenſe both ſides equally, as they were both zealouſly engaged in their reſpective cauſes. The Whigs and the Tories joined againſt this intruder, who, being neither, was treated like a monſter, or chimera in politics. They hiſſed, they hooted, and they hollowed; they annoyed him with miſſiles of dirt, ſticks, and ſtones; they curſed, they threatened, and reviled, till at length his patience was exhauſted.

"Ungrateful and abandoned miſcreants! (he cried) I ſpoke to you as men and Chriſtians, as free-born Britons and fellow-citizens; but I perceive you are a pack of venal, infamous ſcoundrels, and I will treat you accordingly." So ſaying, he brandiſhed his lance, and riding into the thickeſt of the concourſe, laid about him

with ſuch dexterity and effect, that the multitude was immediately diſperſed, and he retired without further moleſtation.

The ſame good fortune did not attend 'ſquire Crabſhaw in his retreat. The ludicrous ſingularity of his features, and the half-mown crop of hair that briſtled from one ſide of his countenance, invited ſome wags to make merry at his expence; one of them clapped a furze-buſh under the tail of Gilbert, who, feeling himſelf thus ſtimulated *a poſteriori*, kicked and plunged, and capered in ſuch a manner, that Timothy could hardly keep the ſaddle. In this commotion he loſt his cap and his periwig, while the rabble pelted him in ſuch a manner, that, before he could join his maſter, he looked like a pillar, or rather a pillory of mud.

CHAPTER X.

Which ſhoweth that he who plays at bowls will ſometimes meet with rubbers.

Sir Launcelot, boiling with indignation at the venality and faction of the electors, whom he had harangued to ſo little purpoſe, retired with the moſt deliberate diſdain towards one of the gates of the town, on the outſide of which his curioſity was attracted by a concourſe of people, in the midſt of whom ſtood Mr. Ferret, mounted upon a ſtool, with a kind of ſatchel hanging round his neck, and a vial diſplayed in his right hand, while he held forth to the audience in a very vehement ſtrain of elocution.

Crabſhaw thought himſelf happily delivered when he reached the ſuburbs, and proceeded without halting; but his maſter mingled with the crowd, and heard the orator expreſs himſelf to this effect:

"Very likely, you may undervalue me and my medicine, becauſe I don't appear upon a ſtage of rotten boards, in a ſhabby velvet coat and tie-periwig, with a fooliſh fellow in a motely coat, to make you laugh by

making wry faces; but I ſcorn to uſe theſe dirty arts for engaging your attention. Theſe paltry tricks, *ad captandum vulgus*, can have no effect but on ideots; and if you are ideots, I don't deſire you ſhould be my cuſtomers. Take notice, I don't addreſs you in the ſtyle of a mountebank, or a high German doctor; and yet the kingdom is full of mountebanks, empirics, and quacks. We have quacks in religion, quacks in phyſic, quacks in law, quacks in politics, quacks in patriotiſm, quacks in government: high German quacks, that have bliſtered, ſweated, bled, and purged the nation into an atrophy. But this is not all; they have not only evacuated her into a conſumption, but they have intoxicated her brain, until ſhe is become delirious; ſhe can no longer purſue her own intereſt, or indeed rightly diſtinguiſh it: Like the people of Nineveh, ſhe can hardly tell her right hand from her left; but, as a changeling, is dazzled and delighted by an *ignis fatuus*, a Will o' the Wiſp, an exhalation from the vileſt materials in nature, that leads her aſtray through Weſtphalian bogs and deſerts, and will one day break her neck over ſome barren rocks, or leave her ſticking in ſome H———n pit or quagmire. For my part, if you have a mind to betray your country, I have no objection. In ſelling yourſelves and your fellow-citizens, you only diſpoſe of a pack of raſcals who deſerve to be ſold—If you ſell one another, why ſhould not I ſell this here Elixir of Long Life, which, if properly uſed, will protract your days till you ſhall have ſeen your country ruined? I ſhall not pretend to diſturb your underſtandings, which are none of the ſtrongeſt, with a hotch-potch of unintelligible terms, ſuch as Ariſtotle's four principles of generation, unformed matter, privation, efficient, and final cauſes. Ariſtotle was a pedantic blockhead, and ſtill more knave than fool. The ſame cenſure we may ſafely put on that wiſeacre Dioſcorides, with his faculties of ſimples, his ſeminal, ſpecific, and principal virtues; and that crazy commentator Galen, with his four elements, elementary qualities, his eight complexions, his harmonies and diſcords. Nor ſhall I expatiate on the alkaheſt of that mad ſcoundrel Paracelſus, with

which he pretended to reduce flints into ſalt; nor the *archæus* or *ſpiritus rector* of that viſionary Van Helmont, *his* ſimple, elementary water, his *gas*, ferments, and tranſmutations; nor ſhall I enlarge upon the ſalt, ſulphur, and oil, the *acidum vagum*, the mercury of metals, and the volatilized vitriol of other modern chemiſts, a pack of ignorant, conceited, knaviſh raſcals, that puzzle your weak heads with ſuch jargon, juſt as Germanized m——r throws duſt in your eyes, by lugging in and ringing the changes on the balance of power, the Proteſtant religion, and your allies on the continent; acting like the juggler, who picks your pockets while he dazzles your eyes and amuſes your fancy with twirling his fingers, and reciting the gibberiſh of *hocus pocus*; for, in fact, the balance of power is a mere chimera; as for the Proteſtant religion, nobody gives himſelf any trouble about it; and allies on the continent we have none, or at leaſt none that would raiſe an hundred men to ſave us from perdition, unleſs we paid an extravagant price for their aſſiſtance. But, to return to this here Elixir of Long Life, I might embelliſh it with a great many high ſounding epithets; but I diſdain to follow the example of every illiterate vagabond, that from idleneſs turns quack, and advertiſes his noſtrum in the public papers. I am neither a felonious dry-ſalter returned from exile, an hoſpital ſtump-turner, a decayed ſtay-maker, a bankrupt printer, or inſolvent debtor, releaſed by act of parliament. I did not pretend to adminiſter medicines without the leaſt tincture of letters, or ſuborn wretches to perjure themſelves in falſe affidavits of cures that were never performed; nor employ a ſet of led-captains to harangue in my praiſe at all public places. I was bred regularly to the profeſſion of chemiſtry, and have tried all the proceſſes of alchemy; and I may venture to ſay, that this here elixir is, in fact, the *chruſeon pepuromenon ek puros*, the viſible, glorious, ſpiritual body, from whence all other beings derive their exiſtence, as proceeding from their father the ſun, and their mother the moon; from the ſun, as from a living and ſpiritual gold, which is mere fire; conſequently the common and univerſal firſt created mover, from whence

all moveable things have their diſtinct and particular motions; and alſo from the moon, as from the wife of the ſun, and the common mother of all ſublunary things: And for as much as man is and muſt be the comprehenſive end of all creatures, and the microcoſm, he is counſelled in the Revelations, to buy gold that is thoroughly fired, or rather pure fire, that he may become rich and like the ſun; as, on the contrary, he becomes poor when he abuſes the arſenical poiſon; ſo that his ſilver, by the fire, muſt be calcined to a *caput mortuum*, which happens when he will hold and retain the menſtruum, out of which he partly exiſts, for his own property, and doth not daily offer up the ſame in the fire of the ſun, that the woman may be clothed with the ſun, and become a ſun, and thereby rule over the moon; that is to ſay, that he may get the moon under his feet.—Now this here elixir, ſold for no more than ſixpence a vial, contains the eſſence of the alkaheſt; the archæus, the catholicon, the menſtruum, the ſun, the moon, and, to ſum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and ſpecific *chruſion pepuromenon ek puros.*"

The audience were variouſly affected by this learned oration. Some of thoſe who favoured the pretenſions of the whig candidate, were of opinion, that he ought to be puniſhed for his preſumption, in reflecting ſo ſcurrilouſly on miniſters and meaſures. Of this ſentiment was our adventurer, though he could not help admiring the courage of the orator, and owning within himſelf, that he had mixed ſome melancholy truths with his ſcurrility.

Mr. Ferret would not have ſtood ſo long in his roſtrum unmoleſted, had not he cunningly choſen his ſtation immediately without the juriſdiction of the town, whoſe magiſtrates therefore could not take cognizance of his conduct; but application was made to the conſtable of the other pariſh, while our noſtrum-monger proceeded in his ſpeech, the concluſion of which produced ſuch an effect upon his hearers, that his whole cargo was immediately exhauſted. He had juſt ſtepped down from his ſtool, when the conſtable with his ſtaff arriv-

ed, and took him under his guidance. Mr. Ferret, on this occaſion, attempted to intereſt the people in his behalf, by exhorting them to vindicate the liberty of the ſubject againſt ſuch an act of oppreſſion; but finding them deaf to the tropes and figures of his elocution, he addreſſed himſelf to our knight, reminding him of his duty to protect the helpleſs and the injured, and earneſtly ſoliciting his interpoſition.

Sir Launcelot, without making the leaſt reply to his entreaties, reſolved to ſee the end of this adventure; and, being joined by his 'ſquire, followed the priſoner at a diſtance, meaſuring back the ground he had travelled the day before, until he reached another ſmall borough, where Ferret was houſed in the common priſon.

While he ſat a horſeback, deliberating on the next ſtep he ſhould take, he was accoſted by the voice of Tom Clarke, who called, in a whimpering tone, through a window grated with iron, "For the love of God! Sir Launcelot, do, dear Sir, be ſo good as to take the trouble to alight, and come up ſtairs—I have ſomething to communicate, of conſequence to the community in general, and you in particular—Pray, do, dear Sir Knight. I beg a boon in the name of St. Michael and St. George for England."

Our adventurer, not a little ſurpriſed at this addreſs, diſmounted without heſitation, and being admitted to the common jail, there found not only his old friend Tom, but alſo the uncle, ſitting on a bench, with a woollen night-cap on his head, and a pair of ſpectacles on his noſe, reading very earneſtly in a book, which, he afterwards underſtood, was intituled, "The Life and Adventures of Valentine and Orſon." The captain no ſooner ſaw his great pattern enter, than he roſe, and received him with the ſalutation of, "What cheer, brother?" and before the knight could anſwer, added theſe words: "You ſee how the land lies—here have Tom and I been faſt aſhore theſe four and twenty hours; and this birth we have got, by attempting to tow your galley, brother, from the enemy's harbour.—Adds bobs! if we had this here fellow Whoreſon for a conſort, with all our tackle in order, brother, we'd ſoon ſhow 'em the

topſail, ſlip our cable, and down with their barricadoes. But, howſomever, it don't ſignify talking—patience is a good ſtream-anchor, and will hold, as the ſaying is—but, damn my—as for the matter of my boltſprit.—Hearkye, hearkye, brother, damn'd hard to engage with three at a time, one upon my bow, one upon my quarter, and one right a-head, rubbing and drubbing, lying athwart hawſe, raking fore and aft, battering and grappling, and laſhing and claſhing—adds heart, brother; craſh went the boltſprit—down came the round-top—up with the dead lights—I ſaw nothing but the ſtars at noon, loſt the helm of my ſeven ſenſes, and down I broached upon my broadſide."

As Mr. Clarke rightly conceived that his uncle would need an interpreter, he began to explain theſe hints, by giving a circumſtantial detail of his own and the captain's diſaſter.

He told Sir Launcelot, that, notwithſtanding all his perſuaſion and remonſtrances, Captain Crowe inſiſted upon appearing in the character of a knight-errant; and, with that view, had ſet out from the public-houſe on the morning that ſucceeded his vigil in the church: That upon the highway they had met with a coach, containing two ladies, one of whom ſeemed to be under great agitation; for, as they paſſed, ſhe ſtruggled with the other, thruſt out her head at the window, and ſaid ſomething which he could not diſtinctly hear: That Captain Crowe was ſtruck with admiration of her unequalled beauty; and he (Tom) no ſooner informed him who ſhe was, than he reſolved to ſet her at liberty, on the ſuppoſition that ſhe was under reſtraint, and in diſtreſs: That he accordingly unſheathed his cutlaſs, and riding after the coach, commanded the driver to bring to, on pain of death: That one of the ſervants, believing the captain to be an highwayman, preſented a blunderbuſs, and in all probability would have ſhot him on the ſpot, had not he (the nephew) rode up, and aſſured them the gentleman was *non compos:* That, notwithſtanding his intimation, all the three attacked him with the butt ends of their horſe-whips, while the coach drove on, and although he laid about him with great

fury, at laſt brought him to the ground, by a ſtroke on the temple: That Mr. Clarke himſelf then interpoſed in defence of his kinſman, and was alſo ſeverely beaten: That two of the ſervants, upon application to a juſtice of the peace, reſiding near the field of battle, had granted a warrant againſt the captain and his nephew, and, without examination, committed them as idle vagrants, after having ſeized their horſes and their money, on pretence of their being ſuſpected for highwaymen.—"But, as there was no juſt cauſe of ſuſpicion (added he), I am of opinion, the juſtice is guilty of a treſpaſs, and may be ſued for *falſum impriſonamentum*, and conſiderable damages obtained; for you will pleaſe to obſerve, Sir, no juſtice has a right to commit any perſon till after due examination; beſides, we were not committed for an aſſault and battery, *audita querela*, nor as wandering lunatics by the ſtatute, who, to be ſure, may be apprehended by a juſtice's warrant, and locked up and chained, if neceſſary, or to be ſent to their laſt legal ſettlement; but we were committed as vagrants and ſuſpected highwaymen. Now we do not fall under the deſcription of vagrants; nor did any circumſtance appear to ſupport the ſuſpicion of robbery; for, to conſtitute robbery, there muſt be ſomething taken; but here nothing was taken but blows, and they were upon compulſion: Even an attempt to rob, without any taking, is not felony, but a miſdemeanour. To be ſure, there is a taking in deed, and a taking in law: But ſtill the robber muſt be in poſſeſſion of a thing ſtolen; and we attempted to ſteal ourſelves away—My uncle, indeed, would have releaſed the young lady *vi et armis*, had his ſtrength been equal to his inclination; and in ſo doing, I would have willingly lent my aſſiſtance, both from a deſire to ſerve ſuch a beautiful young creature, and alſo in regard to your honour, for I thought I heard her call upon your name."

"Ha! how! what! whoſe name? ſay, ſpeak—heaven and earth!" (cried the knight, with marks of the moſt violent emotion). Clarke, terrified at his looks, replied, "I beg your pardon a thouſand times; I did

not ſay poſitively ſhe did ſpeak thoſe words; but I apprehended ſhe did ſpeak them. Words, which may be taken or interpreted by law in a general or common ſenſe, ought not to receive a ſtrained or unuſual conſtruction; and ambiguous words—" "Speak, or be dumb for ever! (exclaimed Sir Launcelot in a terrific tone, laying his hand on his ſword) What young lady, ha! What name did ſhe call upon?" Clarke, falling on his knees, anſwered, not without ſtammering, "Miſs Aurelia Darnel; to the beſt of my recollection, ſhe called upon Sir Launcelot Greaves." "Sacred powers! (cried our adventurer) which way did the carriage proceed?"

When Tom told him that the coach quitted the poſt-road, and ſtruck away to the right at full ſpeed, Sir Launcelot was ſeized with a penſive fit; his head ſunk upon his breaſt, and he muſed in ſilence for ſeveral minutes, with the moſt melancholy expreſſion on his countenance; then recollecting himſelf, he aſſumed a more compoſed and cheerful air, and aſked ſeveral queſtions with reſpect to the arms on the coach, and the liveries worn by the ſervants. It was in the courſe of this interrogation, that he diſcovered he had actually converſed with one of the footmen, who had brought back Crabſhaw's horſe: A circumſtance that filled him with anxiety and chagrin, as he had omitted to inquire the name of his maſter, and the place to which the coach was travelling; though, in all probability, had he made theſe inquiries, he would have received very little ſatisfaction, there being reaſon to think the ſervants were enjoined ſecrecy.

The knight, in order to meditate on this unexpected adventure, ſat down by his old friend, and entered into a reverie, which laſted about a quarter of an hour, and might have continued longer, had it not been interrupted by the voice of Crabſhaw, who bawled aloud, "Look to it, my maſters—as you brew you muſt drink—this ſhall be a dear day's work to ſome of you; for my part, I ſay nothing—the braying aſs eats a little graſs—one barber ſhaves not ſo cloſe, but another finds a few ſtub-

ble—you wanted to catch a capon, and you've ſtole a cat—he that takes up his lodgings in a ſtable, muſt be contented to lie upon litter."

The knight, deſirous of knowing the cauſe that prompted Timothy to apothegmatize in this manner, looked through the grate, and perceived the 'ſquire fairly ſet in the ſtocks, ſurrounded by a mob of people. When he called to him, and aſked the reaſon of this diſgraceful reſtraint, Crabſhaw replied, "There's no cake, but there's another of the ſame make—who never climbed, never fell—after clouds comes clear weather. 'Tis all long of your honour, I've met with this preferment; no deſervings of my own, but the intereſt of my maſter. Sir knight, if you will flay the juſtice, hang the conſtable, releaſe your 'ſquire, and burn the town, your name will be famous in ſtory; but, if you are content, I am thankful. Two hours are ſoon ſpent in ſuch good company; in the mean time, look to 'un, jailor, there's a frog in the ſtocks."

Sir Launcelot, incenſed at this affront offered to his ſervant, advanced to the priſon door, but found it faſt locked; and when he called to the turnkey, he was given to underſtand, that he himſelf was priſoner. Enraged at this intimation, he demanded at whoſe ſuit, and was anſwered through the wicket, "At the ſuit of the king, in whoſe name I will hold you faſt, with God's aſſiſtance."

The knight's looks now began to lighten; he rolled his eyes around; and ſnatching up an oaken bench, which three ordinary men could ſcarce have lifted from the ground, he, in all likelihood, would have ſhattered the door in pieces, had not he been reſtrained by the interpoſition of Mr. Clarke, who entreated him to have a little patience, aſſuring him he would ſuggeſt a plan that would avenge himſelf amply on the juſtice, without any breach of the peace. "I ſay, the juſtice (added Tom), becauſe it muſt be his doing. He is a little petulant ſort of a fellow, ignorant of the law, guilty of numberleſs irregularities, and, if properly managed, may, for this here act of arbitrary power, be not only caſt in a

ſwinging ſum, but even turned out of the commiſſion with diſgrace."

This was a very ſeaſonable hint, in conſequence of which the bench was ſoftly replaced, and Captain Crowe depoſited the poker, with which he had armed himſelf to ſecond the efforts of Sir Launcelot. They now, for the firſt time, perceived that Ferret had diſappeared; and, upon inquiry, found that he was in fact the occaſion of the knight's detention and the 'ſquire's diſgrace.

CHAPTER XI.

Deſcription of a modern magiſtrate.

BEFORE the knight would take any reſolution for extricating himſelf from his preſent embarraſſment, he deſired to be better acquainted with the character and circumſtances of the juſtice by whom he had been confined, and likewiſe to underſtand the meaning of his own detention. To be informed in this laſt particular, he renewed his dialogue with the turnkey, who told him through the grate, that Ferret no ſooner perceived him in the jail, without his offenſive arms, which he had left below, than he deſired to be carried before the juſtice, where he had given information againſt the knight, as a violator of the public peace, who ſtrolled about the country with unlawful arms, rendering the highways unſafe, encroaching upon the freedom of elections, putting his majeſty's liege ſubjects in fear of their lives, and, in all probability, harbouring more dangerous deſigns under an affected cloak of lunacy. Ferret, upon this information, had been releaſed, and entertained as an evidence for the king; and Crabſhaw was put into the ſtocks, as an idle ſtroller.

Sir Launcelot, being ſatisfied in theſe particulars, addreſſed himſelf to his fellow-priſoners, and begged they would communicate what they knew reſpecting the worthy magiſtrate, who had been ſo premature in the execution of his office. This requeſt was no ſooner fig-

nified, than a crew of naked wretches crowded around him, and, like a congregation of rooks, opened their throats all at once, in accuſation of Juſtice Gobble. The knight was moved at this ſcene, which he could not help comparing, in his own mind, to what would appear upon a much more awful occaſion, when the cries of the widow and the orphan, the injured and oppreſſed, would be uttered at the tribunal of an unerring Judge, againſt the villanous and inſolent authors of their calamity.

When he had, with ſome difficulty, quieted their clamours, and confined his interrogation to one perſon of a tolerably decent appearance, he learned, that Juſtice Gobble, whoſe father was a tailor, had for ſome time ſerved as a journeyman hoſier in London, where he had picked up ſome law terms, by converſing with hackney writers and attorneys clerks of the loweſt order; that, upon the death of his maſter, he had inſinuated himſelf into the good graces of the widow, who took him for her huſband, ſo that he became a perſon of ſome conſideration, and ſaved money apace; that his pride, increaſing with his ſubſtance, was reinforced by the vanity of his wife, who perſuaded him to retire from buſineſs, that they might live genteelly in the country; that his father dying, and leaving a couple of houſes in this town, Mr. Gobble had come down with his lady to take poſſeſſion, and liked the place ſo well, as to make a more conſiderable purchaſe in the neighbourhood; that a certain peer being indebted to him in the large way of his buſineſs, and either unwilling or unable to pay the money, had compounded the debt, by inſerting his name in the commiſſion; ſince which period his own inſolence, and his wife's oſtentation, had exceeded all bounds: That, in the exertion of his authority, he had committed a thouſand acts of cruelty and injuſtice againſt the poorer ſort of people, who were unable to call him to a proper account; that his wife domineered with a more ridiculous, though leſs pernicious uſurpation, among the females of the place; that, in a word, ſhe was the ſubject of continual mirth, and he the object of univerſal deteſtation.

Our adventurer, though extremely well diſpoſed to believe what was ſaid to the prejudice of Gobble, would not give entire credit to this deſcription, without firſt inquiring into the particulars of his conduct. He therefore aſked the ſpeaker, what was the cauſe of his particular complaint. "For my own part, Sir (ſaid he), I lived in repute, and kept a ſhop in this here town, well furniſhed with a great variety of articles. All the people in the place were my cuſtomers; but what I and many others chiefly depended upon, was the extraordinary ſale at two annual cuſtomary fairs, to which all the country people in the neighbourhood reſorted to lay out their money. I had employed all my ſtock, and even engaged my credit, to procure a large aſſortment of goods for the Lammas market; but having given my vote, in the election of a veſtry-clerk, contrary to the intereſt of Juſtice Gobble, he reſolved to work my ruin. He ſuppreſſed the annual fairs, by which a great many people, eſpecially publicans, earned the beſt part of their ſubſiſtence. The country people reſorted to another town. I was overſtocked with a load of periſhable commodities, and found myſelf deprived of the beſt part of my home cuſtomers, by the ill-nature and revenge of the juſtice, who employed all his influence among the common people, making uſe of threats and promiſes, to make them deſert my ſhop, and give their cuſtom to another perſon, whom he ſettled in the ſame buſineſs under my noſe. Being thus diſabled from making punctual payments, my commodities ſpoiling, and my wife breaking her heart, I grew negligent and careleſs, took to drinking, and my affairs went to wreck. Being one day in liquor, and provoked by the ſneers and taunts of the man who had ſet up againſt me, I ſtruck him at his own door; upon which I was carried before the juſtice, who treated me with ſuch inſolence, that I became deſperate, and not only abuſed him in the execution of his office, but alſo made an attempt to lay violent hands upon his perſon. You know, Sir, when a man is both drunk and deſperate, he cannot be ſuppoſed to have any command of himſelf. I was ſent hither to jail. My creditors immediately ſeized my effects; and, as they

were not ſufficient to diſcharge my debts, a ſtatute of bankruptcy was taken out againſt me; ſo that here I muſt lie, until they think proper to ſign my certificate, or the parliament ſhall pleaſe to paſs an act for the relief of inſolvent debtors."

The next perſon who preſented himſelf in the crowd of accuſers was a meagre figure, with a green apron, who told the knight that he had kept a public houſe in town for a dozen years, and enjoyed a good trade, which was in a great meaſure owing to a ſkittle-ground, in which the beſt people of the place diverted themſelves occaſionally: That Juſtice Gobble, being diſobliged at his refuſing to part with a gelding which he had bred for his own uſe, firſt of all ſhut up the ſkittle-ground; but finding the publican ſtill kept his houſe open, he took care that he ſhould be deprived of his licence, on pretence that the number of ale-houſes was too great, and that this man had been bred to another employment. The poor publican, being thus deprived of his bread, was obliged to try the ſtay-making buſineſs, to which he had ſerved an apprenticeſhip; but being very ill-qualified for this profeſſion, he ſoon fell to decay, and contracted debts, in conſequence of which he was now in priſon, where he had no other ſupport but what aroſe from the labour of his wife, who had gone to ſervice.

The next priſoner who preferred his complaint againſt the unrighteous judge, was a poacher, at whoſe practices Juſtice Gobble had for ſome years connived, ſo as even to ſcreen him from puniſhment, in conſideration of being ſupplied with game gratis, till at length he was diſappointed by accident. His lady had invited gueſts to an entertainment, and beſpoke a hare, which the poacher undertook to furniſh. He laid his ſnares accordingly over night; but they were diſcovered, and taken away by the gamekeeper of the gentleman to whom the ground belonged. All the excuſes the poacher could make proved ineffectual in appeaſing the reſentment of the juſtice and his wife at being thus diſconcerted. Meaſures were taken to detect the delinquent in the exerciſe of his illicit occupation; he was committed to ſafe cuſtody,

and his wife, with five bantlings, was paſſed to her huſband's ſettlement in a different part of the country.

A ſtout ſquat fellow, rattling with chains, had juſt taken up the ball of accuſation, when Sir Launcelot was ſtartled with the appearance of a woman, whoſe looks and equipage indicated the moſt piteous diſtreſs. She ſeemed to be turned of the middle age, was of a lofty carriage, tall, thin, weather-beaten, and wretchedly attired; her eyes were inflamed with weeping, and her looks diſplayed that wildneſs and peculiarity which denote diſtraction. Advancing to Sir Launcelot, ſhe fell upon her knees, and claſping her hands together, uttered the following rhapſody in the moſt vehement tone of affliction:

"Thrice potent, generous, and auguſt emperor, here let my knees cleave to the earth, until thou ſhalt do me juſtice on that inhuman caitiff Gobble. Let him diſgorge my ſubſtance which he hath devoured; let him reſtore to my widowed arms my child, my boy, the delight of my eyes, the prop of my life, the ſtaff of my ſuſtenance, whom he hath torn from my embrace, ſtolen, betrayed, ſent into captivity, and murdered!—Behold theſe bleeding wounds upon his lovely breaſt! ſee how they mangle his lifeleſs corſe! Horror! give me my child, barbarians! his head ſhall lie upon his Suky's boſom—ſhe will embalm him with her tears.—Ha! plunge him in the deep! ſhall my boy then float in a watery tomb!—Juſtice, moſt mighty emperor! juſtice upon the villain who hath ruined us all!—May heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! may the keen ſtorm of adverſity ſtrip him of all his leaves and fruit! may peace forſake his mind, and reſt be baniſhed from his pillow, ſo that all his days ſhall be filled with reproach and ſorrow, and all his nights be haunted with horror and remorſe! may he be ſtung by jealouſy without cauſe, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! may all his offſpring be blighted and conſumed, like the mildewed ears of corn, except one that ſhall grow up to curſe his old age, and bring his hoary head with ſorrow to the grave, as he himſelf has proved a curſe to meand mine!"

The reſt of the priſoners, perceiving the knight extremely ſhocked at her miſery and horrid imprecation, removed her by force from his preſence, and conveyed her to another room; while our adventurer underwent a violent agitation, and could not for ſome minutes compoſe himſelf ſo well as to inquire into the nature of this wretched creature's calamity.

The ſhopkeeper, of whom he demanded this ſatisfaction, gave him to underſtand that ſhe was born a gentlewoman, and had been well educated; that ſhe married a curate, who did not long ſurvive his nuptials, and afterwards became the wife of one Oakley, a farmer in opulent circumſtances: That, after twenty years cohabitation with her huſband, he ſuſtained ſuch loſſes by the diſtemper among the cattle, as he could not repair; and that this reverſe of fortune was ſuppoſed to have haſtened his death: That the widow, being a woman of ſpirit, determined to keep up and manage the farm, with the aſſiſtance of an only ſon, a very promiſing youth, who was already contracted in marriage with the daughter of another wealthy farmer. Thus the mother had a proſpect of retrieving the affairs of her family, when all her hopes were daſhed and deſtroyed by a ridiculous pique which Mrs. Gobble conceived againſt the young farmer's ſweetheart, Mrs. Suſan Sedgemoor. This young woman chancing to be at a country aſſembly, where the grave-digger of the pariſh acted as maſter of the ceremonies, was called out to dance before Miſs Gobble, who happened to be there preſent alſo with her mother. The circumſtance was conſtrued into an unpardonable affront by the juſtice's lady, who abuſed the director in the moſt opprobrious terms for his inſolence and ill-manners; and, retiring in a ſtorm of paſſion, vowed revenge againſt the ſaucy minx who had preſumed to vie in gentility with Miſs Gobble. The juſtice entered into her reſentment. The grave-digger loſt his place; and Suky's lover, young Oakley, was preſſed for a ſoldier. Before his mother could take any ſteps for his diſcharge, he was hurried away to the Eaſt Indies, by the induſtry and contrivance of the juſtice. Poor Suky wept and pined until ſhe fell into a conſumption. The forlorn widow, being thus de-

prived of her ſon, was overwhelmed with grief to ſuch a degree, that ſhe could no longer manage her concerns. Every thing went backwards; ſhe ran in arrears with her landlord; and the proſpect of bankruptcy aggravated her affliction, while it added to her incapacity. In the midſt of theſe diſaſtrous circumſtances, news arrived that her ſon Greaves had loſt his life in a ſea engagement with the enemy; and theſe tidings almoſt inſtantly deprived her of reaſon. Then the landlord ſeized for his rent, and ſhe was arreſted at the ſuit of Juſtice Gobble, who had bought up one of her debts in order to diſtreſs her, and now pretended that her madneſs was feigned.

When the name of Greaves was mentioned, our adventurer ſtarted and changed colour; and, now the ſtory was ended, aſked, with marks of eager emotion, if the name of the woman's firſt huſband was not Wilford. When the priſoner anſwered in the affirmative, he roſe up, and ſtriking his breaſt, "Good heaven! (cried he) the very woman who watched over my infancy, and even nouriſhed me with her milk!—She was my mother's humble friend.—Alas! poor Dorothy! how would your old miſtreſs grieve to ſee her favourite in this miſerable condition!"—While he pronounced theſe words, to the aſtoniſhment of the hearers, a tear ſtole ſoftly down each cheek. Then he deſired to know if the poor lunatic had any intervals of reaſon; and was given to underſtand, that ſhe was always quiet, and generally ſuppoſed to have the uſe of her ſenſes, except when ſhe was diſturbed by ſome extraordinary noiſe, or when any perſon touched upon her misfortune, or mentioned the name of her oppreſſor, in all which caſes ſhe ſtarted out into extravagance and frenzy. They likewiſe imputed great part of the diſorder to the want of quiet, proper food, and neceſſaries, with which ſhe was but poorly ſupplied by the cold hand of chance charity. Our adventurer was exceedingly affected by the diſtreſs of this woman, whom he reſolved to relieve; and in proportion as his commiſeration was excited, his reſentment roſe againſt the miſcreant, who ſeemed to have inſinuated himſelf into the commiſſion of the peace on purpoſe to haraſs and oppreſs his fellow-creatures.

Thus animated, he entered into conſultation with Mr. Thomas Clarke concerning the ſteps he ſhould take, firſt for their deliverance, and then for proſecuting and puniſhing the juſtice. In reſult of this conference, the knight called aloud for the jailor, and demanded to ſee a copy of his commitment, that he might know the cauſe of his impriſonment, and offer bail; or, in caſe that he ſhould be refuſed, move for a writ of Habeas Corpus. The jailor told him the copy of the writ ſhould be forthcoming: But, after he had waited ſome time, and repeated the demand before witneſſes, it was not yet produced. Mr. Clarke then, in a ſolemn tone, gave the jailor to underſtand, that an officer refuſing to deliver a true copy of the commitment warrant, was liable to the forfeiture of one hundred pounds for the firſt offence, and for the ſecond to a forfeiture of twice that ſum, beſides being diſabled from executing his office.

Indeed it was no eaſy matter to comply with Sir Launcelot's demand; for no warrant had been granted, nor was it now in the power of the juſtice to remedy this defect, as Mr. Ferret had taken himſelf away privately, without having communicated the name and deſignation of the priſoner: A circumſtance the more mortifying to the jailor, as he perceived the extraordinary reſpect which Mr. Clarke and the captain paid to the knight, and was now fully convinced that he would be dealt with according to law. Diſordered with theſe reflections, he imparted them to the juſtice, who had in vain cauſed ſearch to be made for Ferret, and was now extremely well inclined to ſet the knight and his friends at liberty, though he did not at all ſuſpect the quality and importance of our adventurer. He could not, however, reſiſt the temptation of diſplaying the authority of his office, and therefore ordered the priſoners to be brought before his tribunal, that, in the capacity of a magiſtrate, he might give them a ſevere reproof, and proper caution with reſpect to their future behaviour.

They were accordingly led through the ſtreet in proceſſion, guarded by the conſtable and his gang, followed by Crabſhaw, who had by this time been releaſed from the ſtocks, and ſurrounded by a crowd of people, at-

tracted by curiosity. When they arrived at the justice's house, they were detained for some time in the passage; then a voice was heard, commanding the constable to bring in the prisoners, and they were introduced to the hall of audience, where Mr. Gobble sat in judgment, with a crimson velvet night-cap on his head; and on his right hand appeared his lady, puffed up with the pride and insolence of her husband's office, fat, frowzy, and not over-clean, well stricken in years, without the least vestige of an agreeable feature, having a rubicund nose, ferret eyes, and imperious aspect. The justice himself was a little, affected, pert prig, who endeavoured to solemnize his countenance by assuming an air of consequence, in which pride, impudence, and folly were strangely blended. He aspired at nothing so much as the character of an able spokesman; and took all opportunities of holding forth at vestry and quarter-sessions, as well as in the administration of his office in private. He would not, therefore, let slip this occasion of exciting the admiration of his hearers, and, in an authoritative tone, thus addressed our adventurer:

"The laws of this land has provided—I says as how provision is made by the laws of this here land, in reverence to delinquems and manefactors, whereby the king's peace is upholden by we magistrates, who represents his majesty's person, better than in e'er a contagious nation under the sun; but, howsomever, that there king's peace, and this here magistrates authority cannot be adequably and identically upheld, if so be as how criminals escapes unpunished. Now, friend, you must be confidentious in your own mind, as you are a notorious criminal, who have trespassed again the laws on divers occasions and importunities; if I had a mind to exercise the rigour of the law, according to the authority wherewith I am vested, you and your companions in iniquity would be severely punished by the statue; but we magistrates has a power to litigate the severity of justice, and so I am contented that you should be mercifully delt withal, and even dismissed."

To this harangue the knight replied, with solemn and deliberate accent, "If I understand your meaning a-

right, I am accuſed of being a notorious criminal; but nevertheleſs you are contented to let me eſcape with impunity. If I am a notorious criminal, it is the duty of you, as a magiſtrate, to bring me to condign puniſhment; and if you allow a criminal to eſcape unpuniſhed, you are not only unworthy of a place in the commiſſion, but become acceſſory to his guilt, and, to all intents and purpoſes, *ſocius criminis*. With reſpect to your proffered mercy, I ſhall decline the favour; nor do I deſerve any indulgence at your hands, for, depend upon it, I ſhall ſhow no mercy to you in the ſteps I intend to take for bringing you to juſtice. I underſtand that you have been long hackneyed in the ways of oppreſſion, and I have ſeen ſome living monuments of your inhumanity—of that hereafter. I myſelf have been detained in priſon, without cauſe aſſigned. I have been treated with indignity, and inſulted by jailors and conſtables; led through the ſtreets like a felon, as a ſpectacle to the multitude; obliged to dance attendance in your paſſage, and afterwards branded with the name of notorious criminal.—I now demand to ſee the information in conſequence of which I was detained in priſon, the copy of the warrant of commitment or detainer, and the face of the perſon by whom I was accuſed. I inſiſt upon a compliance with theſe demands, as the privileges of a Britiſh ſubject; and if it is refuſed, I ſhall ſeek redreſs before a higher tribunal."

The juſtice ſeemed to be not a little diſturbed at this peremptory declaration; which, however, had no other effect upon his wife, but that of enraging her choler, and inflaming her countenance. "Sirrah! ſirrah! (cried ſhe) do you dares to inſult a worſhipful magiſtrate on the bench?—Can you deny that you are a vagram, and a dilatory ſort of a perſon? Han't the man with the ſatchel made an affidavy of it?—If I was my huſband, I'd lay you faſt by the heels for your reſumption, and ſerk you with a priminery into the bargain, unleſs you could give a better account of yourſelf—I would."

Gobble, encouraged by this fillip, reſumed his petulance, and proceeded in this manner:—"Heark ye, friend, I might, as Mrs. Gobble very juſtly obſerves,

trounce you for your audacious behaviour; but I ſcorn to take ſuch advantages: Howſomever, I ſhall make you give an account of yourſelf and your companions; for I believes as how you are in a gang, and all in a ſtory, and perhaps you may be found one day in a cord.—What are you, friend? What is your ſtation and degree?" "I am a gentleman," replied the knight. "Ay, that is Engliſh for a ſorry fellow (ſaid the juſtice). Every idle vagabond, who had neither home nor habitation, trade nor profeſſion, deſigns himſelf a gentleman. But I muſt know how you live?" "Upon my means." "What are your means?"—"My eſtate."—"Whence doth it ariſe?"—"From inheritance."—"Your eſtate lies in braſs, and that you have inherited from nature; but do you inherit lands and tenements?" "Yes." "But they are neither here nor there, I doubt. Come, come, friend, I ſhall bring you about preſently." Here the examination was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Fillet the ſurgeon, who chancing to paſs, and ſeeing a crowd about the door, went in to ſatisfy his curioſity.

CHAPTER XII.

Which ſhows there are more ways to kill a dog than hanging.

MR. FILLET no ſooner appeared in the judgment-chamber of Juſtice Gobble, than Captain Crowe, ſeizing him by the hand, exclaimed, "Body o'me! Doctor, thou'rt come up in the nick of time to lend us a hand in putting about.—We're a little in the ſtays here—but howſomever we've got a good pilot, who knows the coaſt; and can weather the point, as the ſaying is. As for the enemy's veſſel, ſhe has had a ſhot or two already athwart her forefoot; the next, I do ſuppoſe, will ſtrike the hull, and then you will ſee her taken all a-back." The doctor, who perfectly underſtood his dialect, aſſured him he might depend upon his aſſiſtance; and advancing to the knight, accoſted him in theſe words: "Sir Launcelot Greaves, your moſt humble ſervant—when I ſaw a

crowd at the door, I little thought of finding you within, treated with ſuch indignity—yet I can't help being pleaſed with an opportunity of proving the eſteem and veneration I have for your perſon and character:—You will do me a particular pleaſure in commanding my beſt ſervices."

Our adventurer thanked him for this inſtance of his friendſhip, which he told him he would uſe without heſitation; and deſired he would procure immediate bail for him and his two friends, who had been impriſoned contrary to law, without any cauſe aſſigned.

During this ſhort dialogue, the juſtice who had heard of Sir Launcelot's family and fortune, though an utter ſtranger to his perſon, was ſeized with ſuch pangs of terror and compunction, as a grovelling mind may be ſuppoſed to have felt in ſuch circumſtances; and they ſeemed to produce the ſame unſavoury effects that are ſo humourouſly delineated by the inimitable Hogarth, in the print of Felix on his tribunal, done in the Dutch ſtyle. Nevertheleſs, ſeeing Fillet retire to execute the knight's commands, he recollected himſelf ſo far as to tell the priſoners, there was no occaſion to give themſelves any farther trouble, for he would releaſe them without bail or mainpriſe. Then diſcarding all the inſolence from his features, and aſſuming an aſpect of the moſt humble adulation, he begged the knight ten thouſand pardons for the freedoms he had taken, which were entirely owing to his ignorance of Sir Launcelot's quality. "Yes, I'll aſſure you, Sir (ſaid the wife), my huſband would have bit off his tongue rather than ſay black is the white of your eye, if ſo be he had known your capacity.—Thank God, we have been uſed to deal with gentlefolks, and many's the good pound we have loſt by them; but what of that? Sure we know how to behave to our betters. Mr. Gobble, thanks be to God, can defy the whole world to prove that he ever ſaid an uncivil word, or did a rude thing to a gentleman, knowing him to be a perſon of fortune. Indeed as to your poor gentry, and riff-raff, your tag-rag, and bob-tail, or ſuch vulgar ſcoundrelly people, he has always behaved like a magiſtrate, and treated them with the rigger of authori-

ty." "In other words (ſaid the knight), he has tyrannized over the poor, and connived at the vices of the rich: Your huſband is little obliged to you for this confeſſion, woman." "Woman! (cried Mrs. Gobble, impurpled with wrath, and fixing her hands on her ſides by way of defiance), I ſcorn your words.—Marry come up, woman! quotha; no more a woman than your worſhip." Then burſting into tears, "Huſband (continued ſhe), if you had the ſoul of a louſe, you would not ſuffer me to be abuſed at this rate; you would not ſit ſtill on the bench, and hear your ſpouſe called ſuch contemptible epitaphs.—Who cares for his title and his knightſhip? You and I huſband knew a tailor that was made a knight; but, thank God, I have noblemen to ſtand by me with their privileges and beroguetifs."

At this inſtant Mr. Fillet returned with his friend, a practitioner in the law, who freely offered to join in bailing our adventurer, and the other two priſoners, for any ſum that ſhould be required. The juſtice perceiving the affair began to grow more and more ſerious, declared that he would diſcharge the warrants and diſmiſs the priſoners.

Here Mr. Clarke interpoſing, obſerved, that againſt the knight no warrant had been granted, nor any information ſworn to; conſequently, as the juſtice had not complied with the form of proceeding directed by ſtatute, the impriſonment was *coram non judice*, void. "Right, Sir (ſaid the other lawyer), if a juſtice commits a felon for trial without binding over the proſecutor to the aſſizes, he ſhall be fined."—"And again (cried Clarke), if a juſtice iſſues a warrant for commitment, where there is no accuſation, action will lie againſt the juſtice." "Moreover (replied the ſtranger), if a juſtice of peace is guilty of any miſdemeanour in his office, information lies againſt him in *Banco Regis*, where he ſhall be puniſhed by fine and impriſonment." "And beſides (reſumed the accurate Tom), the ſame court will grant an information againſt a juſtice of peace, on motion, for ſending even a ſervant to the houſe of correction or common jail without ſufficient cauſe." "True! (exclaimed the other limb of the law), and, for contempt

of law, attachment may be had againſt juſtices of peace in *Banco Regis*: A juſtice of the peace was fined a thouſand marks for corrupt practices."

With theſe words advancing to Mr. Clarke, he ſhook him by the hand, with the appellation of Brother, ſaying, "I doubt the juſtice has got into a curſed *hovel*." Mr. Gobble himſelf ſeemed to be of the ſame opinion. He changed colour ſeveral times during the remarks which the lawyers had made; and now, declaring that the gentlemen were at liberty, begged, in the moſt humble phraſe, that the company would eat a bit of mutton with him, and after dinner the affair might be amicably compromiſed. To this propoſal our adventurer replied, in a grave and reſolute tone, "If your acting in the commiſſion as a juſtice of the peace concerned my own particular only, perhaps I ſhould wave any further inquiry, and reſent your inſolence no other way but by ſilent contempt. If I thought the errors of your adminiſtration proceeded from a good intention, defeated by want of underſtanding, I ſhould pity your ignorance, and, in compaſſion, adviſe you to deſiſt from acting a part for which you are ſo ill qualified; but the prepoſterous conduct of ſuch a man deeply affects the intereſt of the community, eſpecially that part of it, which, from its helpleſs ſituation, is the more entitled to our protection and aſſiſtance. I am moreover convinced that your miſconduct is not ſo much the conſequence of an uninformed head, as the poiſonous iſſue of a malignant heart, devoid of humanity, inflamed with pride, and rankling with revenge. The common priſon of this little town is filled with the miſerable objects of your cruelty and oppreſſion. Inſtead of protecting the helpleſs, reſtraining the hands of violence, preſerving the public tranquillity, and acting as a father to the poor, according to the intent and meaning of that inſtitution of which you are an unworthy member, you have diſtreſſed the widow and the orphan, given a looſe to all the inſolence of office, embroiled your neighbours by fomenting ſuits and animoſities, and played the tyrant among the indigent and forlorn. You have abuſed the authority with which you were inveſted, entailed a reproach upon your office, and, inſtead

of being revered as a bleſſing, you are deteſted as a curſe among your fellow-creatures. This indeed is generally the caſe of low fellows, who are thruſt into the magiſtracy without ſentiment, education, or capacity. Among other inſtances of your iniquity, there is now in priſon an unhappy women, infinitely your ſuperior in the advantages of birth, ſenſe, and education, whom you have, even without provocation, perſecuted to ruin and diſtraction, after having illegally and inhumanly kidnapped her only child, and expoſed him to a violent death in a foreign land. Ah, caitiff! if you were to forego all the comforts of life, diſtribute your means among the poor, and do the ſevereſt penance that ever prieſtcraft preſcribed, for the reſt of your days, you could not atone for the ruin of that hapleſs family; a family through whoſe ſides you cruelly and perfidiouſly ſtabbed the heart of an innocent young woman, to gratify the pride and diabolical malice of that wretched low-bred woman, who now ſits at your right hand as the aſſociate of power and preſumption. Oh! if ſuch a deſpicable reptile ſhall annoy mankind with impunity, if ſuch a contemptible miſcreant ſhall have it in his power to do ſuch deeds of inhumanity and oppreſſion, what avails the law? Where is our admired conſtitution, the freedom, the ſecurity of the ſubject, the boaſted humanity of the Britiſh nation? Sacred heaven! if there was no human inſtitution to take cognizance of ſuch atrocious crimes, I would liſten to the dictates of eternal juſtice, and, arming myſelf with he right of nature, exterminate ſuch villains from the face of the earth!"

Theſe laſt words he pronounced in ſuch a ſtrain, while his eyes lightened with indignation, that Gobble and his wife underwent the moſt violent agitation; the conſtable's teeth chattered in his head, the jailor trembled, and the whole audience was overwhelmed with conſternation.

After a ſhort pauſe, Sir Launcelot proceeded in a milder ſtrain: "Thank Heaven, the laws of this country have exempted me from the diſagreeable taſk of ſuch an execution. To them we ſhall have immediate recourſe, in three ſeparate actions againſt you for falſe impriſonment;

and any other perſon who has been injured by your arbitrary and wicked proceedings, in me ſhall find a warm protector, until you ſhall be expunged from the commiſſion with diſgrace, and have made ſuch retaliation as your circumſtances will allow for the wrongs you have done the community."

In order to complete the mortification and terror of the juſtice, the lawyer, whoſe name was Fenton, declared, that, to his certain knowledge, theſe actions would be reinforced with divers proſecutions for corrupt practices, which had lain dormant until ſome perſon of courage and influence ſhould take the lead againſt Juſtice Gobble, who was the more dreaded, as he acted under the patronage of Lord Sharpington. By this time fear had deprived the juſtice and his helpmate of the faculty of ſpeech. They were indeed almoſt petrified with diſmay, and made no effort to ſpeak, when Mr. Fillet, in the rear of the knight, as he retired with his company, took his leave of them in theſe words: "And now, Mr. Juſtice, to dinner with what appetite you may."

Our adventurer, though warmly invited to Mr. Fenton's houſe, repaired to a public inn, where he thought he ſhould be more at his eaſe, fully determined to puniſh and depoſe Gobble from his magiſtracy, to effect a general jail delivery of all the debtors whom he had found in confinement, and in particular to reſcue poor Mrs. Oakley from the miſerable circumſtances in which ſhe was involved.

In the mean time he inſiſted upon entertaining his friends at dinner, during which many ſallies of ſea-wit and good humour paſſed between Captain Crowe and Doctor Fillet, which laſt had juſt returned from a neighbouring village, whither he was ſummoned to fiſh a man's yard-arm, which had ſnapt in the ſlings. Their enjoyment, however, was ſuddenly interrupted by a loud ſcream from the kitchen, whither Sir Launcelot immediately ſprung, with equal eagerneſs and agility. There he ſaw the landlady, who was a woman in years, embracing a man dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, while ſhe exclaimed, "It is thy own fleſh and blood, ſo ſure as I'm a living ſoul.—Ah! poor Greaves, poor Greaves, many

a poor heart has grieved for thee!" To this ſalutation the youth replied, "I'm ſorry for that, miſtreſs.—How does poor mother? how does Suky Sedgemore?"

The good woman of the houſe could not help ſhedding tears at theſe interrogations; while Sir Launcelot interpoſing, ſaid, not without emotion, "I perceive you are the ſon of Mrs. Oakley.—Your mother is in a bad ſtate of health, but in me you will find a real parent." Perceiving that the young man eyed him with aſtoniſhment, he gave him to underſtand that his name was Launcelot Greaves.

Oakely no ſooner heard theſe words pronounced, than he fell upon his knees, and ſeizing the knight's hand, kiſſed it eagerly, crying, "God for ever bleſs your honour, I am your name-ſon, ſure enough—but what of that? I can earn my bread without being beholden to any man."

When the knight raiſed him up, he turned to the woman of the houſe, ſaying, "I want to ſee mother. I'm afraid as how times are hard with her; and I have ſaved ſome money for her uſe." This inſtance of filial duty brought tears into the eyes of our adventurer, who aſſured him his mother ſhould be carefully attended, and want for nothing; but that it would be very improper to ſee her at preſent, as the ſurpriſe might ſhock her too much, conſidering that ſhe believed him dead. "Ey, indeed (cried the landlady), we were all of the ſame opinion, being as the report went that poor Greaves Oakley was killed in battle." "Lord miſtreſs (ſaid Oakley), there wa'n't a word of truth in it, I'll aſſure you.—What, d'ye think I'd tell a lie about the matter? Hurt I was, to be ſure, but that don't ſignify; we gave 'em as good as they brought, and ſo parted.—Well, if ſo be I can't ſee mother, I'll go and have ſome chat with Suky.—What d'ye look ſo glum for? ſhe an't married, is ſhe?" "No, no (replied the woman), not married, but almoſt heart-broken. Since thou waſt gone ſhe has done nothing but ſighed, and wept, and pined herſelf into a decay. I'm afraid thou ha'ſt come too late to ſave her life."

Oakley's heart was not proof againſt this information. Burſting into tears, he exclaimed, "O my dear, ſweet,

gentle Suky! Have I then lived to be the death of her whom I loved more than the whole world!" He would have gone inſtantly to her father's houſe, but was reſtrained by the knight and his company, who had now joined him in the kitchen.

The young man was ſeated at table, and gave them to underſtand, that the ſhip to which he belonged having arrived in England, he was indulged with a month's leave to ſee his relations; and that he had received about fifty pounds in wages and prize-money. After dinner, juſt as they began to deliberate upon the meaſures to be taken againſt Gobble, that gentleman arrived at the inn, and humbly craved admittance. Mr. Fillet, ſtruck with a ſudden idea, retired into another apartment with the young farmer; while the juſtice, being admitted to the company, declared that he came to propoſe terms of accommodation. He accordingly offered to aſk pardon of Sir Launcelot in the public papers, and pay fifty pounds to the poor of the pariſh, as an atonement for his miſbehaviour, provided the knight and his friends would grant him a general releaſe. Our adventurer told him, he would willingly wave all perſonal conceſſions; but, as the caſe concerned the community, he inſiſted upon his leaving off acting in the commiſſion, and making ſatisfaction to the parties he had injured and oppreſſed. This declaration introduced a diſcuſſion, in the courſe of which the juſtice's petulance began to revive; when Fillet, entering the room, told them he had a reconciling meaſure to propoſe, if Mr. Gobble would for a few minutes withdraw. He roſe up immediately, and was ſhown into the room which Fillet had prepared for his reception. While he ſat muſing on this outward adventure, ſo big with diſgrace and diſappointment, young Oakely, according to the inſtructions he had received, appeared all at once before him, pointing to a ghaſtly wound, which the doctor had painted on his forehead. The apparition no ſooner preſented itſelf to the eyes of Gobble, than, taking it for granted it was the ſpirit of the young farmer whoſe death he had occaſioned, he roared aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us!" and fell inſenſible on the floor. There being found by the

company, to whom Pillet had communicated his contrivance, he was conveyed to bed, where he lay ſome time before he recovered the perfect uſe of his ſenſes. Then he earneſtly deſired to ſee the knight, and aſſured him he was ready to comply with his terms, inaſmuch as he believed he had not long to live. Advantage was immediately taken of this ſalutary diſpoſition. He bound himſelf not to act as a juſtice of the peace, in any part of Great Britain, under the penalty of five thouſand pounds. He burnt Mrs. Oakley's note; paid the debts of the ſhopkeeper; undertook to compound thoſe of the publican, and to ſettle him again in buſineſs; and, finally, diſcharged them all from priſon, paying the dues out of his own pocket. Theſe ſteps being taken with peculiar eagerneſs, he was removed to his own houſe, where he aſſured his wife he had ſeen a viſion that prognoſticated his death; and had immediate recourſe to the curate of the pariſh for ſpiritual conſolation.

The moſt intereſting part of the taſk that now remained, was to make the widow Oakley acquainted with her good fortune, in ſuch a manner as might leaſt diſturb her ſpirits, already but too much diſcompoſed. For this purpoſe, they choſe the landlady, who, after having received proper directions how to regulate her conduct, viſited her in perſon that ſame evening. Finding her quite calm, and her reflection quite reſtored, ſhe began with exhorting her to put her truſt in Providence, which would never forſake the cauſe of the injured widow and fatherleſs: She promiſed to aſſiſt and befriend her on all occaſions, as far as her abilities would reach: She gradually turned the converſation upon the family of the Greaves; and by degrees informed her, that Sir Launcelot, having learned her ſituation, was determined to extricate her from all her troubles. Perceiving her aſtoniſhed, and deeply affected at this intimation, ſhe artfully ſhifted the diſcourſe, recommended reſignation to the divine will, and obſerved, that this circumſtance ſeemed to be an earneſt of further happineſs. "O! I'm incapable of receiving more! (cried the diſconſolate widow, with ſtreaming eyes).—Yet I ought not to be ſurpriſed at any bleſſing that flows from that

quarter.—The family of Greaves were always virtuous, humane, and benevolent.—This young gentleman's mother was my dear lady and benefactreſs:—He himſelf was ſuckled at theſe breaſts.—O! he was the ſweeteſt, comelieſt, beſt conditioned babe!—I loved not my own Greaves with greater affection—but he, alas! is now no more!" "Have patience, good neighbour (ſaid the landlady of the White Hart), that is more than you have any right to affirm—all that you know of the matter is by common report, and common report is commonly falſe; beſides, I can tell you I have ſeen a liſt of the men that were killed in Admiral P———'s ſhip, when he fought the French in the Eaſt Indies, and your ſon was not in the number." To this intimation ſhe replied, after a conſiderable pauſe, "Don't, my good neighbour, don't feed me with falſe hope.—My poor Greaves too certainly periſhed in a foreign land—yet he is happy;—had he lived to ſee me in this condition, grief would ſoon have put a period to his days." "I tell you, then (cried the viſitant), he is not dead. I have ſeen a letter that mentions his being well ſince the battle. You ſhall come along with me—you are no longer a priſoner, but ſhall live at my houſe comfortably, till your affairs are ſettled to your wiſh."

The poor widow followed her in ſilent aſtoniſhment, and was immediately accommodated with neceſſaries.

Next morning her hoſteſs proceeded with her in the ſame cautious manner, until ſhe was aſſured that her ſon had returned. Being duly prepared, ſhe was bleſſed with a ſight of poor Greaves, and fainted away in his arms.

We ſhall not dwell upon this tender ſcene, becauſe it is but of a ſecondary concern in the hiſtory of our knight-errant: Let it ſuffice to ſay, their mutual happineſs was unſpeakable. She was afterwards viſited by Sir Launcelot, whom ſhe no ſooner beheld, than ſpringing forwards with all the eagerneſs of maternal affection, ſhe claſped him to her breaſt, crying, "My dear child! my Launcelot! my pride! my darling! my kind benefactor! This is not the firſt time I have hugged you in theſe arms! O! you are the very image of Sir Ever-

hard in his youth; but you have got the eyes, the complexion, the ſweetneſs, and complacency of my dear and ever honoured lady." This was not in the ſtrain of hireling praiſe; but the genuine tribute of eſteem and admiration. As ſuch, it could not but be agreeable to our hero, who undertook to procure Oakley's diſcharge, and ſettle him in a comfortable farm on his own eſtate.

In the mean time, Greaves went with a heavy heart to the houſe of farmer Sedgemore, where he found Suky, who had been prepared for his reception, in a tranſport of joy, though very weak, and greatly emaciated. Nevertheleſs, the return of her ſweetheart had ſuch an happy effect on her conſtitution, that in a few weeks her health was perfectly reſtored.

This adventure of our knight was crowned with every happy circumſtance that could give pleaſure to a generous mind. The priſoners were releaſed, and reinſtated in their former occupations. The juſtice performed his articles from fear; and afterwards turned over a new leaf from remorſe. Young Oakley was married to Suky, with whom he received a conſiderable portion. The new-married couple found a farm ready ſtocked for them on the knight's eſtate; and the mother enjoyed a happy retreat in the character of houſe-keeper at Greaveſbury-hall.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which our knight is tantalized with a tranſient glimpſe of felicity.

THE ſucceſs of our adventurer, which we have particularized in the laſt chapter, could not fail of enhancing his character, not only among thoſe who knew him, but alſo among the people of the town to whom he was not an utter ſtranger. The populace ſurrounded the houſe, and teſtified their approbation in loud huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inſpired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to

purſue his footſteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet and his friend the lawyer, could not help conceiving an affection, and even a profound eſteem for the exalted virtue, the perſon, and accompliſhments of the knight, daſhed as they were with a mixture of extravagance and inſanity. Even Sir Launcelot himſelf was elevated to an extraordinary degree of ſelf-complacency on the fortunate iſſue of his adventure, and became more and more perſuaded that a knight-errant's profeſſion might be exerciſed, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only perſon of the company who ſeemed unanimated with the general ſatisfaction was Mr. Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reaſon, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madneſs were ſynonimous terms; and that madneſs, though exhibited in the moſt advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but muſt continue a perverſion of ſenſe to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impreſſion which the brain of his uncle had ſuſtained, from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had ſo lately operated; and began to fear it would be in a little time quite neceſſary to have recourſe to a commiſſion of lunacy, which might not only diſgrace the family of the Crowes, but alſo tend to invalidate the ſettlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with theſe cogitations, Mr. Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad conſequences that would attend his uncle's perſeverance in the execution of a ſcheme ſo foreign to his faculties; and entreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpoſe, either by arguments or authority; as, of all mankind, the knight alone had gained ſuch an aſcendency over his ſpirits, that he would liſten to his exhortations with reſpect and ſubmiſſion.

Our adventurer was not ſo mad, but that he ſaw and owned the rationality of theſe remarks. He readily undertook to employ all his influence with Crowe to diſſuade him from his extravagant deſign; and ſeized the firſt opportunity of being alone with the captain, to ſig-

nify his ſentiments on this ſubject. "Captain Crowe (ſaid he), you are then determined to proceed in the courſe of knight-errantry?" "I am (replied the ſeaman), with God's help, d'ye ſee, and the aſſiſtance of wind and weather—" "What, do'ſt thou talk of wind and weather! (cried the knight, in an elevated tone of affected tranſport) without the help of Heaven, indeed, we are all vanity, imbecility, weakneſs, and wretchedneſs; but if thou art reſolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee ſo much as whiſper a doubt, a wiſh, a hope, or ſentiment, with reſpect to any other obſtacle, which wind or weather, fire or water, ſword or famine, danger or diſappointment, may throw in the way of thy career.—When the duty of thy profeſſion calls, thou muſt ſingly ruſh upon innumerable hoſts of armed men: Thou muſt ſtorm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and deſtruction, while, every ſtep thou moveſt, thou art expoſed to the horrible exploſion of ſubterranean mines, which, being ſprung, will whirl thee aloft in air, a mangled corſe, to feed the fowls of heaven: Thou muſt leap into the abyſs of diſmal caves and caverns, replete with poiſonous toads and hiſſing ſerpents: Thou muſt plunge into ſeas of burning ſulphur: Thou muſt launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountains high, when the lightning flaſhes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempeſt blows, as if it would commix the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus involved, thou muſt turn thy prow full againſt the fury of the ſtorm, and ſtem the boiſterous ſurge to thy deſtined port, though at the diſtance of a thouſand leagues—Thou muſt—"

"Avaſt, avaſt, brother (exclaimed the impatient Crowe), you've got into the high latitudes, d'ye ſee:—If ſo be as you ſpank it away at that rate, adad, I can't continue in tow—we muſt caſt off the rope, or 'ware timbers.—As for your 'oſts and breeches, and hurling aloft, d'ye ſee, your caves and caverns, whiſtling tuods and ſerpents, burning brimſtone and foaming billows, we muſt take our hap; I value 'em not a rotten ratline;

But, as for ſailing in the wind's eye, brother, you muſt give me leave—no offence, I hope—I pretend to be a thorough-bred ſeaman, d'ye ſee—and I'll be damned if you, or e'er an arrant that broke biſcuit ever ſailed in a three-maſt veſſel with five points of the wind, allowing for variation and lee-way.—No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon travellers—I a'n't now to learn my compaſs." "Tricks! (cried the knight, ſtarting up, and laying his hand on the pummel of his ſword) what! ſuſpect my honour!"

Crowe, ſuppoſing him to be really incenſed, interrupted him with great earneſtneſs, ſaying, "Nay, don't—what apize!—adds-buntlines!—I did'n't go to give you the lie, brother, ſmite my limbs: I only ſaid as how to ſail in the wind's eye was impoſſible." "And I ſay unto thee (reſumed the knight), nothing is impoſſible to a true knight-errant, inſpired and animated by love." "And I ſay unto thee (hollowed Crowe), if ſo be as how love pretends to turn his hawſe-holes to the wind, he's no ſeaman, d'ye ſee, but a ſnooty-noſed lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capſtan—a-don't."

"He that does not believe that love is an infallible pilot muſt not embark upon the voyage of chivalry; for, next to the protection of Heaven, it is from love that the knight derives all his proweſs and glory. The bare name of his miſtreſs invigorates his arm: The remembrance of her beauty infuſes into his breaſt the moſt heroic ſentiments of courage; while the idea of her chaſtity hedges him round like a charm, and renders him invulnerable to the ſword of his antagoniſt. A knight without a miſtreſs is a mere non-entity, or at leaſt a monſter in nature, a pilot without compaſs, a ſhip without rudder, and muſt be driven to and fro upon the waves of diſcomfiture and diſgrace."

"An that be all (replied the ſailor), I told you before as how I've got a ſweetheart, as true a hearted girl as ever ſwung in canvas.—What tho'f ſhe may have ſtarted a hoop in rolling—that ſignifies nothing—I'll warrant her tight as a nut-ſhell."

"She muſt, in your opinion, be a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as you have given up the laſt,

you muſt uphold her charms unequalled, and her perſon without a parallel."—" I do, I do uphold ſhe will ſail upon a parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was rigged to the northward of fifty."

" At that rate, ſhe muſt rival the attractions of her whom I adore; but that, I ſay, is impoſſible: The perfections of my Aurelia are altogether ſupernatural; and as two ſuns cannot ſhine together in the ſame ſphere with equal ſplendour, ſo I affirm, and will prove with my body, that your miſtreſs, in compariſon with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian ſun, a ruſh-light to the full moon, or a ſtale mackarel's eye to a pearl of orient."—" Harke, brother, you might give good words, however: An we once fall a jawing, d'ye ſee, I can heave out as much bilge water as another; and ſince you beſmear my ſweetheart Beſſelia, I can as well bedaub your miſtreſs Aurelia, whom I value no more than old junk, pork-ſluſh, or ſtinking ſtock-fiſh."

" Enough, enough—ſuch blaſphemy ſhall not paſs unchaſtiſed. In conſideration of our having fed from the ſame table, and maintained together a friendly, though ſhort intercourſe, I will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the firſt great town where you can be furniſhed with horſe and harneſſing, with arms offenſive and defenſive; provide a truſty 'ſquire, aſſume a motto and device—declare yourſelf a ſon of chivalry; and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I ſhall fetch a compaſs; and whereſoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat, that ſhall decide and determine this diſpute."

So ſaying, our adventurer ſtalked with great ſolemnity into another apartment; while Crowe, being ſufficiently irritated, ſnapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honeſt Crowe thought himſelf ſcurvily uſed by a man whom he had cultivated with ſuch humility and veneration; and, after an incoherent ejaculation of ſea oaths, went in queſt of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky tranſaction.

In the mean time, Sir Launcelot, having ordered ſupper, retired into his own chamber, and gave a looſe to

the moſt tender emotions of his heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the courſe of his correſpondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered, with horror, the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment, ſo unſuitable to the whole tenor of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr. Clarke, with equal eagerneſs and aſtoniſhment; and was ſeized with the moſt ardent deſire of unravelling a myſtery ſo intereſting to the predominant paſſion of his heart.—All theſe mingled conſiderations produced a kind of ferment in the economy of his mind, which ſubſided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his 'ſquire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his noſe, and ſtood before him without ſpeaking. When the knight aſked whoſe livery was that he wore, he replied, "'Tis your honour's own livery:—I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the ſcore." Then he proceeded to inform his maſter, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, inſiſted upon having for their ſupper the victuals which Sir Launcelot had beſpoke; and that he, the 'ſquire, objecting to the propoſal, one of them had ſeized the poker, and baſted him with his own blood; that, when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his maſter, they curſed and abuſed him, calling him Sancho Panza, and ſuch dogs names; and bade him tell his maſter Don Quickſot, that, if he made any noiſe, they would confine him to his cage, and lie with his miſtreſs Dulcinia. "To be ſure, Sir (ſaid he), they thought you as great a nincompoop as your 'ſquire—trim-tram, like maſter, like man;—but I hope as how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver."

"Miſcreant! (cried the knight) you have provoked the gentlemen with your impertinence, and they have chaſtiſed you as you deſerve. I tell thee, Crabſhaw, they have ſaved me the trouble of puniſhing thee with

my own hands; and well it is for thee, ſinner as thou art, that they themſelves have performed the office; for, had they complained to me of thy inſolence and ruſticity, by Heaven! I would have made thee an example to all the impudent 'ſquires upon the face of the earth. Hence, then, avaunt, caitiff.—Let his majeſty's officers, who perhaps are fatigued with hard duty in the ſervice of their country, comfort themſelves with the ſupper which was intended for me, and leave me undiſturbed to my own meditations."

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himſelf, that thenceforward he ſhould let every cuckold wear his own horns; but he could not help entertaining ſome doubts with reſpect to the courage of his maſter, who, he ſuppoſed, was one of thoſe Hectors who have their fighting days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a ſlight repaſt, retired to his repoſe, and had for ſome time enjoyed a very agreeable ſlumber, when he was ſtartled by a knocking at his chamber door. "I beg your honour's pardon (ſaid the landlady), but there are two uncivil perſons in the kitchen, who have well nigh turned my whole houſe topſy-turvy. Not contented with laying violent hands on your honour's ſupper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are juſt arrived, and have called for a poſt-chaiſe to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber door to get out; and the young lawyer is like to be murdered, for taking the ladies part."

Sir Launcelot, though he refuſed to take notice of the inſult which had been offered to himſelf, no ſooner heard of the diſtreſs of the ladies, than he ſtarted up, huddled on his clothes, and, girding his ſword to his loins, advanced with a deliberate pace to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young men dreſſed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great inſolence and contempt. Tom was endeavouring to perſuade them, that, in the conſtitution of England, the military was always ſub-

ſervient to the civil power; and that their behaviour to a couple of helpleſs young women was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expreſsly contrary to the law, inaſmuch as they might be ſued for an aſſault on an action of damages.

To this remonſtrance the two heroes in red replied by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in ſome pain for his ears.

While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honeſt Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other anſwer than a loud ſhriek. Our adventurer advancing to this uncivil champion, accoſted him thus, in a grave and ſolemn tone: "Aſſuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own ſenſes, that perſons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majeſty's honourable commiſſion in the army, could behave ſo wide of the decorum due to ſociety, of a proper reſpect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair ſex, which ought to prevail in the breaſt of every gentleman, and which in particular dignifies the character of a ſoldier. To whom ſhall that weaker, though more amiable part of the creation, fly for protection, if they are inſulted and outraged by thoſe whoſe more immediate duty it is to afford them ſecurity and defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a public inn, which may be deemed a temple ſacred to hoſpitality; to diſturb the quiet of your fellow-gueſts, ſome of them perhaps exhauſted by fatigue, ſome of them invaded by diſtemper; to interrupt the king's lieges in their courſe of journeying upon their lawful occaſions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity, could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpleſs young ladies, travelling, no doubt, upon ſome cruel emergency, which compels them, unattended, to encounter in the night the dangers of the highway?"

"Heark ye, Don Bethlem (ſaid the captain, ſtrutting up, and cocking his hat in the face of our adven-

turer), you may be as mad as e'er a ſtraw-crowned monarch in Moorfields, for aught I care; but damme! don't you be ſaucy, otherwiſe I ſhall dub your worſhip with a good ſtick acroſs your ſhoulders." "How! petulant boy (cried the knight), ſince you are ſo ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a leſſon that you ſhall not eaſily forget." So ſaying, he unſheathed his ſword, and called upon the ſoldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have ſeen the phyſiognomy of a ſtockholder at Jonathan's when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bard when accoſted by a bailiff, or the countenance of an alderman when his banker ſtops payment; if he has ſeen either of theſe phenomena, he may conceive the appearance that was now exhibited by the viſage of the ferocious captain, when the naked ſword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes; far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconſcionable length, he ſtood motionleſs as a ſtatue, ſtaring with the moſt ghaſtly look of terror and aſtoniſhment. His companion, who partook of his panic, ſeeing matters brought to a very ſerious criſis, interpoſed with a creſt-fallen countenance, aſſuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they had done was entirely for the ſake of the frolic.

"By ſuch frolics (cried the knight), you become nuiſances to ſociety, bring yourſelves into contempt, and diſgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the obſervation, that cruelty always reſides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compaſſion; and as you are probably of good families, I muſt inſiſt upon this young man's drawing his ſword, and acquitting himſelf in ſuch a manner as may ſcreen him from the moſt infamous cenſure which an officer can undergo." "Lack-a-day, Sir (ſaid the other), we are no officers, but 'prentices to two London haberdaſhers, travellers for orders: Captain is a good travelling name, and we have dreſſed ourſelves like officers to procure more reſpect upon the road."

The knight ſaid he was very glad, for the honour of the ſervice, to find they were impoſtors, though they deſerved to be chaſtiſed for arrogating to themſelves an

honourable character, which they had not ſpirit to ſuſtain.

Theſe words were ſcarce pronounced, when Mr. Clarke approaching one of the bravadoes, who had threatened to crop his ears, beſtowed ſuch a benediction on his jaw, as he could not receive without immediate humiliation; while Timothy Crabſhaw, ſmarting from his broken head and his want of ſupper, ſaluted the other with a Yorkſhire hug, that laid him acroſs the body of his companion. In a word, the two pſeudo-officers were very roughly handled for their preſumption in pretending to act characters for which they were ſo ill qualified.

While Clarke and Crabſhaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies paſſed through the kitchen ſo ſuddenly, that the knight had only a tranſient glimpſe of their backs, and they diſappeared before he could poſſibly make a tender of his ſervices. The truth is, they dreaded nothing ſo much as their being diſcovered, and took the firſt opportunity of gliding into the chaiſe, which had been for ſome time waiting in the paſſage.

Mr. Clarke was much more diſconcerted than our adventurer by their ſudden eſcape. He ran with great eagerneſs to the door, and, perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, ſaying, "Lord bleſs my ſoul, Sir, didn't you ſee who it was?" "Hah! how! (exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm) who was it?" "One of them (replied the lawyer) was Dolly, our old landlady's daughter at the Black Lion.—I knew her when firſt ſhe lighted, notwithſtanding her being neatly dreſſed in a green joſeph, which, I'll aſſure you, Sir, becomes her remarkably well.—I'd never deſire to ſee a prettier creature. As for the other, ſhe's a very genteel woman, but whether old or young, ugly or handſome, I can't pretend to ſay, for ſhe was maſked. I had juſt time to ſalute Dolly, and aſk a few queſtions; but all ſhe could tell me was, that the maſked lady's name was Miſs Meadows; and that ſhe, Dolly, was hired as her waiting-woman."

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whoſe ſpirits had been in violent commo-

tion, became ſuddenly calm and ſerene, and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had paſſed between him and Captain Crowe, when the hoſteſs, addreſſing herſelf to our errant, "Well (ſaid ſhe), I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the firſt faſhion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handſome; but ſuch a miracle as Miſs Meadows I never yet did ſee.—Lord, let me never thrive but I think ſhe is of ſomething more than a human creature!—O! had your honour but ſet eyes on her, you would have ſaid it was a viſion from heaven, a cherubim of beauty:—For my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream—then ſo meek, ſo mild, ſo good-natured and generous! I ſay, bleſſed is the young woman who tends upon ſuch a heavenly creature:—And, poor dear young lady! ſhe ſeems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears ſtole down her lovely cheeks, and looked for all the world like orient pearl."

Sir Launcelot liſtened attentively to the deſcription, which reminded him of his dear Aurelia, and ſighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAPTER XIV.

Which ſhows,
That a man cannot always ſip,
When the cup is at his lip.

THOSE who have felt the doubts, the jealouſies, the reſentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the deſpair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite diſquiets of love, will be able to conceive the ſea of agitation on which our adventurer was toſſed all night long, without repoſe or intermiſſion. Sometimes he reſolved to employ all his induſtry and addreſs in diſcovering the place in which Aurelia was ſequeſtered, that he might reſcue her from the ſuppoſed reſtraint to which ſhe had been ſubjected. But, when his heart beat high with the anticipation of

this exploit, he was ſuddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and ſigned by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and firſt unſettled his underſtanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were ſo ſtrong, that he leaped from the bed, and, the fire being ſtill burning in the chimney, lighted a candle that he might once more banquet his ſpleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miſs Darnley's mother, he kept in a ſmall box, carefully depoſited within his portmanteau. This being inſtantly unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in theſe words:

"SIR, obliged as I am by the paſſion you profeſs, and the eagerneſs with which you endeavour to give me the moſt convincing proof of your regard, I feel ſome reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumſtance, which, in all probability, you will not learn without ſome diſquiet. But the affair is become ſo intereſting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your propoſals may have been to thoſe whom I thought it my duty to pleaſe by every reaſonable conceſſion, and howſoever you may have been flattered by the ſeeming complacency with which I have heard your addreſſes, I now find it abſolutely neceſſary to ſpeak in a deciſive ſtrain, to aſſure you, that, without ſacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correſpondence; and that your regard for me will be beſt ſhown by your deſiſting from a purſuit, which is altogether inconſiſtent with the happineſs of

"AURELIA DARNEL."

Having pronounced aloud the words that compoſed this diſmiſſion, he haſtily replaced the cruel ſcroll, and, being too well acquainted with the hand to harbour the leaſt doubt of its being genuine, threw himſelf into his bed in a tranſport of deſpair, mingled with reſentment; during the predominancy of which he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to

forget the unkindneſs of his miſtreſs amidſt the avocations of knight-errantry.

Such was the reſolution that governed his thoughts, when he roſe in the morning, ordered Crabſhaw to ſaddle Bronzomarte, and demanded a bill of his expence. Before theſe orders could be executed, the good woman of the houſe entering his apartment, told him, with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miſs Meadows, had dropped her pocket-book in the next chamber, where it was found by the hoſteſs, who now preſented it unopened.

Our knight having called in Mrs. Oakley and her ſon as witneſſes, unfolded the book without reading one ſyllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving at once that the loſs of this treaſure might be attended with the moſt embarraſſing conſequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a caſe which demanded the immediate interpoſition and aſſiſtance of chivalry, he declared that he himſelf would convey it ſafely into the hands of Miſs Meadows; and deſired to know the road ſhe had purſued, that he might ſet out in queſt of her without a moment's delay. It was not without ſome difficulty that this information was obtained from the poſt-boy, who had been enjoined to ſecrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handſome reward for his promiſed diſcretion. The ſame method was uſed to make him diſgorge his truſt; he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a poſt-chaiſe for diſpatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his 'ſquire to follow his tract with the horſes.

Yet, whatever haſte he made, it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the reader's ſatisfaction, that we ſhould outſtrip the chaiſe, and viſit the ladies before his arrival. We ſhall therefore, without circumlocution, premiſe, that Miſs Meadows was no other than that paragon of beauty and goodneſs, the all-accompliſhed Miſs Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekneſs of reſignation peculiar to herſelf, for ſome years, ſubmitted to every ſpecies of oppreſſion which her uncle's tyranny of diſpoſition could plan, and his unlimited power of guar-

dianſhip execute, till at length it roſe to ſuch a pitch of deſpotiſm as ſhe could not endure. He had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, Eſq. a young man who poſſeſſed a pretty conſiderable eſtate in the north country; who liked Aurelia's perſon, but was enamoured of her fortune, and had offered to purchaſe Anthony's intereſt and alliance with certain conceſſions, which could not but be agreeable to a man of looſe principles, who would have found it a difficult taſk to ſettle the accounts of his wardſhip.

According to the preſent eſtimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance as a future ſon-in-law to any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, ſtraight, and muſcular, with a fair, ſleek, unmeaning face, that promiſed more ſimplicity than ill-nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an eſtate of five thouſand a-year. Miſs Darnel, however, had penetration enough to diſcover and deſpiſe him, as a ſtrange compoſition of rapacity and profuſion, abſurdity and good ſenſe, baſhfulneſs and impudence, ſelf-conceit, and diffidence, awkwardneſs and oſtentation, inſolence and good-nature, raſhneſs and timidity. He was continually ſurrounded and preyed upon by certain vermin called led-captains and buffoons, who ſhowed him in leading-ſtrings like a ſucking giant, rifled his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and expoſed him in a thouſand ludicrous attitudes for the diverſion of the public; while at the time he knew their knavery, ſaw their drift, deteſted their morals, and deſpiſed their underſtanding. He was ſo infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather ſuffered himſelf to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a bridge alone; and involved himſelf in a thouſand difficulties, the natural conſequences of an error in the firſt concoction, which, though he plainly ſaw it, he had not reſolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of 'Squire Sycamore, who profeſſed himſelf the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miſs Aurelia Darnel. He had in this

purſuit perſevered with more conſtancy and fortitude than he ever exerted in any other inſtance. Being generally needy from extravagance, he was ſtimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully inſtigated by his followers, who hoped to ſhare the ſpoils of his ſucceſs. Theſe motives were reinforced by the inceſſant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel, who ſeeing his ward in the laſt year of her minority, thought there was no time to be loſt in ſecuring his own indemnification, and ſnatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animoſity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonſtrances, proof againſt ill-uſage, and reſolutely averſe to the propoſed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his conſtancy and moral character; and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and inſtances of his diſtraction, which he particularized with the moſt malicious exaggerations.

In ſpite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to ſurmount her objections to the purpoſed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Inſtead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he reſolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would inveſt him with the uncontrouled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in conſequence of which he hoped to obtain a commiſſion, to ſecure a jury to his wiſh, and be appointed ſole committee of her perſon, as well as ſteward on her eſtate, of which he would then be heir apparent.

As the firſt ſteps towards the execution of this honeſt ſcheme, he had ſubjected Aurelia to the ſuperintendency and direction of an old duenna, who had been formerly the procureſs o. his pleaſures; and hired a new ſet of ſervants, who were given to underſtand, at their firſt admiſſion, that the young lady was diſordered in her brain.

An impreſſion of this nature is eaſily preſerved among ſervants, when the maſter of the family thinks his intereſt is concerned in ſupporting the impoſture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the ve-

vacity of her reſentment under ill uſage, were, by the addreſs of Anthony, and the prepoſſeſſion of his domeſtics, perverted into the effects of inſanity; and the ſame interpretation was ſtrained upon her moſt indifferent words and actions.

The tidings of Miſs Darnel's diſorder were carefully circulated in whiſpers, and ſoon reached the ears of Mr. Sycamore, who was not at all pleaſed with the information. From his knowledge of Anthony's diſpoſition, he ſuſpected the truth of the report; and, unwilling to ſee ſuch a prize raviſhed as it were from his graſp, he, with the advice and aſſiſtance of his myrmidons, reſolved to ſet the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage; for he argued in this manner: "If ſhe is in fact *compos mentis*, her gratitude will operate in my behalf, and even prudence will adviſe her to embrace the proffered aſylum from the villany of her uncle. If ſhe is really diſordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into marriage, and then I become her truſtee of courſe."

The plan was well conceived, but Sycamore had not diſcretion enough to keep his own counſel. From weakneſs and vanity, he blabbed the deſign, which in a little time was communicated to Anthony Darnel, and he took his precautions accordingly. Being infirm in his own perſon, and conſequently unfit for oppoſing the violence of ſome deſperadoes, whom he knew to be the ſatellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the houſe of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had impoſed upon with the fiction of her being diſordered in her underſtanding, and amuſed with a ſtory of a dangerous deſign upon her perſon. Thus cautioned and inſtructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and ſervants to receive Aurelia and her governante at a third houſe, to which ſhe had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation; and in this journey it was that ſhe had been ſo accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interpoſition and proweſs of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, ſhe recognized his features as he paſſed the coach, and, ſtruck

with the apparition, ſhrieked aloud. She had been aſſured by her guardian that his deſign was to convey her to her own houſe; but perceiving in the ſequel that the carriage ſtruck off upon a different road, and finding herſelf in the hands of ſtrangers, ſhe began to dread a much more diſagreeable fate, and conceived doubts and ideas that filled her tender heart with horror and affliction. When ſhe expoſtulated with the duenna, ſhe was treated like a changeling, admoniſhed to be quiet, and reminded that ſhe was under the direction of thoſe who would manage her with a tender regard to her own welfare, and the honour of her family. When ſhe addreſſed herſelf to the old gentleman, who was not much ſubject to the emotions of humanity, and beſides firmly perſuaded that ſhe was deprived of her reaſon, he made no anſwer, but laid his finger on his mouth by way of enjoining ſilence.

This myſterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor hapleſs young lady; and her terrors waxed ſo ſtrong, that when ſhe ſaw Tom Clarke, whoſe face ſhe knew, ſhe called aloud for aſſiſtance, and even pronounced the name of his patron Sir Launcelot Greaves, which ſhe imagined might ſtimulate him the more to attempt ſomething for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miſcarried. Miſs Darnel's new keeper having in the courſe of his journey halted for refreſhment at the Black Lion, of which being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were entirely devoted to his will and pleaſure; Aurelia found an opportunity of ſpeaking in private to Dolly, who had a very prepoſſeſſing appearance. She conveyed a purſe of money into the hands of this young woman, telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that ſhe was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as ſhe apprehended, of aſſaſſination. This hint, which ſhe communicated in a whiſper while the governante ſtood at the other end of the room, was ſufficient to intereſt the compaſſionate Dolly in her behalf. As ſoon as the coach departed, ſhe made her mother acquainted with the tranſaction; and as they naturally

concluded that the young lady expected their aſſiſtance, they reſolved to approve themſelves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having enliſted in their deſign a truſty countryman, one of her own profeſſed admirers, they ſet out together for the houſe of the gentleman in which the fair priſoner was confined, and waited for her in ſecret at the end of a pleaſant park, in which they naturally concluded ſhe might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event juſtified their conception; on the very firſt day of their watch they ſaw her approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horſes to a ſtake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horſes, one of which ſhe mounted in the utmoſt hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord prepared for the purpoſe, gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then he mounted before Dolly, and through unfrequented paths conducted his charge to an inn on the poſt-road, where a chaiſe was ready for their reception.

As he refuſed to proceed farther, leſt his abſence from his own home ſhould create ſuſpicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally, but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who indeed had no inclination to be diſcharged; ſuch an affection and attachment had ſhe already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though ſhe knew neither her ſtory nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and aſſumed the fictitious appellation of Meadows, until ſhe ſhould be better acquainted with the diſpoſition and diſcretion of her new attendant.

The firſt reſolution ſhe could take, in the preſent flutter of her ſpirits, was to make the beſt of her way to London, where ſhe thought ſhe might find an aſylum in the houſe of a female relation, married to an eminent phyſician, known by the name of Kawdle. In the execution of this haſty reſolve, ſhe travelled at a violent rate, from ſtage to ſtage, in a carriage drawn by four horſes, without halting for neceſſary refreſhment or re-

poſe, until ſhe judged herſelf out of danger of being overtaken. As ſhe appeared overwhelmed with grief and conſternation, the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her diſtreſs with diverting diſcourſe, and, among other leſs intereſting ſtories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe, which ſhe had ſeen and heard recited while they remained at the Black Lion; nor did ſhe fail to introduce Mr. Thomas Clarke in her narrative, with ſuch a favourable repreſentation of his perſon and character, as plainly diſcovered that her own heart had received a rude ſhock from the irreſiſtible force of his qualifications.

The hiſtory of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, diſtracted as her ideas muſt have been by the circumſtances of her preſent ſituation. The particulars of his conduct ſince the correſpondence between him and her had ceaſed, ſhe heard with equal concern and aſtoniſhment; for, how far ſoever ſhe deemed herſelf detached from all poſſibility of future connection with that young gentleman, ſhe was not made of ſuch indifferent ſtuff as to learn without emotion the calamitous diſorder of an accompliſhed youth, whoſe extraordinary virtues ſhe could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the poſt-road, taken precautions to conceal their route, and made ſuch progreſs, that they were now within one days journey of London, the careful and affectionate Dolly, ſeeing her dear lady quite exhauſted with fatigue, uſed all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears that flowed from the heart, in perſuading Aurelia to enjoy ſome repoſe; and ſo far ſhe ſucceeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This receſs from incredible fatigue was a pauſe that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vaſt labyrinth, in which Aurelia might have been for ever loſt to his inquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which ſucceeded his departure from the White Hart, that Sir Launcelot arrived at the inn, where Miſs Aurelia Darnel had beſpoke a diſh of tea, and a poſt-chaiſe for the next ſtage. He had by inquiry traced her a conſiderable way, with-

out ever dreaming who the perſon really was whom he thus purſued, and now he deſired to ſpeak with her attendant. Dolly was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whoſe character ſhe had conceived a very ſublime idea from the narrative of Mr. Thomas Clarke; but ſhe was ſtill more ſurpriſed when he gave her to underſtand that he had charged himſelf with the pocket-book, containing the bank notes which Miſs Meadows had dropped in the houſe where they had been threatened with inſult. Miſs Darnel had not yet diſcovered her diſaſter, when her attendant, running into the apartment, preſented the prize which ſhe had received from our adventurer, with his compliments to Miſs Meadows, implying a requeſt to be admitted into her preſence, that he might make a perſonal tender of his beſt ſervices.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the amiable Aurelia heard unmoved ſuch a meſſage from a perſon, whom her maid diſcovered to be the identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whoſe ſtory ſhe had ſo lately related: But as the enſuing ſcene requires freſh attention in the reader, we ſhall defer it till another opportunity, when his ſpirits ſhall be recruited from the fatigue of this chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

Exhibiting an interview, which, it is to be hoped, will intereſt the curioſity of the reader.

The mind of the delicate Aurelia was ſtrangely agitated by the intelligence which ſhe received, with her pocket-book, from Dolly. Confounded as ſhe was by the nature of her ſituation, ſhe at once perceived that ſhe could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuſe complying with the requeſt of Sir Launcelot; but, in the firſt hurry of her emotion, ſhe directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that ſhe might be excuſed for wearing a maſk at the interview which he deſired, as ſhe had particular reaſons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that diſguiſe. Our adventurer ſubmitted

to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunction of his order, and the duties of humanity; and he was admitted without further preamble.

When he entered the room, he could not help being ſtruck with the preſence of Aurelia. Her ſtature was improved ſince he had ſeen her; her ſhape was exquiſitely formed; and ſhe received him with an air of dignity, which impreſſed him with a very ſublime idea of her perſon and character. She was no leſs affected at the ſight of our adventurer, who, though caſed in armour, appeared with his head uncovered, and the exerciſe of travelling had thrown ſuch a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expreſſive, that we will venture to ſay, there was not in all England a couple that excelled this amiable pair in perſonal beauty and accompliſhments. Aurelia ſhone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddeſs; and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine poet Arioſto ſays of the prince Zerbino:

Natura il fece e poi ruppe la ſtampa.

"When Nature ſtamp'd him, ſhe the die deſtroy'd."

Our adventurer having made his obeiſance to this ſuppoſed Miſs Meadows, told her, with an air of pleaſantry, that although he thought himſelf highly honoured in being admitted to her preſence, and allowed to pay his reſpects to her, as ſuperior beings are adored, unſeen; yet his pleaſure would receive a very conſiderable addition, if ſhe would be pleaſed to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpſe of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her maſk, ſaying with a faltering accent, "I cannot be ſo ungrateful as to deny ſuch a ſmall favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the moſt important obligations."

The unexpected apparition of Miſs Aurelia Darnel, beaming with all the emanations of ripened beauty, bluſhing with all the graces of the moſt lovely confuſion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled tranſport of aſtoniſhment, admiration,

affection, and awe. The colour vaniſhed from his cheeks, and he ſtood gazing upon her, in ſilence, with the moſt emphatic expreſſion of countenance.

Aurelia was infected by his diſorder: She began to tremble, and the roſes fluctuated on her face. "I cannot forget (ſaid ſhe) that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and that he at the ſame time reſcued from the moſt dreadful death a dear and venerable parent." "Would to Heaven ſhe ſtill ſurvived! (cried our adventurer, with great emotion). She was the friend of my youth, the kind patroneſs of my felicity! my guardian angel forſook me when ſhe expired! her laſt injunctions are deep engraven on my heart!"

While he pronounced theſe words, ſhe lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes, and, after ſome pauſe, proceeded in a tremulous tone, "I hope, Sir—I hope you have —I ſhould be ſorry—Pardon me, Sir, I cannot reflect upon ſuch an intereſting ſubject unmoved—" Here ſhe fetched a deep ſigh, that was accompanied by a flood of tears; while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmoſt eagerneſs of attention.

Having recollected herſelf a little, ſhe endeavoured to ſhift the converſation: "You have been abroad ſince I had the pleaſure to ſee you—I hope you were agreeably amuſed in your travels." "No, Madam (ſaid our hero, drooping his head), I have been unfortunate." When ſhe, with the utmoſt enchanting ſweetneſs of benevolence, expreſſed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not paſt remedy; he lifted up his eyes, and fixing them upon her again, with a look of tender dejection, "Cut off (ſaid he) from the poſſeſſion of what my ſoul held moſt dear, I wiſhed for death, and was viſited by diſtraction. —I have been abandoned by my reaſon—my youth is for ever blaſted."—

The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more—her knees began to totter; the luſtre vaniſhed from her eyes, and ſhe fainted in the arms of her attendant. Sir Launcelot, arouſed by this circumſtance, aſſiſted Dolly in ſeating her miſtreſs on a couch, where ſhe ſoon recovered,

and ſaw the knight on his knees before her. "I am ſtill happy (ſaid he) in being able to move your compaſſion, though I have been held unworthy of your eſteem." "Do me juſtice (ſhe replied); my beſt eſteem has been always inſeparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves"—"Is it poſſible? (cried our hero) then ſurely I have no reaſon to complain. If I have moved your compaſſion, and poſſeſs your eſteem, I am but one degree ſhort of ſupreme happineſs—that, however, is a gigantic ſtep.—O Miſs Darnel! when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment"—So ſaying, he gently touched her hand, in order to preſs it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the very individual ring which he had preſented in her mother's preſence, as an interchanged teſtimony of plighted faith. Starting at the well-known object, the ſight of which conjured up a ſtrange confuſion of ideas, "This (ſaid he) was once the pledge of ſomething ſtill more cordial than eſteem." Aurelia, bluſhing at this remark, while her eyes lightened with unuſual vivacity, replied, in a ſeverer tone, "Sir, you beſt know how it loſt its original ſignification."—"By Heaven! I do not, Madam (exclaimed our adventurer). With me it was ever held a ſacred idea throned within my heart, cheriſhed with ſuch fervency of regard, with ſuch reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreaſonably pays to thoſe ſainted reliques that conſtitute the object of his adoration—" "And, like thoſe reliques (anſwered Miſs Darnel), I have been inſenſible of my votary's devotion. A ſaint I muſt have been, or ſomething more, to know the ſentiments of your heart by inſpiration."—"Did I forbear (ſaid he) to expreſs, to repeat, to enforce the dictates of the pureſt paſſion that ever warmed the human breaſt, until I was denied acceſs, and formally diſcarded by that cruel diſmiſſion"—"I muſt beg your pardon, Sir (cried Aurelia, interrupting him haſtily), I know not what you mean."—"That fatal ſentence (ſaid he), if not pronounced by your own lips, at leaſt written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile for ever from the paradiſe of your affection."—"I would not (ſhe replied) do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to ſuppoſe

him capable of impoſition; but you talk of things to which I am an utter ſtranger. I have a right, Sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me your breaking off a connection, which—I would—rather wiſh—had never"—" Heaven and earth! what do I hear? (cried our impatient knight) have I not the baleful letter to produce? What elſe but Miſs Darnel's explicit and expreſs declaration could have deſtroyed the ſweeteſt hope that ever cheered my ſoul; could have obliged me to reſign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wiſhed to live; could have filled my boſom with unutterable ſorrow and deſpair; could have even diveſted me of reaſon, and driven me from the ſociety of men, a poor forlorn, wandering lunatic, ſuch as you ſee me now proſtrate at your feet; all the bloſſoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?"

Aurelia looking wiſtfully at her lover, " Sir (ſaid ſhe), you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety! you are impoſed upon, if you have received any ſuch letter: You are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Darnel could be ſo inſenſible, ungrateful, and—inconſtant."

This laſt word ſhe pronounced with ſome heſitation, and a downcaſt look, while her face underwent a total ſuffuſion, and the knight's heart began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion. He eagerly imprinted a kiſs upon her hand, exclaiming, in interrupted phraſe, " Can it be poſſible!—Heaven grant—Sure this is no illuſion!—O, Madam!—ſhall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is burſting with a thouſand fond thoughts and preſages. You ſhall ſee that dire paper which hath been the ſource of all my woes—it is the conſtant companion of my travels—laſt night I nouriſhed my chagrin with the peruſal of its horrid contents."

Aurelia expreſſed great impatience to view the cruel forgery, for ſuch ſhe aſſured him it muſt be: But he could not gratify her deſire, till the arrival of his ſervant with the portmanteau. In the mean time, tea was called. The lovers were ſeated: He looked and languiſhed; ſhe bluſhed and faltered: All was doubt and delirium, fondneſs and flutter. Their mutual diſorder communicated itſelf to the kind-hearted ſympathizing

Dolly, who had been witneſs to the interview, and deeply affected with the diſcloſure of the ſcene. Unſpeakable was her ſurpriſe, when ſhe found her miſtreſs, Miſs Meadows, was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whoſe eulogium ſhe had heard ſo eloquently pronounced by her ſweetheart, Mr. Thomas Clarke; a diſcovery which ſtill more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully at the progreſs of their mutual explanation, and was now ſo diſconcerted, that ſhe ſcarce knew the meaning of the orders ſhe had received: She ſet the kettle on the table, and placed the tea-board on the fire. Her confuſion, by attracting the notice of her miſtreſs, helped to relieve her from her own embarraſſing ſituation. She, with her own delicate hands, rectified the miſtake of Dolly; who ſtill continued to ſob, and ſaid, "Yaw may think, my Leady Darnel, as haw I'aive yeaten hool-cheeſe; but it y'an't ſoa. I'ſe think, vor mai peart, as how I'aive bean bewitched."

Sir Launcelot could not help ſmiling at the ſimplicity of Dolly, whoſe goodneſs of heart and attachment Aurelia did not fail to extol, as ſoon as her back was turned. It was in conſequence of this commendation, that, the next time ſhe entered the room, our adventurer, for the firſt time, conſidered her face, and ſeemed to be ſtruck with her features. He aſked her ſome queſtions, which ſhe could not anſwer to his ſatisfaction; applauded her regard for her lady, and aſſured her of his friendſhip and protection. He now begged to know the cauſe that obliged his Aurelia to travel at ſuch a rate, and in ſuch an equipage; and ſhe informed him of thoſe particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

Sir Launcelot glowed with reſentment, when he underſtood how his dear Aurelia had been oppreſſed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether lip, rolled his eyes around, ſtarted from his ſeat, and ſtriding acroſs the room, "I remember (ſaid he) the dying words of her who now is a ſaint in heaven—"That violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's ſole guardian, will thwart her wiſhes with every

bſtacle that brutal reſentment and implacable malice an contrive."—What followed, it would ill become me repeat: But ſhe concluded with theſe words—"The ſt we muſt leave to the diſpenſations of Providence." -Was it not Providence that ſent me hither, to guard d protect the injured Aurelia?" Then turning to Miſs Darnel, whoſe eyes ſtreamed with tears, he added, Yes, divine creature! Heaven, careful of your ſafety, d in compaſſion to my ſufferings, hath guided me hi-er, in this myſterious manner, that I might defend om from violence, and enjoy this tranſition from mad-ſs to deliberation, from deſpair to felicity."

So ſaying, he approached this amiable mourner, this agrant flower of beauty, glittering with the dew-drops f the morning; this ſweeteſt, and gentleſt, loveliеſt or-ament of human nature: He gazed upon her with looks f love ineffable; he ſat down by her; he preſſed her ft hand in his; he began to fear that all he ſaw was he flattering viſion of a diſtempered brain; he looked nd ſighed, and, turning up his eyes to heaven, breath-d, in broken murmurs, the chaſte raptures of his ſoul. The tenderneſs of this communication was too painful to be long endured. Aurelia induſtriouſly interpoſed other ſubjects of diſcourſe, that his attention might not be dangerouſly overcharged, and the afternoon paſſed inſenſibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind, never more to quit this idol of his ſoul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happineſs was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror; and a ſervant, coming in, ſaid he believed ſome rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. The ſuppoſition of ſuch diſtreſs operated like gunpow-der on the diſpoſition of our adventurer, who, without conſidering the ſituation of Aurelia, and indeed without ſeeing, or being capable to think on her, or any other ſubject, for the time being, ran directly to the ſtable, and mounting the firſt horſe which he found ſaddled, iſ-ſued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his ſword. He rode full ſpeed to the ſpot whence the cries ſeemed to proceed; but they ſounded more remote

as he advanced. Nevertheleſs, he followed them to a conſiderable diſtance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges; and at laſt came ſo near, that he could plainly diſtinguiſh the voice of his own 'ſquire, Timothy Crabſhaw, bellowing for mercy, with hideous vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition, he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horſe plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend; but he found it impracticable to diſengage him. It was with ſome difficulty, that he himſelf clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmoſt impatience of anxiety; ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate 'ſquire, and between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left among ſtrangers, unguarded, and alarmed. In the midſt of this emotion, he bethought himſelf of hollowing aloud, that, in caſe he ſhould be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and aſſiſted. He accordingly practiſed this expedient, which was not altogether without effect; for he was immediately anſwered by an old friend, no other than his own ſteed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his maſter's voice, neighed ſtrenuouſly at a ſmall diſtance. The knight, being well acquainted with the ſound, heard it with aſtoniſhment, and, advancing in the right direction, found his noble charger faſtened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him; then, laying the reins upon his neck, allowed him to chooſe his own path, in which he began to travel with equal ſteadineſs and expedition. They had not proceeded far, when the knight's ears were again ſaluted by the cries of Crabſhaw; which Bronzomarte no ſooner heard, than he pricked up his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been ſenſible of the 'ſquire's diſtreſs, and haſtened to his relief. Sir Launcelot, notwithſtanding his own diſquiet, could not help obſerving and admiring this generous ſenſibility of his horſe: He began to think himſelf ſome hero of romance, mounted upon a winged ſteed, inſpired with reaſon, directed by ſome humane enchanter, who pitied virtue in diſtreſs. All circumſtances conſidered, it is no wonder

that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced ſome ſuch delirium. All night he continued the chaſe; the voice, which was repeated at intervals, ſtill retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the eaſt, when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miſerable 'ſquire ſtretched upon the graſs, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the launce ſuſpended at the ſaddle-bow, and the portmanteau ſafely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight, riding up to Crabſhaw, with equal ſurpriſe and concern, aſked what had brought him there? and Timothy, after ſome pauſe, during which he ſurveyed his maſter with a rueful aſpect, anſwered, "The devil." "One would imagine, indeed, you had ſome ſuch conveyance (ſaid Sir Launcelot). I have followed your cries ſince laſt evening, I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, ſay, what damage have you ſuſtained, that you lie in that wretched poſture, and groan ſo diſmally?" "I can't gueſs (replied the 'ſquire), if it bean't that mai hoole carcaſe is drilled into oilet hools, and my fleſh pinched into a jelly."—"How! wherefore? (cried the knight)—who were the miſcreants that treated you in ſuch a barbarous manner? Do you know the ruffians?" "I know nothing at all (anſwered the peeviſh 'ſquire), but that I was tormented by vive hounded and vifty thouſand legions of devils, and there's an end oon't." "Well, you muſt have a little patience, Crabſhaw—there's a ſalve for every ſore."—"Yaw mought as well tell ma, for every zow there's a zirreverence." "For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your eaſe—Try if you can get up, and mount Gilbert, that you may be conveyed to ſome place where you can have proper aſſiſtance.—So—well done—cheerly!"

Timothy actually made an effort to riſe, but fell down again, and uttered a diſmal yell. Then his maſter exhorted him to take advantage of a park wall, by which he lay, and raiſe himſelf gradually upon it. Crabſhaw, eyeing him aſkaunce, ſaid, by way of re-

proach, for his not alighting and aſſiſting him in perſon, "Thatch your houſe with t—d, and you'll have more teachers than reachers."—Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made ſhift to ſtand upon his legs; and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert, though not without a world of ohs! and ahs! and other ejaculations of pain and impatience.

As they jogged on together, our adventurer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the diſaſter which had befallen the 'ſquire; but all the information he could obtain, amounted to a very imperfect ſketch of the adventure. By dint of a thouſand interrogations, he underſtood, that Crabſhaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three perſons on horſeback, with Venetian maſks on their faces, which he miſtook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly: That they not only preſented piſtols to his breaſt, and led his horſe out of the highway; but pricked him with goads, and pinched him, from time to time, till he ſcreamed with the torture: That he was led through unfrequented places acroſs the country, ſometimes at an eaſy trot, ſometimes at full gallop, and tormented all night by thoſe hideous demons, who vaniſhed at daybreak, and left him lying on the ſpot where he was found by his maſter.

This was a myſtery which our hero could by no means unriddle: It was the more unaccountable, as the 'ſquire had not been robbed of his money, horſes, and baggage. He was even diſpoſed to believe, that Crabſhaw's brain was diſordered, and the whole account he had given, no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the poſt-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were covered with blood, and all the reſt of his body ſpeckled with livid marks of contuſion. But he was ſtill more chagrined when the landlord informed him, that he was thirty miles diſtant from the place where he had left Aurelia, and that his way lay through croſs-roads, which were almoſt impaſſable at that ſeaſon of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions, that his 'ſquire

ould be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable amber, as he complained more and more; and, indeed, s ſeized with a fever, occaſioned by the fatigue, the in, and terror he had undergone. A neighbouring thecary being called, and giving it as his opinion, t he could not for ſome days be in a condition to tra-, his maſter depoſited a ſum of money in his hands, iring he might be properly attended till he ſhould ar further: Then mounting Bronzomarte, he ſet out th a guide for the place he had left, not without a ultitude fears and perplexities, ariſing from the reflec-n of having left the jewel of his heart with ſuch pre-itation.

CHAPTER XVI.

Which, it is to be hoped, the reader will find an agreeable medley of mirth and madneſs, ſenſe and abſurdity.

T was not without reaſon that our adventurer afflicted imſelf; his fears were but too prophetic. When he lighted at the inn, which he had left ſo abruptly the receding evening, he ran directly to the apartment here he had been ſo happy in Aurelia's company; but er he ſaw not—all was ſolitary. Turning to the wo-an of the houſe, who had followed him into the room, Where is the lady?" cried he, in a tone of impa-ience. Mine hoſteſs, ſcrewing up her features into a ery demure aſpect, ſaid ſhe ſaw ſo many ladies, ſhe ould not pretend to know who he meant. "I tell hee, woman (exclaimed the knight, in a louder accent), ou never ſaweſt ſuch another—I mean that miracle of eauty—" "Very like (replied the dame, as ſhe re-ired to the room door). Hubſband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty; hi, hi, hi. Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty? —O la! hi, hi, hi." Inſtead of anſwering this queſtion, the innkeeper advancing, and ſurveying Sir Launcelot,

"Friend (ſaid he), you are the perſon that carried off my horſe out of the ſtable." "Tell me not of a horſe —where is the young lady?" "Now I will tell you of the horſe, and I'll make you find him too before you and I part." "Wretched animal! how dar'ſt thou dally with my impatience?—Speak, or deſpair—What is become of Miſs Meadows? Say, did ſhe leave this place of her own accord, or was ſhe—hah!—ſpeak—anſwer, or, by the powers above—" "I'll anſwer you flat—ſhe you call Miſs Meadows is in very good hands—ſo you may make yourſelf eaſy on that ſcore—" "Sacred Heaven! explain your meaning, miſcreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the inſolent publicans of the realm." So ſaying, he ſeized him with one hand, and daſhing him on the floor, ſet one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that proſtrate attitude. The oſtler and waiter flying to the aſſiſtance of their maſter, our adventurer unſheathed his ſword, declaring he would diſmiſs their ſouls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the ſatisfaction he required.

The hoſteſs being by this time terrified almoſt out of her ſenſes, fell on her knees before him, begging he would ſpare their lives, and promiſing to declare the whole truth. He would not however remove his foot from the body of her huſband, until ſhe told him, that in leſs than half an hour after he had ſallied out upon the ſuppoſed robbers, two chaiſes arrived, each drawn by four horſes; that two men armed with piſtols alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady; and, notwithſtanding her ſtruggling and ſhrieking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himſelf her guardian; that the maid was left to the care of a third ſervant, to follow with a third chaiſe, which was got ready with all poſſible diſpatch, while the other two proceeded at full ſpeed on the road to London. It was by this communicative lacquey the people of the houſe were informed that the old gentleman his maſter was 'Squire Darnel,

the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy ſharper who wanted to make a prey of her fortune.

The knight, fired even almoſt to frenzy by this intimation, ſpurned the carcaſe of his hoſt; and, his eye gleaming terror, ruſhed into the yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte and purſue the raviſher, when he was diverted from his purpoſe by a new incident.

One of the poſtilions, who had driven the chaiſe in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that inſtant; when, ſeeing our hero, he ran up to him cap in hand, and, preſenting a letter, accoſted him in theſe words: "Pleaſe your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the Weſt Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman, that I promiſed to deliver into your honour's own hands."

The knight, ſnatching the letter with the utmoſt avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in theſe terms:

"HONOURED SIR,

"THE man az gi'en me leave to lat yaw knaw my dear leady is going to Loondon with her unkle Squaire Darnel.—Be not conzarned, honoured Sir, vor I'ſe take it on mai laiſe to let yaw knaw wheare we be zettled, if tobe I can vind where you loadge in Loondon.—The man zays yaw may put it in the pooblic prints.—I houp the bareheir will be honeſt enuff to deliver this ſcrowl; and that your honour will pardon

Your umbil ſervant to command

DOROTHY COWSLIP.

"P. S. Pleaſe my kaind ſarvice to laayer Clarke. Squire Darnel's man is very civil vor ſartain; but I'ave no thoughts on him I'll aſſure yaw.—Marry hap, worſe ware may have a better chap, as the zaying goes."

Nothing could be more ſeaſonable than the delivery of this billet, which he had no ſooner peruſed than his reflection returned, and he entered into a ſerious deliberation with his own heart. He conſidered that Aurelia

was by this time far beyond a poſſibility of being overtaken, and that by a precipitate purſuit he ſhould only expoſe his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his miſtreſs, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her ſentiments by means of this lacquey, of whom he perceived by the letter ſhe had already made a conqueſt. He therefore reſolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leiſurely to London, and, inſtead of taking any raſh ſtep which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain in ſeeming quiet until ſhe ſhould be ſettled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of Doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected in due time to receive the moſt intereſting information.

Theſe reflections had an inſtantaneous effect upon our hero, whoſe rage immediately ſubſided, and whoſe viſage gradually reſumed its natural caſt of courteſy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the poſtilion with ſuch a remuneration as ſent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generoſity and immenſe fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next ſtep was to ſee Bronzomarte properly accommodated; then he ordered a refreſhment for himſelf, and retired into an apartment, where mine hoſt with his wife and all the ſervants waited on him to beſeech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the falſe information they had received from the gentleman's ſervant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the leaſt reſentment againſt ſuch inconſiderable objects. He not only pardoned them without heſitation, but aſſured the landlord he would be accountable for the horſe, which, however, was that ſame evening brought home by a countryman, who had found him pounded as it were within the walls of a ruined cottage. As the knight had been greatly fatigued without enjoying any reſt for eight-and-forty hours, he reſolved to indulge himſelf with one night's repoſe, and then return to the place where he had left his 'ſquire indiſpoſed; for by this time even his concern for Timothy had recurred.

On a candid ſcrutiny of his own heart, he found himſelf much leſs unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia; for, inſtead of being as formerly tormented with the pangs of deſpairing love, which had actually unſettled his underſtanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inſpired the tender breaſt of Aurelia with mutual affection; and though ſhe was invidiouſly ſnatched from his embrace in the midſt of ſuch endearments as had wound up his ſoul to ecſtaſy and tranſport, he did not doubt of being able to reſcue her from the power of an inhuman kinſman, whoſe guardianſhip would ſoon of courſe expire; and in the mean time he reſted with the moſt perfect dependence on her conſtancy and virtue.

As he next day croſſed the country, ruminating on the diſaſter that had befallen his 'ſquire, and could now compare circumſtances coolly, he eaſily comprehended the whole ſcheme of that adventure, which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emiſſaries to draw him from the inn, where he propoſed to execute his deſign upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of ſuch information as he received, from one ſtage to another; and that, receiving more particulars at the White Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he had formed the ſcheme in which Crabſhaw was an involuntary inſtrument towards the ſeduction of his maſter.

Amuſing himſelf with theſe and other cogitations, our hero in the afternoon reached the place of his deſtination, and entering the inn where Timothy had been left at ſick quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary retiring precipitately in a very unſavoury pickle from the chamber of his patient. When he inquired about the health of his 'ſquire, this retainer to medicine, wiping himſelf all the while with a napkin, anſwered in manifeſt confuſion, that he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a moſt furious delirium. Then he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed; and concluded with telling him the poor

'ſquire's brain was ſo outrageouſly diſordered, that he had rejected all adminiſtration, and juſt thrown an urinal in his face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he reſolved that Crabſhaw ſhould have the benefit of further advice, and aſked if there was not a phyſician in the place. The apothecary, after ſome interjections of heſitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd ſort of a humouriſt; but he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profeſſion, and was not much uſed to the forms of preſcripton. He was counted a ſcholar to be ſure, but as to his medical capacity—he would not take upon him to ſay—"No matter (cried Sir Launcelot), he may ſtrike out ſome lucky thought for the benefit of the patient, and I deſire you will call him inſtantly."—

While the apothecary was abſent on this ſervice, our adventurer took it in his head to queſtion the landlord about the character of this phyſician, which had been ſo unfavourably repreſented, and received the following information:

"For my peart, meaſter, I knows nothing amiſs of the doctor—he's a quiet ſort of an inoffenſive man; uſes my houſe ſometimes, and pays for what he has, like the reſt of my cuſtomers. They ſays he deals very little in phyſic ſtuff, but cures his patients with faſting and water-gruel, whereby he can't expect the 'pothecary to be his friend. You knows, maſter, one muſt live, and let live, as the ſaying is. I muſt ſay, he, for the value of three guineas, ſet up my wife's conſtitution in ſuch a manner, that I have ſaved within theſe two years, I believe, forty pounds in 'pothecary's bills. But what of that? Every man muſt eat, tho'f at another's expence; and I ſhould be in a deadly hole myſelf, if all my cuſtomers ſhould take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel, becauſe it is good for the conſtitution. Thank God, I have as good a conſtitution as e'er a man in England, but for all that, I and my whole family bleed and purge, and take a diet-drink twice a year, by way of ſerving the 'pothecary, who is a very honeſt man, and a very good neighbour."

Their converſation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dreſſed remarkably plain; ſeemed to be turned of fifty; had a careleſs air, and a ſarcaſtical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the ſick man's chamber, he aſked ſome queſtions concerning the diſeaſe; and when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, ſaid, "It lies all here," the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied, "If that be all, there's nothing in it."

Upon a more particular inquiry about the ſymptoms, he was told that the blood was ſeemingly viſcous, and ſalt upon the tongue; the urine remarkably acroſaline; and the fæces atrabilious and fœtid. When the doctor ſaid he would engage to find the ſame phænomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms, the apothecary added, that the patient was manifeſtly comatous, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and borborygmata. "A f—t for your borborygmata (cried the phyſician). What has been done?" To this queſtion, he replied, that venæſection had been three times performed; that a veſicatory had been applied *inter ſcapulas;* that the patient had taken occaſionally of a cathartic apozem, and, between whiles, alexipharmic boluſes and neutral draughts.—"Neutral, indeed (ſaid the doctor); ſo neutral, that I'll be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the diſeaſe." So ſaying, he bruſhed into Crabſhaw's chamber, followed by our adventurer, who was almoſt ſuffocated at his firſt entrance. The day was cloſe; the window-ſhutters were faſtened; a huge fire blazed in the chimney; thick harateen curtains were cloſe drawn round the bed, where the wretched 'ſquire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurſe, who had all the exteriors of a bawd given to drink, ſat ſtewing in this apartment like a damned ſoul in ſome infernal bagnio; but riſing when the company entered, made her curtſies with great decorum. "Well (ſaid the doctor), how does your patient, nurſe?" "Bleſſed be God for it, I hope in a fair way:—To be ſure his apozem has had a bleſſed effect—five and twenty ſtools ſince three o'clock in the morn-

ing.—But then, a'would not ſuffer the bliſters to be put upon his thighs.—Good Lack! a'has been mortally obſtropolous, and out of his ſenſes all this bleſſed day."—"You lie (cried the 'ſquire), I a'n't out of my ſeven ſenſes, thof I'm half mad with vexation."

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapleſs 'ſquire appeared very pale and ghaſtly; and, having ſurveyed his maſter with a rueful aſpect, addreſſed him in theſe words: "Sir knight, I beg a boon: Be pleaſed to tie a ſtone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck of the nurſe, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree, and, in ſo doing, you will do a charitable deed to your fellow-creatures; for he and ſhe do the devil's work in partnerſhip, and have ſent many ſcore of their betters home to him before their time."—"Oh, he begins to talk ſenſibly." "Have a good heart (ſaid the phyſician). What is your diſorder?" "Phyſic." "What do you chiefly complain of?" "The doctor." "Does your head ach?" "Yea, with impertinence." "Have you a pain in your back?" "Yes, where the bliſter lies." "Are you ſick at ſtomach?" "Yes, with hunger." "Do you feel any ſhiverings?" "Always at ſight of the apothecary." "Do you perceive any load in your bowels?" "I would the apothecary's conſcience was as clear." "Are you thirſty?" "Not thirſty enough to drink barley-water." "Be pleaſed to look into his fauces (ſaid the apothecary); he has got a rough tongue, and a very foul mouth, I'll aſſure you." "I have known that the caſe with ſome limbs of the faculty, where they ſtood more in need of correction than of phyſic.—Well, my honeſt friend, ſince you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and ſay you have no other diſeaſe than the doctor, we will ſet you on your legs again without further queſtion. Here, nurſe, open that window, and throw theſe vials into the ſtreet. Now lower the curtain, without ſhutting the caſement, that the man may not be ſtifled in his own ſteam. In the next place, take off two thirds of theſe coals, and one third of theſe blankets.—How do'ſt feel now, my heart?" "I ſhould feel heart-whole, if ſo be

as yow would throw the noorſe, a'ter the bottles, and the 'pothecary a'ter the noorſe, and oorder me a pound of chops for my dinner, for I be ſo hoongry, I could eat a horſe behind the ſaddle."

The apothecary, ſeeing what paſſed, retired of his own accord, holding up his hands in ſign of aſtoniſhment. The nurſe was diſmiſſed in the ſame breath. Crabſhaw roſe, dreſſed himſelf without aſſiſtance, and made a hearty meal on the firſt eatable that preſented itſelf to view. The knight paſſed the evening with the phyſician, who, from his firſt appearance, concluded he was mad; but, in the courſe of the converſation, found means to reſign that opinion without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curioſity. The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty ſarcaſms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a ſort of cynic philoſopher, tinctured with miſanthropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries, whom, however, it was by no means his intereſt to diſoblige.

Next day, Crabſhaw, being to all appearance perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, paid the landlord, and ſet out on his return for the London road, reſolving to lay aſide his armour at ſome diſtance from the metropolis; for, ever ſince his interview with Aurelia, his fondneſs for chivalry had been gradually abating. As the torrent of his deſpair had diſordered the current of his ſober reflection, ſo now, as that deſpair ſubſided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately in their ancient channel. All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happineſs, formed on the poſſeſſion of the incomparable Aurelia; determined to wait with patience, until the law ſhould ſuperſede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the intereſt of his paſſion.

He had for ſome time travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was ſuddenly interrupted by a confuſed noiſe; and when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld at a little diſtance a rabble of men and women, variouſly armed with flails, pitch-forks, poles, and muſkets, ſling

offenſively againſt a ſtrange figure on horſeback, who, with a kind of lance, laid about him with incredible fury. Our adventurer was not ſo totally abandoned by the ſpirit of chivalry, to ſee without emotion a ſingle knight in danger of being overpowered by ſuch a multitude of adverſaries. Without ſtaying to put on his helmet, he ordered Crabſhaw to follow him in the charge againſt thoſe plebeians: Then couching his lance, and giving Bronzomarte the ſpur, he began his career with ſuch impetuoſity as overturned all that happened to be in his way: and intimidated the rabble to ſuch a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of ſheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil *in propria perſona*. He came in the very nick of time to ſave the life of the other errant, againſt whom three loaded muſkets were actually levelled, at the very inſtant that our adventurer began his charge. The unknown knight was ſo ſenſible of the ſeaſonable interpoſition, that, riding up to our hero, "Brother (ſaid he), this is the ſecond time you have holp me off, when I was bump aſhore.—Beſs Mizzen, I muſt ſay, is no more than a leaky bumboat, in compariſon of the glorious galley you want to man. I deſire that henceforth we may cruize in the ſame latitudes, brother; and I'll be damned if I don't ſtand by you as long as I have a ſtick ſtanding, or can carry a rag of canvas."

By this addreſs our knight recognized the novice Captain Crowe, who had found means to accommodate himſelf with a very ſtrange ſuit of armour. By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps uſed by the light horſe, with ſtraps buckled under his chin, and contrived in ſuch a manner as to conceal his whole viſage, except the eyes. Inſtead of cuiraſs, mail, greaves, and other pieces of complete armour, he was caſed in a poſtilion's leathern jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron: His buckler was a pot-lid, his lance a hop-pole ſhod with iron, and a baſket-hilt broad ſword, like that of Hudibras, depended by a broad buff belt, that girded his middle. His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper. Sir Launcelot would not loſe time in examining particulars, as he per-

eived ſome miſchief had been done, and that the ene- ay had rallied at a diſtance; he therefore commanded rowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedi- on; but he did not perceive his 'ſquire was taken pri- ner; nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, om Clarke, had been diſabled and ſecured in the be- inning of the fray. The truth is, the poor captain had een ſo belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder e remembered his own name.

CHAPTER XVII.

Containing adventures of chivalry equally new and ſurpriſing.

THE knight Sir Launcelot, and the novice Crowe, re- reated with equal order and expedition to the diſtance f half a league from the field of battle, where the form- r, halting, propoſed to make a lodgment in a very de- ent houſe of entertainment, diſtinguiſhed by the ſign of St. George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon, an achievement in which temporal and ſpiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two ſuch figures alighting at the inn gate did not paſs through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the gueſts and attendants; ſome of whom fairly took to their heels, on the ſuppoſition that theſe outlandiſh creatures were the avant couriers or heralds of a French invaſion. The fears and doubts, however, of thoſe who ventured to ſtay were ſoon diſpelled, when our hero accoſted them in the Engliſh tongue, and with the moſt courteous demeanour deſired to be ſhown into an apartment.

Had Captain Crowe been ſpokeſman, perhaps their ſuſpicions would not have ſo quickly ſubſided; for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry, but alſo in his external appearance, and parti- cularly in thoſe dialects of the Engliſh language which are uſed by the terreſtrial animals of this kingdom. He deſired the oſtler to take his horſe in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a ſafe riding. He ordered the waiter, who ſhowed them into a parlour, to bear a hand, ſhip

his oars, mind his helm, and bring along-ſide a ſhort allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a ſlug into his bread-room; for there was ſuch a heaving and pitching, that he believed he ſhould ſhift his ballaſt. The fellow underſtood no part of this addreſs but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he diſappeared. Then Crowe, throwing himſelf into an elbow-chair, "Stop my hawſe-holes (cried he), I can't think what's the matter, brother; but, egad, my head ſings and ſimmers like a pot of chowder.—My eye-ſight yaws to and again, d'ye ſee:—Then there's ſuch a walloping and whuſhing in my hold—ſmite my—Lord have mercy upon us.—Here, you ſwab, ne'er mind a glaſs—hand me the noggin."

The latter part of this addreſs was directed to the waiter, who had returned with a quartern of brandy, which Crowe ſnatching eagerly, ſtarted into his bread-room at one cant. Indeed there was no time to be loſt, inaſmuch as he ſeemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he ſwallowed this cordial, by which he was inſtantaneouſly revived.

He then deſired the ſervant to unbuckle the ſtraps of his helmet; but this was a taſk which the drawer could not perform, even though aſſiſted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot; for the head and jaws were ſo much ſwelled with the diſcipline they had undergone, that the ſtraps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts.

Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring ſurgeon paſſed by the door on horſeback; a circumſtance which the waiter, who ſaw him from the window, no ſooner diſcloſed, than the knight had recourſe to his aſſiſtance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in ſilent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulſe; and then declared, that as the inflammation was very great, and going on with violence to its *akme*, it would be neceſſary to begin with copious phlebotomy, and then to empty the inteſtinal canal. So ſaying, he began to ſtrip the arm of the captain, who perceiving his aim, "Avaſt, brother (cried he), you go the wrong way to work—you may as well rummage the afterhold, when the damage is in the forecaſtle.—I ſhall right again, when my jaws are unhooped."

With theſe words he drew a claſp-knife from his pocket, and, advancing to a glaſs, applied it ſo vigorouſly to the leathern ſtraps of his headpiece, that the Gordian knot was cut, without any other damage to his face than a moderate ſcarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally ſtrong, and a whole week's growth of a very buſhy beard, produced, on the whole, moſt hideous caricatura. After all, there was a neceſſity for the adminiſtration of the ſurgeon, who found ſivers contuſions on different parts of the ſkull, which ven the tin cap had not been able to protect from the weapons of the ruſtics.

Theſe being ſhaved and dreſſed *ſecundum artem*, and he operator diſmiſſed with a proper acknowledgment, our knight detached one of the poſt-boys to the field of action for intelligence concerning Mr. Clarke, and 'ſquire Timothy; and, in the interim, deſired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures ſince he parted from him at the White Hart.

A connected relation, in plain Engliſh, was what he had little reaſon to expect from the novice, who nevertheleſs exerted his faculties to the uttermoſt for his ſatisfaction. He gave him to underſtand, that in ſteering his courſe to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himſelf with tackle, he had fallen in, by accident, at a public houſe, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle: That, ſeeing him do his buſineſs like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice; and the tinker, after having conſidered the ſubject, had undertaken to make him ſuch a ſuit of armour, as neither ſword nor lance ſhould penetrate: That they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of tinned iron, the lance, and the broad ſword, were purchaſed, together with a copper ſaucepan, which the artiſt was now at work upon, in converting it to a ſhield: But, in the mean time, the captain, being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accommodated himſelf with a pot lid, and taken to the highway, notwithſtanding all the entreaties, tears and remonſtrances of his nephew Tom Clarke, who could not however be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had un-

dertaken: That this being but the ſecond day of his journey, he deſcried five or ſix men on horſeback, bearing up full in his teeth; upon which he threw his ſails a-back, and prepared for action: That he hailed them at a conſiderable diſtance, and bade them bring to: When they came along-ſide, notwithſtanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their courſes, and furl their top-ſails, otherwiſe he would be foul of their quarters: That, hearing this ſalute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth ſhook in the wind: Then he hollowed in a loud voice, that his ſweetheart Beſſelia Mizen wore the broad pendant of beauty, to which they muſt ſtrike their topſails on pain of being ſent to the bottom: That, after having eyed him for ſome time with aſtoniſhment, they clapped on all their ſails, ſome of them running under his ſtern, and others athwart his fore-foot, and got clear off: That, not ſatisfied with running a-head, they all of a ſudden tacked about, and one of them boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him ſuch a drubbing about his upper works, that the lights danced in his lanthorns: That he returned the ſalute with his hop-pole ſo effectually, that his aggreſſor broached to in the twinkling of a handſpike; and then he was engaged with all the reſt of the enemy, except one who ſheered off, and ſoon returned with a moſqueto fleet of ſmall craft, who had done him conſiderable damage, and, in all probability, would have made prize of him, hadn't he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He ſaid, that in the beginning of the conflict Tom Clarke rode up to the foremoſt of the enemy, as he did ſuppoſe in order to prevent hoſtilities; but before he got up to him, near enough to hold diſcourſe, he was pooped with a ſea that almoſt ſent him to the bottom, and then towed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had ſcarce finiſhed his narration, which conſiſted of broken hints, and unconnected exploſions of ſea-terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commiſſion of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a conſtable, who had in cuſtody the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabſhaw, ſurrounded by five men on horſeback, and an innumerable poſſe of men, women, and children, on foot. The captain, who always

kept a good look-out, no ſooner deſcried this cavalcade and proceſſion, than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and adviſed that they ſhould crowd away with all the cloth they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion, and determined at any rate to procure the enlargement of the priſoners.

The juſtice, ordering his attendants to ſtay without the gate, ſent his compliments to Sir Laucelot Greaves, and deſired to ſpeak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted, and could not help ſtaring at ſight of Crowe, who, by this time, had no remains of the human phyſiognomy, ſo much was the ſwelling increaſed and the ſkin diſcoloured. The gentleman, whoſe name was Mr. Elmy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his buſineſs. He ſaid, information had been lodged with him, as a juſtice of the peace, againſt two armed men on horſeback, who had ſtopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even aſſaulted, maimed, and wounded divers perſons, contrary to the king's peace, and in violation of the ſtatute: That, by the deſcription, he ſuppoſed the knight and his companion to be the perſons againſt whom the complaint had been lodged; and underſtanding his quality from Mr. Clarke, whom he had known in London, he was come to wait upon him, and, if poſſible, effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole ſtory, as it had been juſt related by the captain; and Mr. Elmy had no reaſon to doubt the truth of the narrative, as it confirmed every circumſtance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole hiſtory of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimſical reſolution of his uncle, Captain Crowe. Mr. Elmy now told the knight, that the perſons whom the captain had ſtopped, were farmers, returning from a neighbouring market, a ſet of people naturally booriſh, and at that time elevated with ale to an uncommon pitch of inſolence:

That one of them, in particular, called Prickle, was the moſt quarrelſome fellow in the whole county; and ſo litigious, that he had maintained above thirty law-ſuits, in eight and twenty of which he had been condemned in coſts. He ſaid the others might be eaſily influenced in the way of admonition; but there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law: He therefore propoſed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity, and, his clerk being in attendance, the court was immediately opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr. Clarke had made ſuch good uſe of his time in explaining the law to his audience, and diſplaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his ſentiments the conſtable and the commonalty, tag, rag, and bob-tail, and even ſtaggered the majority of the farmers, who, at firſt, had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake being firſt called to the bar, and ſworn touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves and Captain Crowe, declared, that the ſaid Crowe had ſtopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear: that he afterwards ſaw the ſaid Crowe with a pole or weapon, value three pence, breaking the king's peace, by committing aſſault and battery againſt the heads and ſhoulders of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects, Geoffrey Prickle, Hodge Dolt, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catherine Rubble, and Margery Litter; and that he ſaw Sir Launcelot Greaves, Baronet, aiding, aſſiſting, and comforting the ſaid Crowe, contrary to the king's peace, and againſt the form of the ſtatute.

Being aſked if the defendant, when he ſtopped them, demanded their money, or threatened violence, he anſwered he could not ſay, inaſmuch as the defendant ſpoke in an unknown language. Being interrogated if the defendant did not allow them to paſs without uſing any violence, and if they did not paſs unmoleſted; the deponent replied in the affirmative: Being required to tell for what reaſon they returned, and if the defendant, Crowe, was not aſſaulted before he began to uſe his wea-

pon, the deponent made no anſwer. The depoſitions of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken to much the ſame purpoſe; and his worſhip earneſtly exhorted them to an accommodation, obſerving, that they themſelves were in fact the aggreſſors, and that Captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himſelf in his own defence.

They were all pretty well diſpoſed to follow his advice, except farmer Prickle, who, entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared that the law ſhould determine it at next 'ſize; and in the mean time inſiſted that the defendants ſhould find immediate bail, or go to priſon, or be ſet in the ſtocks. He affirmed that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons not uſually worn, to the terror of others, which is in itſelf a breach of the peace; but that they had moreover, with force of arms, that is to ſay, with ſwords, ſtaves, and other warlike inſtruments, by turns, made an aſſault and *affray*, to the terror and diſturbance of him and divers ſubjects of our lord and king, then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of the ſaid lord the king, and againſt the peace of our ſaid lord the king, his crown and dignity.

The peaſant had purchaſed a few law-terms at a conſiderable expence, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr. Elmy, finding him obſtinately deaf to all propoſals of accommodation, held the defendants to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the pariſh freely offering themſelves as ſureties. Mr. Clarke, with Timothy Crabſhaw, againſt whom nothing appeared, were now ſet at liberty; when the former, advancing to his worſhip, gave information againſt Geoffrey Prickle, and declared upon oath that he had ſeen him aſſault Captain Crowe without any provocation; and when he, the deponent, interpoſed to prevent further miſchief, the ſaid Prickle had likewiſe aſſaulted and wounded him the deponent, and detained him for ſome time in falſe impriſonment, without warrant or authority.

In conſequence of this information, which was cor-

roborated by divers evidences, ſelected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon farmer Prickle, who was given to underſtand, that he muſt either find bail, or be forthwith impriſoned. This *honeſt* boor, who was in opulent circumſtances, had made ſuch popular uſe of the benefits he poſſeſſed, that there was not an houſekeeper in the pariſh who would not have rejoiced to ſee him hanged. His dealings and connections, however, were ſuch, that none of the other four would have refuſed to bail him, had not Clarke given them to underſtand, that, if they did, he would make them all principals and parties, and have two ſeparate actions againſt each. Prickle happened to be at variance with the innkeeper, and the curate durſt not diſoblige the vicar, who at that very time was ſuing the farmer for the ſmall tithes. He offered to depoſit a ſum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail; but this was rejected, as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He ſent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good cuſtomer; but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciſeman preſented himſelf as a ſurety; but he, not being an houſekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on farmer Prickle, were ſucceſſively refuſed, becauſe they could not prove that they had paid ſcot and lot, and pariſh taxes.

The farmer, finding himſelf thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of viſiting the inſide of a priſon, was ſeized with a paroxyſm of rage, during which he inveighed againſt the bench, reviled the two adventurers errant, declared that he believed, and would lay a wager of twenty guineas, that he had more money in his pocket than e'er a man in the company; and in the ſpace of a quarter of an hour, ſwore forty oaths, which the juſtice did not fail to number. "Before we proceed to other matters (ſaid Mr. Elmy), I order you to pay forty ſhillings for the oaths you have ſwore, otherwiſe I will cauſe you to be ſet in the ſtocks without further ceremony."

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the ſum, declared

could afford to pay for ſwearing as well as e'er
e in the county, and repeated his challenge of
ger, which our adventurer now accepted, pro-
at the ſame time, that it was not a ſtep taken
ıy motive of pride, but entirely with a view to
an inſolent plebeian, who could not otherwiſe be
l without a breach of the peace. Twenty gui-
ing depoſited on each ſide in the hands of Mr.
Prickle, with equal confidence and diſpatch, pro-
canvas bag, containing two hundred and ſeven-
ds, which, being ſpread upon the table, made a
rmidable ſhow, that dazzled the eyes of the be-
and induced many of them to believe he had
his conqueſt.
adventurer, aſking if he had any thing further
, and being anſwered in the negative, drew forth,
eat deliberation, a pocket-book, in which there
onſiderable parcel of bank-notes, from which he
three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibit-
n upon the table, to the aſtoniſhment of all pre-
Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loſs, ſaid,
t be neceſſary to make him prove the notes were
r come by; and Sir Launcelot ſtarted up, in or-
ake vengeance upon him for this inſult, but was
d by the arms and remonſtrances of Mr. Elmy,
ſured him that Prickle deſired nothing ſo much
her broken head, to lay the foundation of a new
tion.
knight, calmed by this interpoſition, turned to
ience, ſaying, with the moſt affable deportment,
. people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket
ils of ſuch a contemptible raſcal. I ſhall beg the
of this worthy gentleman to take up theſe twen-
eas, and diſtribute them as he ſhall think proper
the poor of the pariſh; but, by this benefaction,
ıt hold myſelf acquitted for the ſhare I had in the
ſome of you have received in this unlucky fray,
erefore I give the other twenty guineas to be di-
among the ſufferers, to each according to the da-
he or ſhe ſhall appear to have ſuſtained; and I

ſhall conſider it as an additional obligation, if Mr. Elmy will likewiſe ſuperintend this retribution."

At the cloſe of this addreſs, the whole yard and gateway rung with acclamation, while honeſt Crowe, whoſe generoſity was not inferior even to that of the accompliſhed Greaves, pulled out his purſe, and declared, that, as he had begun the engagement, he would at leaſt go ſhare and ſhare alike in new caulking their ſeams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a diſpute with his novice, told him he conſidered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that ſubject hereafter.

This point being adjuſted, Mr. Elmy aſſumed all the ſolemnity of the magiſtrate, and addreſſed himſelf to Prickle in theſe words: "Farmer Prickle, I am both ſorry and aſhamed to ſee a man of your years and circumſtances ſo little reſpected, that you cannot find ſufficient bail for forty pounds; a ſure teſtimony that you have neither cultivated the friendſhip, nor deſerved the good-will of your neighbours. I have heard of your quarrels and your riots, your inſolence and litigious diſpoſition, and often wiſhed for an opportunity of giving you a proper taſte of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers—you have, in the hearing of all theſe people, poured forth a torrent of abuſe againſt me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magiſtrate; your abuſing me perſonally, perhaps I ſhould have overlooked with the contempt it deſerves; but I ſhould ill vindicate the dignity of my office as a magiſtrate, by ſuffering you to inſult the bench with impunity. I ſhall therefore impriſon you for contempt, and you ſhall remain in jail until you can find bail on the other proſecutions."

Prickle, the firſt tranſports of his anger having ſubſided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was indeed extremely mortified at the proſpect of being ſent to jail ſo diſgracefully. His countenance fell, and after a hard internal ſtruggle, while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus, he ſaid he hoped his worſhip would not ſend him to priſon. He begged

pardon of him and our adventurers for having abuſed them in his paſſion; and obſerved, that, as he had received a broken head, and paid two and twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be ſaid to have eſcaped altogether without puniſhment, even if the plaintiff ſhould agree to exchange releaſes.

Sir Launcelot, ſeeing this ſtubborn ruſtic effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr. Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his requeſt; and a mutual releaſe being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expence; and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruiſed in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were deſired to wait upon Mr. Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The juſtice was prevailed upon to ſpend the evening with Sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom ſupper was beſpoke; but the firſt thing the cook prepared, was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monſtrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindneſs and complacency, ſhook Mr. Clarke by the hand, expreſſing his ſatisfaction at meeting with his old friends again, and told him ſoftly, that he had compliments for him from Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip, who now lived with his Aurelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence, and after ſome heſitation, "Lord bleſs my ſoul! (cried he) I'll be ſhot then, if the pretended Miſs Meadows wa'n't the ſame as Miſs Darnel!" He then declared himſelf extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into ſuch an agreeable ſituation, paſſed many warm encomiums on her goodneſs of heart and virtuous inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight, whether ſhe did not look very pretty in her green joſeph. In the mean time, he procured a plaſter for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was ſent to bed betimes with a moderate doſe of ſack-whey, to promote perſpiration. The other three paſſed the evening to their mutual ſatisfaction; and the juſtice in particular grew enamoured of the knight's character, daſhed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a ſober and rational converſation, and give ſome account of other gueſts who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters—But as we have already treſpaſſed on the reader's patience, we ſhall give him a ſhort reſpite until the next chapter makes its appearance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which the rays of chivalry ſhine with renovated luſtre.

Our hero little dreamed that he had a formidable rival in the perſon of the knight who arrived about eleven at the ſign of the St. George, and, by the noiſe he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than 'Squire Sycamore, who, having received advice that Miſs Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field in queſt of that lovely fugitive; hoping that, ſhould he have the good fortune to find her in preſent diſtreſs, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chaſe ſo cloſe, that immediately after our adventurer's departure he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed, and there he learned the particulars which we have related above.

Mr. Sycamore had a great deal of the childiſh romantic in his diſpoſition, and, in the courſe of his amours, is ſaid to have always taken more pleaſure in the purſuit than in the final poſſeſſion. He had heard of Sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in ſome meaſure infected; and he dropped an inſinuation that he could eclipſe his rival even in his own lunatic ſphere. This hint was not loſt upon his companion, counſellor, and baffoon, the facetious Davy Dawdle, who had ſome humour and a great deal of miſchief in his compoſition. He looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool; yet the two characters ſuited each other ſo well, that they could hardly exiſt aſunder. Davy was an artful ſycophant, but he did

not flatter in the uſual way, on the contrary, he behaved *en cavilier*, and treated Sycamore, on whoſe bounty he ſubſiſted, with the moſt ſarcaſtic familiarity. Nevertheleſs he ſeaſoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that ſubdued the bitterneſs of it, and was now become ſo neceſſary to the 'ſquire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not ſome how or other connected. There had been a warm diſpute betwixt them about the ſcheme of conteſting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the liſts of chivalry. Sycamore had inſinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a lance, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle ſnatching the hint, "I had ſome time ago (ſaid he) contrived a ſcheme for you, which I was afraid you had not addreſs enough to execute—It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the bachelor Sampſon Carraſco, to go in queſt of Greaves as a knight errant, defy him as a rival, and eſtabliſh a compact, by which the vanquiſhed ſhould obey the injunctions of the victor."—"That is my very idea," cried Sycamore. "Your idea (replied the other), had you ever an idea of your own conception?"—Thus the diſpute began, and was maintained with great vehemence, until other arguments failing, the 'ſquire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this propoſal Dawdle anſwered by the interjection *Piſh!* which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance.—"You are in the right (ſaid Dawdle) to uſe ſuch an argument as you know is by me unanſwerable. A wager of twenty guineas will at any time overthrow and confute all the logic of the moſt able ſyllogiſt, who has not got a ſhilling in his pocket."

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration, and, after a ſhort pauſe, ſaid, "I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money!" "I am ſurpriſed you ſhould give yourſelf that trouble—I never aſk what you do with yours."—"You have no occaſion to aſk, you know pretty well how it goes."—"What, do you upbraid me with your favours?—'tis mighty well, Sycamore."—"Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront."—"Z—s! affront! what d'ye mean?"—"I'll aſſure you, Davy,

you don't know me, if you think I could be ſo ungenerous as to—a—to"—"I always thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generoſity,—though to be ſure it is often very abſurdly diſplayed." "Ay, that's one of my greateſt foibles; I can't refuſe even a ſcoundrel when I think he is in want.—Here, Dawdle, take that note."—"Not I, Sir,—what d'ye mean?—what right have I to your notes." "Nay, but Dawdle,—come."—"By no means—it looks like the abuſe of good-nature,—all the world knows you're good-natured to a fault."—"Come, dear Davy, you ſhall—you muſt oblige me."—Thus urged, Dawdle accepted the bank-note with great reluctance, and reſtored the idea to the right owner.

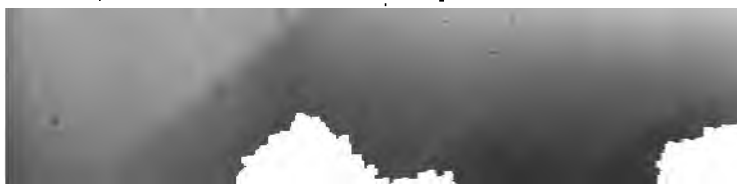
A ſuit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his anceſtors, he gave orders for having the pieces ſcoured and furbiſhed up; and his heart dilated with joy when he reflected upon the ſuperb figure he ſhould make when caſed in complete ſteel, and armed at all points for the combat.

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle inſiſted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds; and the head-piece being adjuſted, made ſuch a clatter about his ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almoſt ſtarted from their ſockets. His voice was loſt within the vizor, and his friend affected not to underſtand his meaning when he made ſigns with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to cloſe with him, that he might wreſt the cudgel from his hand. At length he deſiſted, ſaying, "I'll warrant the helmet ſound by its ringing;" and taking it off, found the 'ſquire in a cold ſweat. He would have achieved his firſt exploit on the ſpot, had his ſtrength permitted him to aſſault Dawdle; but, what with want of air, and the diſcipline he had undergone, he had well nigh ſwooned away; and before he retrieved the uſe of his members, he was appeaſed by the apologies of his companion, who proteſted he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection for the head it covered.

His excuſes were accepted; the armour was packed

up, and next morning Mr. Sycamore ſet out from his own houſe, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his 'ſquire at the approaching combat. He was alſo attended by a ſervant on horſeback, who had charge of the armour, and another who blowed the trumpet. They no ſooner underſtood that our hero was houſed at the George, than the trumpeter ſounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and diſturbed honeſt Captain Crowe in the middle of his firſt ſleep. Their next ſtep was to pen a challenge, which, when the ſtranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered with great ceremony into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in theſe words: "To the knight of the Creſcent, greeting. Whereas I am informed you have the preſumption to lay claim to the heart of the peerleſs Aurelia Darnel, I give you notice that I can admit no rivalſhip in the affection of that paragon of beauty; and I expect that you will either reſign your pretenſions, or make it appear in ſingle combat, according to the law of arms, and the inſtitutions of chivalry, that you are worthy to diſpute her favour with him of the Griffin, POLYDORE."

Our adventurer was not a little ſurpriſed at this addreſs, which however he pocketed in ſilence, and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by ſome perſon, who wanted to amuſe himſelf with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures. Mr. Thomas Clarke, who ſaw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the emotions with which it was read, hied him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there learned that the ſtranger was 'Squire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet, and, in the apprehenſion that bloodſhed would enſue, reſolved to alarm his uncle, that he might aſſiſt in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet, and now peeviſhly aſked the meaning of that damned piping, as if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the tranſaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain ſaid, he did not ſuppoſe as how they would engage by candle light;



and that, for his own part, he ſhould turn out in the larboard watch, long enough before any ſignals could be hove out for forming the line. With this aſſurance the lawyer retired to his neſt, where he did not fail to dream of Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip, while Sir Launcelot paſſed the night awake, in ruminating on the ſtrange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the ſender was Mr. Sycamore, and heſitated with himſelf whether he ſhould not puniſh him for his impertinence; but when he reflected on the nature of the diſpute, and the ſerious conſequences it might produce, he reſolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit founded upon abſurdity. Even in his maddeſt hours, he never adopted thoſe maxims of knight-errantry which related to challenges. He always perceived the folly and wickedneſs of defying a man to mortal fight, becauſe he did not like the colour of his beard, or the complexion of his miſtreſs; or of deciding by homicide whether he or his rival deſerved the preference, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which ſhould be the happy lover. It was his opinion that chivalry was an uſeful inſtitution while confined to its original purpoſes of protecting the innocent, aſſiſting the friendleſs, and bringing the guilty to condign puniſhment: But he could not conceive how theſe laws ſhould be anſwered by violating every ſuggeſtion of reaſon, and every precept of humanity.

Captain Crowe did not examine the matter ſo philoſophically. He took it for granted that in the morning the two nights would come to action, and ſlept ſound on that ſuppoſition. But he roſe before it was day, reſolved to be ſome how concerned in the fray; and underſtanding that the ſtranger had a companion, ſet him down immediately for his own antagoniſt. So impatient was he to eſtabliſh this ſecondary conteſt, that by daybreak he entered the chamber of Dawdle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and rouſed him with a hilloah, that might have been heard at the diſtance of half a league. Dawdle, ſtartled by this terrific ſound, ſprung out of bed, and ſtood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been

dreadfully alarmed. But when he beheld the head of owe, ſo ſwelled and ſwathed, ſo livid, hideous, and ſly, with a broad ſword by his ſide, and a caſe of piſ- s in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of ne murdered man; his hair briſtled up, his teeth ttered, and his knees knocked; he would have pray- but his tongue denied its office. Crowe ſeeing his rturbation, "Mayhap, friend (ſaid he) you take me a buccaneer; but I am no ſuch perſon.—My name Captain Crowe.—I come not for your ſilver nor your ld, your rigging nor your ſtowage; but hearing as w your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launce- Greaves to action, d'ye ſee, I deſire in the way of ndſhip, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as ir ſeconds, may lie board and board for a few glaſſes divert one another, d'ye ſee." Dawdle hearing this queſt, began to retrieve his faculties, and throwing mſelf into the attitude of Hamlet when the ghoſt ap- ars, exclaimed in theatrical accent,

"Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
"Art thou a ſpirit of grace, or goblin damn'd?"

s he ſeemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain gan to think that he really ſaw ſomething preterna- ral, and ſtared wildly round. Then addreſſing him- lf to the terrified Dawdle, "Damn'd (ſaid he), for hat ſhould I be damn'd? If you are afeard of goblins, other, put your truſt in the Lord, and he'll prove a eet anchor to you." The other having by this time collected himſelf perfectly, continued notwithſtanding ſpout tragedy, and, in the words of Macbeath, pro- ounced,

"What man dare, I dare:
"Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
"The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger;
"Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
"Shall never tremble."——

'Ware names, Jack (cried the impatient mariner), if be as how you'll bear a hand and rig yourſelf, and ke a ſhort trip with me into the offing, we'll overhaul is here affair in the turning of a capſtan."

At this juncture they were joined by Mr. Sycamore n his night-gown and ſlippers. Diſturbed by Crowe's

firſt ſalute, he had ſprung up, and now expreſſed no ſmall aſtoniſhment at firſt ſight of the novice's countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle, "Who have we got here (ſaid he), raw head and bloody bones?" when his friend, ſlipping on his clothes, gave him to underſtand that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errand, he treated him with more civility. He aſſured him that he ſhould have the pleaſure to break a ſpear with Mr. Dawdle; and ſignified his ſurpriſe that Sir Launcelot had made no anſwer to his letter. It being by this time clear day-light, and Crowe extremely intereſted in this affair, he broke without ceremony into the knight's chamber, and told him abruptly that the enemy had brought to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action. "I've hailed his conſort (ſaid he), a ſhambling chattering fellow: He took me firſt for a hobgoblin, then called me names, a tyger, a wrynoſeo'roſs, and a Perſian bear; but egad, if I come athwart him, I'll make him look like the bear and ragged ſtaff before we part.—I wool——"

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain expected to find in our adventurer, who told him in a peremptory tone, that he had no deſign to come to action, and deſired to be left to his repoſe. Crowe forthwith retired creſt-fallen, and muttered ſomething, which was never diſtinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr. Dawdle brought him a formal meſſage from the knight of the Griffin, deſiring he would appoint the liſts, and give ſecurity of the field. To which requeſt he made anſwer in a very compoſed and ſolemn accent, "If the perſon who ſent you thinks I have injured him, let him without diſguiſe, or any ſuch ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong; and then I ſhall give ſuch ſatisfaction as may ſuit my conſcience and my character. If he hath beſtowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me as a favourite rival, I ſhall not wrong the lady ſo much as to take any ſtep that may prejudice her choice, eſpecially a ſtep that contradicts my own reaſon as much as it would outrage the laws of my

country. If he who calls himſelf knight of the Griffin is really deſirous of trading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of ſignalizing his valour in the cauſe of virtue.—Should he, notwithſtanding this declaration, offer violence to me in the courſe of my occaſions, he will always find me in a poſture of defence: Or, ſhould he perſiſt in repeating his importunities, I ſhall without ceremony chaſtiſe the meſſenger." His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr. Sycamore, who now became more inſolent and ferocious, on the ſuppoſition of our knight's timidity. Sir Launcelot meanwhile went to breakfaſt with his friends, and having put on his armour, ordered the horſes to be brought forth. Then he paid the bill, and walking deliberately to the gate, in preſence of 'Squire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted at one ſpring into the ſaddle of Bronzomarte, whoſe neighing and curveting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accompliſhed maſter.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to inſult his rival perſonally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack ſome jokes on the figure and horſemanſhip of Crowe, who again declared he ſhould be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage: Nor did Mr. Clarke's black patch and rueful countenance paſs unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Crabſhaw, he beheld his brother 'ſquire with the contempt of a veteran; and Gilbert paid him his compliments with his heels at parting: But when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr. Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to ſound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagoniſt.

Perhaps he would have contented himſelf with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle further inflamed his envy and ambition, by launching out in praiſe of Sir Launcelot. He obſerved that his countenance was open and manly; his joints ſtrong knit, and his form unexceptionable; that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the ſaddle like a winged Mercury: Nay, he even hinted it was lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Creſcent happened to be ſo pacifically diſpoſed. His patron ſickened at theſe praiſes, and took fire at the laſt

obſervation. He affected to undervalue perſonal beauty, though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himſelf in that particular: He ſaid he was at leaſt two inches taller than Greaves; and as to ſhape and air, he would make no compariſons; but with reſpect to riding, he was ſure he had a better ſeat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager five hundred to fifty guineas, that he would unhorſe him at the firſt encounter. "There is no occaſion for laying wagers, replied Mr. Dawdle, the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop." Sycamore, after ſome heſitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe; and this condition was accepted: For, though Davy had no ſtomach to the trial, he could not readily find an excuſe for declining it: Beſides, he had diſcovered the captain to be a very bad horſeman, and reſolved to eke out his own ſcanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The ſervants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour, and, in a little time, Mr. Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But the ſcene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter; and therefore we ſhall reſerve it for a more conſpicuous place in theſe memoirs.

CHAPTER XIX.

Containing the achievements of the knights of the Griffin and Creſcent.

MR. SYCAMORE, alias the knight of the Griffin, ſo denominated from a griffin painted on his ſhield, being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain implement, which he flattered himſelf would enſure a victory over the novice Crowe, they ſet out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope, and pranced along the highway that led towards London, that being the road which our adventurer purſued. As they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they, in leſs than two hours,

came up with Sir Launcelot and his company; and Sycamore ſent another formal defiance to the knight, by his trumpeter, Dawdle having, for good reaſons, declined that office.

Our adventurer hearing himſelf thus addreſſed, and ſeeing his rival, who had paſſed him, poſted to obſtruct his progreſs, armed cap-a-pee, with his lance in the reſt, determined to give the ſatisfaction that was required, and deſired that the regulations of the combat might be eſtabliſhed. The knight of the Griffin propoſed, that the vanquiſhed party ſhould reſign all pretenſions to Miſs Aurelia Darnel, in favour of the victor; that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle ſhould run a tilt with Captain Crowe; that 'Squire Crabſhaw and Mr. Sycamore's ſervant ſhould keep themſelves in readineſs to aſſiſt their reſpective maſters occaſionally, according to the law of arms; and that Mr. Clarke ſhould obſerve the motions of the trumpeter, whoſe province was to ſound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to theſe regulations, notwithſtanding the earneſt and pathetic remonſtrances of the young lawyer, who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants, in their turns, to refrain from an action that might be attended with bloodſhed and murder; and was contrary to the laws both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and entreaties, by threatening them with proſecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next: They perſiſted in their reſolution, and his uncle would have begun hoſtilities on his carcaſe, had he not been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who exhorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the conſequences of the combat. He reliſhed this advice ſo well, that he had actually moved off to ſome diſtance; but his apprehenſions and concern for his friends co-operating with an inſatiable curioſity, detained him in ſight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the ground, and the ſame precautions being taken by the ſeconds, on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with ſome ſcruples, which were probably engendered by the martial appearance, and well known character of his

antagoniſt. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vaniſhed, becauſe it plainly appeared, that the knight's backwardneſs was not owing to perſonal timidity; and he foreſaw that the proſecution of this joke might be attended with very ſerious conſequences to his own life and reputation. He therefore deſired a parley, in which he obſerved his affection for Miſs Darnel was of ſuch a delicate nature, that, ſhould the diſcomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory muſt render him the moſt miſerable wretch upon earth. He propoſed, therefore, that her ſentiments and choice ſhould be aſcertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combating Aurelia's inclination, than of oppoſing the knight of the Griffin in arms; and that if he had the leaſt reaſon to think Mr. Sycamore, or any other perſon, was diſtinguiſhed by her preference, he would inſtantly give up his ſuit as deſperate. At the ſame time, he obſerved, that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract; that he had inſulted a gentleman, and not only challenged, but even purſued him, and blocked up his paſſage in the public highway; outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not ſuffer to paſs unpuniſhed. Accordingly he inſiſted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr. Sycamore as a craven, and a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle, who told him, that, ſhould he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

Theſe two obſervations gave a neceſſary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their ſtations: The trumpet ſounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuoſity.—Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr. Sycamore's ſteed, or ſome other object had an unlucky effect on his eye-ſight, certain it is he ſtarted at about midway, and gave his rider ſuch a violent ſhake as diſcompoſed his attitude, and diſabled him from uſing his lance to the beſt advantage. Had our hero continued his career, with his lance couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcaſe; but

Sir Launcelot perceiving his rival's ſpear unreſted, had juſt time to throw up the point of his own, when the two horſes cloſed with ſuch a ſhock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the ſaddle, was overthrown, and his armour craſhed around him as he fell.

The victor, ſeeing him lie without motion, alighted immediately and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was aſſiſted by the trumpeter. When the headpiece was removed, the hapleſs knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, though he was only in a ſwoon, from which he ſoon recovered by the effect of the freſh air, and the aſperſion of cold water, brought from a ſmall pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognized his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his perſon, he cloſed his eyes from vexation, told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, though he himſelf owed his miſchance to the fault of his own horſe; and obſerved that this ridiculous affair would not have happened, but for the miſchievous inſtigation of that ſcoundrel Dawdle, on whoſe ribs he threatened to revenge this miſhap.

Perhaps Captain Crowe might have ſaved him the trouble, had the wag honourably adhered to the inſtitutions of chivalry, in his conflict with our novice: But on this occaſion, his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided at the inn a blown bladder, in which ſeveral ſmooth pebbles were encloſed; and this he ſlily fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the ſignal of battle. Inſtead of bearing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the ſtraight line, ſo as to avoid the lance of his antagoniſt, and rattled his bladder with ſuch effect, that Crowe's horſe pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled acroſs ſome ploughed land with ſuch precipitation, that the rider was obliged to quit his ſpear, and lay faſt hold on the mane, that he might not be thrown out of the ſaddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, ſeeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and belaboured his ſhoulders without fear of retaliation.

Mr. Clarke, ſeeing his kinſman ſo roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his aſſiſtance; but, before

he came up, the aggreſſor had retired; and now ceiving that fortune had declared againſt his frie patron, very honourably abandoned him in his d and went off at full ſpeed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabſhaw without his ſhare noble achievements of this propitious day. He l this time imbibed ſuch a tincture of errantry, t firmly believed himſelf and his maſter equally ir ble; and this belief operating upon a perverſe d tion, rendered him as quarrelſome in his ſphere, maſter was mild and forbearing. As he ſat on back, in the place aſſigned to him and Sycamore quey, he managed Gilbert in ſuch a manner, as vade with his heels the poſteriors of the other's l and this inſult produced ſome altercation, which in mutual aſſault. The footman handled the butt- his horſe-whip with great dexterity about the h Crabſhaw, who declared afterwards, that it ſung ſimmered like a kettle of cod-fiſh: but the 'ſquire, underſtood the nature of long laſhes, as having b carter from his infancy, found means to twine his about the neck of his antagoniſt, and pull him o horſe half ſtrangled, at the very inſtant his maſte thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not regard the punctilios of chivalry; but, taking i granted, he had a right to make the moſt of his a tage, reſolved to carry off the *ſpolia opima*. Alig with great agility, "Brother (cried he), I think as yawrs bean't a butcher's horſe, a doan't carry c well—I'ſe make yaw knaw your churning days, I —what yaw look as if yaw was crow-trodden, you now, you ſhall pay the ſcore you have been runnin my pate, you ſhall, brother."

So ſaying, he rifled his pockets, ſtripped him of hi and coat, and took poſſeſſion of his maſter's portman But he did not long enjoy his plunder: For the lac complaining to Sir Launcelot of his having been deſp ed, the knight commanded his 'ſquire to refund, without menaces of ſubjecting him to the ſevereſt c tiſement for his injuſtice and rapacity. Timothy re

ſented, with great vehemence, that he had won the ſpoils in fair battle, at the expence of his head and ſhoulders, which he immediately uncovered, to prove his allegation: But his remonſtrance having no effect upon his maſter, "Wounds! (cried he) an I mun gee thee back the pig, I'ſe gee thee back the poke alſo; I'm a drubbing ſtill in thy debt.

With theſe words, he made a moſt furious attack upon the plaintiff, with his horſe-whip, and, before the knight could interpoſe, repaid the lacquey with intereſt. As an appurtenance to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the riſk of another aſſault from the novice Crowe, who was ſo tranſported with rage, at the diſagreeable trick which had been played upon him by his fugitive antagoniſt, that he could not for ſome time pronounce an articulate ſound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be aſcertained. Snatching up his pole, he ran towards the place where Mr. Sycamore ſat on the graſs, ſupported by the trumpeter, and would have finiſhed what our adventurer had left undone, if the knight of the Creſcent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at the knight of the Griffin, and ſignified his diſpleaſure in a reſolute tone: Then he collared the lacquey, who was juſt diſengaged from the chaſtiſing hand of Crabſhaw, and ſwinging his lance with his other hand, encountered the 'ſquire's ribs by accident.

Timothy was not ſlow in returning the ſalutation, with the weapon which he ſtill wielded: Mr. Clarke, running up to the aſſiſtance of his uncle, was oppoſed by the lacquey, who ſeemed extremely deſirous of ſeeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hoſtilities againſt the footman, while Crowe grappled with Crabſhaw; a battle-royal enſued, and was maintained with great vigour, and ſome bloodſhed on all ſides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by ſome weighty remonſtrances applied to the 'ſquire, put an end to the conflict. Crabſhaw immediately deſiſted, and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who ſeem-

ed to ſympathize very little with his diſtreſs. The lacquey took to his heels; Mr. Clarke wiped his bloody noſe, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggreſſor in the Crown-office; and Captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, ſeemed to imply that he was almoſt ſick of his new profeſſion. "D—n my eyes, if you call this—ſtart my timbers, brother—look ye, d'ye ſee—a louſy, lubberly, cowardly ſon of a—among the breakers, d'ye ſee—loſt my ſteerage way—ſplit my binnacle; hawl away—O! damn all arrantry—give me a tight veſſel, d'ye ſee, brother—mayhap you may'nt—ſnatch my—ſea room and a ſpanking gale—odds heart, I'll hold a whole year's—ſmite my limbs; it don't ſignify talking."—

Our hero conſoled the novice for his diſaſter, by obſerving, that, if he had got ſome blows, he had loſt no honour. At the ſame time he obſerved, that it was very difficult, if not impoſſible, for a man to ſucceed in the paths of chivalry, who had paſſed the better part of his days in other occupations; and hinted, that, as the cauſe which had engaged him in this way of life no longer exiſted, he was determined to relinquiſh a profeſſion, which, in a peculiar manner, expoſed him to the moſt diſagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this inſinuation, while the other perſonages of the drama were employed in catching the horſes, which had given their riders the ſlip. As for Mr. Sycamore, he was ſo bruiſed by his fall, that it was neceſſary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town, and the ſervant was diſpatched for this convenience, Sir Launcelot ſtaying with him until it arrived.

When he was ſafely depoſited in the carriage, our hero took leave of him in theſe terms: "I ſhall not inſiſt upon your ſubmitting to the terms you yourſelf propoſed before this rencounter. I give you free leave to uſe all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your ſuit with the young lady of whom you profeſs yourſelf enamoured. Should you have recourſe to ſiniſter practices, you will find Sir Launcelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct, not in the chara[cter]

of a lunatic knight-errant, but as a plain Engliſh gentleman, jealous of his honour, and reſolute in his purpoſe."

To this addreſs Mr. Sycamore made no reply, but with a ſullen aſpect ordered the carriage to proceed; and it moved accordingly to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction.

Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding-coat, hat, and boots; and Crowe, parting with his ſkull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained in ſome reſpects the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphoſed, they purſued their way in an eaſy pace, Mr. Clarke endeavouring to amuſe them with a learned diſſertation on the law, tending to demonſtrate that Mr. Sycamore was, by his behaviour of that day, liable to three different actions, beſides a commiſſion of lunacy; and that Dawdle might be proſecuted for having practiſed ſubtle craft to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for aſſault and battery; becauſe, for why? The ſaid Crowe having run away, as might be eaſily proved, before any blows were given, the ſaid Dawdle, by purſuing him even out of the high road, putting him in fear, and committing battery on his body, became, to all intents and purpoſes, the aggreſſor; and an indictment would lie in *Banco Regis*.

The captain's pride was ſo ſhocked at theſe obſervations, that he exclaimed with equal rage and impatience, "You lie, you dog, in *Bilkum Regis*—you lie, I ſay, you lubber, I did not run away; nor was I in fear, d'ye ſee. It was my ſon of a bitch of a horſe that would not obey the helm, d'ye ſee, whereby I cou'dn't uſe my metal, d'ye ſee—As for the matter of fear, you and fear may kiſs my—So don't go and heave your ſtink-pots at my character, d'ye ſee, or—agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a—I wool." Tom proteſted he meant nothing but a little ſpeculation, and Crowe was appeaſed.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden without any farther adventure, and paſſed the night in great tranquillity.

Next morning, even after the horſes were ordered to be ſaddled, Mr. Clarke, without ceremony, entered the

apartment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip. This young woman, advancing to the knight, cried, "O, Sir Launcelot! my dear leady, my dear leady!"—but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears, which the tender-hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful ſhower of ſympathy.

Our adventurer ſtarting at this exclamation, "O heavens! (cried he) where is my Aurelia? ſpeak, where did you leave that jewel of my ſoul? anſwer me in a moment—I am all terror and impatience!"

Dolly, having recollected herſelf, told him that Mr. Darnel had lodged his niece in the new buildings by May Fair; that, on the ſecond night after their arrival, a very warm expoſtulation had paſſed between Aurelia and her uncle, who next morning diſmiſſed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her miſtreſs, and that ſame day moved to another part of the town, as ſhe afterwards learned of the landlady, though ſhe could not inform her whither they were gone: That, when ſhe was turned away, John Clump, one of the footmen, who pretended to have a kindneſs for her, had faithfully promiſed to call upon her, and let her know what paſſed in the family; but as he did not keep his word, and ſhe was an utter ſtranger in London, without friends or ſettlement, ſhe had reſolved to return to her mother, and travelled ſo far on foot ſince yeſterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the moſt diſmal tidings from her lamentable preamble, was pleaſed to find his preſaging fears diſappointed; though he was far from being ſatisfied with the diſmiſſion of Dolly, from whoſe attachment to his intereſt, joined to her influence over Mr. Clump, he had hoped to reap ſuch intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his deſires. After a minute's reflection, he ſaw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs. Cowſlip, and lodge her at the place where Mr. Clump had promiſed to viſit her with intelligence; for, in all probability, it was not for want of inclination that he had not kept his promiſe.

Dolly did not expreſs any averſion to the ſcheme of returning to London, where ſhe hoped once more to re-

er dear lady, to whom by this time ſhe was attach-
the ſtrongeſt ties of affection; and her inclination
; reſpect was aſſiſted by the conſideration of having
mpany of the young lawyer, who, it plainly ap-
l, had made ſtrange havoc in her heart, though it
e owned, for the honour of this blooming damſel,
er thoughts had never once deviated from the paths
ocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot ſur-
this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himſelf
ed to take care of her fortune; and from this day
gan to ruminate on a ſcheme which was afterwards
nmated in her favour—In the mean time he laid
tions on Mr. Clarke to conduct his addreſſes to
Cowſlip according to the rules of honour and de-
, as he valued his countenance and friendſhip. His
tep was to procure a ſaddle-horſe for Dolly, who
red this to any other ſort of carriage, and thereby
ed the wiſh of her admirer, who longed to ſee her
rſeback in her green joſeph.
e armour, including the accoutrements of the no-
nd the 'ſquire, were left in the care of the inn-
r, and Timothy Crabſhaw was ſo metamorphoſed
lain livery-frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty
niſed his perſon. As for the novice Crowe, his
ad almoſt reſumed its natural dimenſions, but then
hole face was ſo covered with a livid ſuffuſion, his
ppeared ſo flat, and his lips ſo tumified, that he
: very well have paſſed for a Caffre or Ethiopian.
r circumſtance being now adjuſted, they departed
Bugden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield,
the evening arrived at the Bull and Gate Inn in
rn, where they eſtabliſhed their quarters for the

CHAPTER XX.

In which our hero deſcends into the manſions of the damned.

THE firſt ſtep which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that ſucceeded his arrival in London, was to ſettle Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip in lodgings at the houſe where John Clump had promiſed to viſit her; as he did not doubt, that, though the viſit was delayed, it would ſome time or other be performed, and in that caſe he might obtain ſome intelligence of Aurelia. Mr. Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the ſame houſe, on his earneſtly deſiring he might be intruſted with the office of conveying information and inſtruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himſelf reſolved to live retired, until he ſhould receive ſome tidings relating to Miſs Darnel that would influence his conduct; but he propoſed to frequent places of public reſort incognito, that he might have ſome chance of meeting by accident with the miſtreſs of his heart.

Taking it for granted, that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuſe him in his hours of ſolitude and diſappointment, he invited that original to be his gueſt at a ſmall houſe, which he determined to hire ready furniſhed, in the neighbourhood of Golden-ſquare. The captain thanked him for his courteſy, and frankly embraced his offer, though he did not much approve of the knight's choice in point of ſituation. He ſaid he would recommend him to a ſpecial good upper deck hard by St. Catherine's in Wapping, where he would be delighted with the proſpect of the ſtreet forwards, well frequented by paſſengers, carts, drays, and other carriages; and having backwards an agreeable view of Alderman Parſons' great brewhouſe, with two hundred hogs feeding almoſt under the window. As a further inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of ſalutation; nor did he forget the ſweet [illegible] and unmooring ſhips in the river,

jects on the other side of the Thames, displayed in the oozy docks and cabbage-gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not insensible to the beauties of this landscape, but, his pursuit lying another way, he contented himself with a less enchanting situation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendship.

At night, Mr. Clarke arrived at our hero's house with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him, that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her, that his master, 'Squire Darnel, was to set out early in the morning for Yorkshire; but he could give no account of her lady, who had the day before been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney-coach, attended by her uncle and an ill looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey, so that he feared she was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehension was even roused by a suspicion, that a man of Darnel's violent temper and unprincipled heart might have practised upon the life of his lovely niece; but, upon recollection, he could not suppose that he had recourse to such infamous expedients, knowing, as he did, that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be easily proved he had conveyed her from the lodging in which she resided.

His first fears now gave way to another suggestion, that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with his proposals, had trumped up a spurious claim against her, and, by virtue of a writ, confined her in some prison or spunging-house. Possessed with this idea, he desired Mr. Clarke to search the sheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any such writ had been granted; and he himself resolved to make a tour of the great prisons belonging to the metropolis, to inquire, if perchance she might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if possible, to apprise her of his place of abode, by a paragraph in all the daily papers, signifying that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his house near Golden-square.

All these resolutions were punctually executed. No such writ had been taken out in the sheriff's office; and

therefore our hero ſet out on his jail expedition, accompanied by Mr. Clarke, who had contracted ſome acquaintance with the commanding officers in theſe garriſons, in the courſe of his clerkſhip and practice as an attorney. The firſt day they ſpent in proſecuting their inquiry through the Gate-houſe, Fleet, and Marſhalſea; the next they allotted to the King's Bench, where they underſtood there was a great variety of priſoners. There they propoſed to make a minute ſcrutiny, by the help of Mr. Norton, the deputy-marſhal, who was Mr. Clarke's intimate friend, and had nothing at all of the jailor, either in his appearance or in his diſpoſition, which was remarkably humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures.

The knight having beſpoke dinner at a tavern in the Borough, was, together with Captain Crowe, conducted to the priſon of the King's Bench, which is ſituated in St. George's-fields, about a mile from the end of Weſtminſter-bridge, and appears like a neat little regular town, conſiſting of one ſtreet, ſurrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground, which may be termed a garden, where the priſoners take the air, and amuſe themſelves with a variety of diverſions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a jail, or bears the leaſt colour of reſtraint. The ſtreet is crowded with paſſengers. Tradeſmen of all kinds here exerciſe their different profeſſions. Hawkers of all ſorts are admitted to call and vend their wares as in any open ſtreet of London. Here are butchers-ſtands, chandlers-ſhops, a ſurgery, a tap-houſe well frequented, and a public kitchen, in which proviſions are dreſſed for all the priſoners gratis, at the expence of the publican. Here the voice of miſery never complains; and, indeed, little elſe is to be heard but the ſounds of mirth and jollity. At the farther end of the ſtreet, on the right hand, is a little paved court leading to a ſeparate building, conſiſting of twelve large apartments, called State Rooms, well furniſhed and fitted up for the reception of the better ſort of crown priſoners; and on the other ſide of the ſtreet, facing a ſeparate diviſion of ground

l the Common Side, is a range of rooms occupied
riſoners of the loweſt order, who ſhare the profits
begging box, and are maintained by this practice,
ſome eſtabliſhed funds of charity. We ought alſo
ſerve, that the jail is provided with a neat chapel,
hich a clergyman, in conſideration of a certain ſala-
erforms divine ſervice every Sunday.
ır adventurer having ſearched the books, and per-
the deſcription of all the female priſoners who had
for ſome weeks admitted into the jail, obtained not
eaſt intelligence of his concealed charmer, but re-
d to alleviate his diſappointment by the gratifica-
of his curioſity.
ıder the auſpices of Mr. Norton, he made a tour of
priſon, and in particular viſited the kitchen, where
ıw a number of ſpits loaded with a variety of pro-
ı, conſiſting of butcher's meat, poultry, and game:
ould not help expreſſing his aſtoniſhment with up-
l hands, and congratulating himſelf in ſecret, upon
eing a member of that community which had pro-
l ſuch a comfortable aſylum for the unfortunate.
ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noiſe
e ſtreet; and Mr. Norton declaring he was ſent for
e lodge, conſigned our hero to the care of one Mr.
n, a priſoner of a very decent appearance, who paid
ompliments with a good grace, and invited the com-
to repoſe themſelves in his apartment, which was
, commodious, and well furniſhed. When Sir
celot aſked the cauſe of that uproar, he told him
it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two
e priſoners, to be decided in the ground or garden
e place.
ptain Crowe, expreſſing an eager curioſity to ſee
attle, Mr. Felton aſſured him there would be no
, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghills:
t in half an hour (ſaid he) there will be a battle of
conſequence between two of the demagogues of
lace, Dr. Crabclaw and Mr. Tapley, the firſt a
cian, and the other a brewer. You muſt know,
emen, that this microcoſm or republic in miniature
e the great world, ſplit into factions. Crabclaw is

the leader of one party, and the other is headed by Tapley; both are men of warm and impetuous tempers, and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, infomuch that it was dangerous to walk the ſtreet on account of the continual ſkirmiſhes of their partizans. At length, ſome of the more ſedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon ſome remedy for theſe growing diſorders, propoſed that the diſpute ſhould be at once decided by ſingle combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the propoſal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas, and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which conſiderable ſums of money are depending. As for Mr. Norton, it is not proper that he ſhould be preſent, or ſeem to countenance ſuch violent proceedings, which, however, it is neceſſary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of thoſe humours, which, being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury in conſpiracy and rebellion."

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means ſuch a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependents, to above five hundred, were reſtrained within the bounds of any tolerable diſcipline, or prevented from making their eſcape, which they might at any time accompliſh, either by ſtealth or open violence, as it could not be ſuppoſed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and ſhutting the door, could reſiſt the efforts of a whole multitude.

"Your wonder, good Sir (ſaid Mr. Felton), will vaniſh, when you conſider it is hardly poſſible that the multitude ſhould co-operate in the execution of ſuch a ſcheme; and that the keeper perfectly well underſtands the maxim *divide et impera*. Many priſoners are reſtrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy marſhal, whoſe friendſhip and good offices they have experienced; ſome no doubt are actuated by motives of diſcretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other; and I am firmly perſuaded that there are not ten priſoners within the place that would make their eſcape, if the doors were laid open. This is a ſtep which no man would take, unleſs his fortune was altogether deſ-

perate; becauſe it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expoſe him to the moſt imminent riſk of being retaken and treated with the utmoſt ſeverity. The majority of the priſoners live in the moſt lively hope of being releaſed by the aſſiſtance of their friends, the compaſſion of their creditors, or the favour of the legiſlature. Some who are cut off from all theſe propoſals, are become naturalized to the place, knowing they cannot ſubſiſt in any other ſituation. I myſelf am one of theſe. After having reſigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained theſe nine years in priſon, becauſe one perſon refuſes to ſign my certificate. I have long outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the leaſt countenance or favour: I am grown old in confinement, and lay my account with ending my days in jail, as the mercy of the legiſlature in favour of inſolvent debtors is never extended to uncertified bankrupts taken in execution. By dint of induſtry and the moſt rigid economy, I make ſhift to live independent in this retreat. To this ſcene my faculty of ſubſiſting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to eſcape, where ſhould I go? All my views of fortune have been long blaſted. I have no friends nor connections in the world. I muſt, therefore, ſtarve in ſome ſequeſtered corner, or be recaptivated and confined for ever to cloſe priſon, deprived of the indulgences which I now enjoy."

Here the converſation was broke off by another uproar, which was the ſignal to battle between the doctor and his antagoniſt. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undreſſed, and the ſtakes depoſited. The doctor ſeemed of the middle age and middle ſtature, active and alert, with an atrabilarious aſpect, and a mixture of rage and diſdain expreſſed in his countenance. The brewer was large, raw-boned, and round as a butt of beer, but very fat, unwieldy, ſhort-winded, and phlegmatic. Our adventurer was not a little ſurpriſed when he beheld, in the character of ſeconds, a male and a female ſtripped naked from the waiſt upwards, the latter ranging on the ſide of the phyſician; but the commencement of the

battle prevented his demanding of his guide an explanation of this phenomenon. The doctor retiring ſome paces backwards, threw himſelf into the attitude of a battering ram, and ruſhed upon his antagoniſt with great impetuoſity, foreſeeing, that, ſhould he have the good fortune to overturn him in the firſt aſſault, it would not be an eaſy taſk to raiſe him up again, and put him in a capacity of offence. But the momentum of Crabclaw's head, and the concomitant efforts of his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapley, who ſtood firm as the Acroceraunian promontory; and ſtepping forward with his projected fiſt, ſomething ſmaller and ſofter than a ſledge-hammer, ſtruck the phyſician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the aſſiſtance of his female ſecond, he was on his legs again, and grappling with his antagoniſt, endeavoured to tip him a fall, but inſtead of accompliſhing his purpoſe, he received a croſs-buttock, and the brewer throwing himſelf upon him as he fell, had well nigh ſmothered him on the ſpot. The amazon flew to his aſſiſtance, and Tapley ſhowing no inclination to get up, ſhe ſmote him on the temple till he roared. The male ſecond haſtening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately ſurrounded with black circles; and ſhe returned the ſalute with a blow, which brought a double ſtream of blood from his noſtrils, greeting him at the ſame time with the opprobrious appellation of a a louſy ſon of a b—h. A combat more furious than the firſt would now have enſued, had not Felton interpoſed with an air of authority, and inſiſted on the man's leaving the field, an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, ſaying, "Well, damme, Felton, you're my friend and commander; I'll obey your order—but the b—h will be foul of me before we ſleep."—Then Felton advancing to his opponent, "Madam (ſaid he), I'm very ſorry to ſee a lady of your rank and qualifications expoſe yourſelf in this manner—for God's ſake, behave with a little more decorum, if not for the ſake of your own family, at leaſt for the credit of your ſex in general." "Hark ye, Felton (ſaid ſhe), decorum is founded upon a delicacy of ſentiment and deportment, which cannot

conſiſt with the diſgraces of a jail, and the miſeries of indigence.—But I ſee the diſpute is now terminated, and the money is to be drank; if you'll dine with us, you ſhall be welcome; if not, you may die in your ſobriety, and be damned."

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man; yet he would not honour the feſtival with his preſence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr. Felton's apartment, where he ſat ſome time without opening his mouth, ſo aſtoniſhed he was at what he had ſeen and heard.

"I perceive, Sir (ſaid the priſoner), you are ſurpriſed at the manner in which I accoſted that unhappy woman; and perhaps you will be more ſurpriſed when you hear that within theſe eighteen months ſhe was actually a perſon of faſhion, and her opponent (who by the bye is her huſband) univerſally reſpected as a man of honour and a brave officer."—"I am indeed (cried our hero), overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as ſtimulated by an eager curioſity to know the fatal cauſes which have produced ſuch a deplorable reverſe of character and fortune. But I will rein my curioſity till the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have beſpoke dinner, a favour which I hope Mr. Norton will have no objection to your granting, as he himſelf is to be of the party.—The priſoner thanked him for his kind invitation, and they adjourned immediately to the place, taking up the deputy-marſhal in their paſſage through the lodge or entrance of the priſon.

CHAPTER XXI.

Containing further anecdotes relating to the children of wretchedneſs.

DINNER being cheerfully diſcuſſed, and our adventurer expreſſing an eager deſire to know the hiſtory of the male and female who had acted as [redacted] or ſeconds to

the champions of the King's Bench, Felton grat curioſity to this effect:

" All that I know of Captain Clewline, pre his commitment, is, that he was commander o of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant that he married the daughter of a rich mercha city of London, againſt the inclination and wit knowledge of her father, who renounced her act of diſobedience: That the captain conſoled for the rigour of the parent, with the poſſeſſio lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in but highly accompliſhed in her mind, and am her diſpoſition. Such, a few months ago, were t perſons whom you ſaw acting in ſuch a vulgar c When they firſt entered the priſon, they were u edly the handſomeſt couple mine eyes ever beh their appearance won univerſal reſpect even fr moſt brutal inhabitants of the jail.

" The captain, having unwarily involved him ſecurity for a man to whom he had lain under tions, became liable for a conſiderable ſum; and father-in-law being the ſole creditor of the ba took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance up for having eſpouſed his daughter. He watched portunity until the captain had actually ſtepped i poſt chaiſe with his lady for Portſmouth, wh ſhip lay, and cauſed him to be arreſted in the mo lic and ſhameful manner. Mrs. Clewline had like ſunk under the firſt tranſports of her grief and a cation; but theſe ſubſiding, ſhe had recourſe to p ſolicitation. She went with her only child in he (a lovely boy), to her father's door, and being admittance, kneeled down in the ſtreet, implori compaſſion in the moſt pathetic ſtrain; but this hearted citizen, inſtead of recognizing his chil taking the poor mourner to his boſom, inſulted he the window with the moſt bitter reproach, ſayi mong other ſhocking expreſſions, " Strumpet, yourſelf away with your brat, otherwiſe I ſhall fe the beadle, and have you to Bridewell."

" The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart

ınd fainted in the ſtreet, from whence ſhe was
:d to a public-houſe by the charity of ſome paſ-

She afterwards attempted to ſoften the bar-
of her father by repeated letters, and by intereſt-
ıe of his friends to intercede with him in her
but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, ſhe
ınied her huſband to the priſon of the King's
where ſhe muſt have felt, in the ſevereſt man-
fatal reverſe of circumſtance to which ſhe was

e captain being diſabled from going to ſea, was
led, and he ſaw all his hopes blaſted in the midſt
tive war, at a time when he had the faireſt pro-
f fame and fortune. He ſaw himſelf reduced to
: poverty, cooped up with the tender partner of
't in a wretched hovel, amidſt the refuſe of man-
nd on the brink of wanting the common neceſ-
f life. The mind of man is ever ingenious in
reſources. He comforted his lady with vain
f having friends who would effect his deliver-
ıd repeated aſſurances of this kind ſo long, that
ngth began to think they were not altogether
foundation.

s. Clewline, from a principle of duty, recollect-
er fortitude, that ſhe might not only bear her
h patience, but even contribute to alleviate the
her huſband, whom her affection had ruined.
cted to believe the ſuggeſtions of his pretended
ſhe interchanged with him aſſurances of better
; her appearanee exhibited a calm, while her
ras torn with anguiſh. She aſſiſted him in writ-
ers to former friends, the laſt conſolation of the
ed priſoner; ſhe delivered theſe letters with her
ınd, and underwent a thouſand mortifying re-
the moſt ſhocking circumſtances of which ſhe
ed from her huſband. She performed all the
offices in her own little family, which was main-
by pawning her apparel; and both the huſband
ſe, in ſome meaſure, ſweetened their cares, by
ng and toying with their charming little boy, on
they doated with an enthuſiaſm of fondneſs.—

Yet even this pleaſure was mingled with the moſt tender and melancholy regret. I have ſeen the mother hang over him, with the moſt affecting expreſſion of this kind in her aſpect, the tears contending with the ſmiles upon her countenance, while ſhe exclaimed,—"Alas! my poor priſoner, little did your mother once think ſhe ſhould be obliged to nurſe you in a jail." The captain's paternal love was daſhed with impatience.—He would ſnatch up the boy in a tranſport of grief, preſs him to his breaſt, devour him as it were with kiſſes, throw up his eyes to Heaven in the moſt emphatic ſilence; then convey the child haſtily to his mother's arms, pull his hat over his eyes, ſtalk out into the common walk, and finding himſelf alone, break out into tears and lamentation.

"Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what further griefs awaited them! The ſmall-pox broke out in the priſon, and poor Tommy Clewline was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable, you may conceive the conſternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their diſtreſs was rendered inconceiveable by indigence; for, by this time they were ſo deſtitute, that they could neither pay for common attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did on that occaſion, what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures.—I wrote to a phyſician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to viſit the poor little patient: I engaged a careful woman-priſoner as a nurſe, and Mr. Norton ſupplied them with money and neceſſaries. Theſe helps were barely ſufficient to preſerve them from the horrors of deſpair, when they ſaw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathſome peſtilential malady, during the exceſſive heat of the dog-days, and ſtruggling for breath in the noxious atmoſphere of a confined cabin, where they ſcarce had room to turn, on the moſt neceſſary occaſions. The eager curioſity with which the mother eyed the doctor's looks as often as he viſited the boy; the terror and trepidation of the father, while he deſired to know his opinion; in a word, the whole tenor of their diſtreſs baffled all deſcription.

"At length the phyſician, for the ſake of his own

character, was obliged to be explicit; and returning with the captain to the common walk, told him, in my hearing, that the child could not poſſibly recover.—This ſentence ſeemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who ſtood motionleſs, and ſeemingly bereft of ſenſe. I led him to my apartment, where he ſat a full hour in that ſtate of ſtupefaction; then he began to groan hideouſly; a ſhower of tears burſt from his eyes; he threw himſelf on the floor, and uttered the moſt pitious lamentation that ever was heard. Meanwhile, Mrs. Norton being made acquainted with the doctor's prognoſtic, viſited Mrs. Clewline, and invited her to the lodge. Her prophetic fears immediately took the alarm: "What! (cried ſhe, ſtarting up with a frantic wildneſs in her looks) then our caſe is deſperate—I ſhall loſe my dear Tommy!—the poor priſoner will be releaſed by the hand of Heaven!—Death will convey him to the cold grave?"—The dying innocent hearing this exclamation, pronounced theſe words, "Tommy won't leave you, my dear mamma—if death comes to take Tommy, papa ſhall drive him away with his ſword." This addreſs deprived the wretched mother of all reſignation to the will of Providence. She tore her hair, daſhed herſelf on the pavement, ſhrieked aloud, and was carried off in a deplorable ſtate of diſtraction.

"That ſame evening the lovely babe expired, and the father grew frantic. He made an attempt on his own life; and being with difficulty reſtrained, his agitation ſunk into a kind of ſullen inſenſibility, which ſeemed to abſorb all ſentiment, and gradually vulgarized his faculty of thinking. In order to diſſipate the violence of his ſorrow, he continually ſhifted the ſcene from one company to another, contracted abundance of low connections, and drowned his cares in repeated intoxication. The unhappy lady underwent a long ſeries of hyſterical fits and other complaints, which ſeemed to have a fatal effect on her brain as well as conſtitution. Cordials were adminiſtered to keep up her ſpirits; and ſhe found it neceſſary to protract the uſe of them to blunt the edge of grief, by overwhelming reflection, and remove the ſenſe of uneaſineſs ariſing from a diſ-

order in her ſtomach. In a word, ſhe became an habitual dram-drinker; and this practice expoſed her to ſuch communication as debauched her reaſon, and perverted her ſenſe of decorum and propriety. She and her huſband gave a looſe to vulgar exceſs, in which they were enabled to indulge by the charity and intereſt of ſome friends, who obtained half-pay for the captain.

"They are now metamorphoſed into the ſhocking creatures you have ſeen; he into a riotous plebeian, and ſhe into a ragged trull. They are both drunk every day, quarrel and fight one with another, and often inſult their fellow priſoners. Yet they are not wholly abandoned by virtue and humanity. The captain is ſcrupulouſly honeſt in all his dealings, and pays off his debts punctually every quarter, as ſoon as he receives his half-pay. Every priſoner in diſtreſs is welcome to ſhare his money while it laſts; and his wife never fails, while it is in her power, to relieve the wretched; ſo that their generoſity, even in this miſerable diſguiſe, is univerſally reſpected by their neighbours. Sometimes the recollection of their former rank comes over them like a qualm, which they diſpel with brandy, and then humouroufly rally one another on their mutual degeneracy. She often ſtops me me in the walk, and, pointing to the captain, ſays, "My huſband, though he is become a blackguard jail-bird, muſt be allowed to be a handſome fellow ſtill."—On the other hand, he will frequently deſire me to take notice of his rib, as ſhe chances to paſs.—"Mind that draggle-tail'd drunken drab—(he will ſay) what an antidote it is—yet, for all that, Felton, ſhe was a fine woman when I married her—Poor Beſs, I have been the ruin of her, that is certain, and deſerve to be damned for bringing her to this paſs."

"Thus they accommodate themſelves to each other's infirmities, and paſs their time not without ſome taſte of plebeian enjoyment—but, name their child, they never fail to burſt into tears, and ſtill feel a return of the moſt poignant ſorrow."

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear this ſtory unmoved. Tom Clarke's cheeks were bedewed with the drops of ſympathy, while, with much ſobbing, he declared his

ion, that an action would lie againſt the lady's fa-

aptain Crowe having liſtened to the ſtory, with un-
non-attention, expreſſed his concern that an honeſt
an ſhould be ſo taken in ſtays; but he imputed all
alamities to the wife: "For why? (ſaid he) a ſea-
g man may have a ſweet-heart in every port; but
hould ſteer clear of a wife, as he would avoid a
k-ſand.—You ſee, brother, how this here Clewline
aſtern in the wake of a ſnivelling b—; otherwiſe
ould never make a weft in his enſign for the loſs of
ild—odds heart! he could have done no more if he
ſprung a top-maſt, or ſtarted a timber.—"
he knight declaring that he would take another view
e priſon in the afternoon, Mr. Felton inſiſted upon
loing him the honour to drink a diſh of tea in his
tment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation.
her they accordingly repaired, after having made
her circuit of the jail, and the tea things were pro-
d by Mrs. Felton, when ſhe was ſummoned to the
, and in a few minutes returning, communicated
thing in a whiſper to her huſband. He changed co-
, and repaired to the ſtair-caſe, where he was heard
lk aloud in an angry tone.
hen he came back, he told the company he had been
d by a very importunate beggar. Addreſſing him-
to our adventurer, "You took notice (ſays he) of
e lady flaunting about our walk in all the frippery
e faſhion.—She was lately a gay young widow that
e a great figure at the court-end of the town; ſhe
nguiſhed herſelf by her ſplendid equipage, her rich
ies, her brilliant aſſemblies, her numerous routs,
her elegant taſte in dreſs and furniture. She is
ly related to ſome of the beſt families in England,
it muſt be owned, miſtreſs of many fine accompliſh-
ts. But being deficient in true delicacy, ſhe endea-
ed to hide that defect by affectation. She pretend-
a thouſand antipathies which did not belong to her
re. A breaſt of veal threw her into mortal agonies;
e ſaw a ſpider, ſhe ſcreamed; and at ſight of a mouſe
ainted away: She could not, without horror, behold

an entire joint of meat; and nothing but fricaſſees and other made-diſhes were ſeen upon her table. She cauſed all her floors to be lined with green baize, that ſhe might trip along them with more eaſe and pleaſure. Her footmen wore clogs, which were depoſited in the hall, and both they and her chairmen were laid under the ſtrongeſt injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds per annum, and ſhe made ſhift to ſpend four times that ſum: At length it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value; but, far from retrenching, ſhe ſeemed to increaſe in extravagance, until her effects were taken in execution, and her perſon here depoſited in ſafe cuſtody.

"When one conſiders the abrupt tranſition ſhe underwent from her ſpacious apartments to an hovel ſcarce eight feet ſquare; from ſumptuous furniture to bare benches; from magnificence to meanneſs; from affluence to extreme poverty; one would imagine ſhe muſt have been totally overwhelmed by ſuch a ſudden guſh of miſery. But this was not the caſe: She has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She forthwith accommodated herſelf to the exigency of her fortune; yet ſhe ſtill affects to keep ſtate amidſt the miſeries of a gaol; and this affectation is truly ridiculous.—She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon: She maintains a female attendant for the ſole purpoſe of dreſſing her perſon. Her cabin is the leaſt cleanly in the whole priſon; ſhe has learned to eat bread and cheeſe and drink porter; but ſhe always appears once a day dreſſed in the pink of the faſhion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's ſhop, the baker's, and the tap-houſe, though there is nothing got in this place but with ready money: She has even borrowed ſmall ſums from divers priſoners, who were themſelves on the brink of ſtarving. She takes pleaſure in being ſurrounded with duns, obſerving, that by ſuch people a perſon of faſhion is to be diſtinguiſhed. She writes circular letters to her former friends, and acquaintance, and by this method has raiſed pretty conſiderable contributions; for ſhe writes in a moſt elegant and irreſiſtible ſtile. About a fortnight ago ſhe received a ſupply of twenty guineas; when, inſtead of paying

:le gaol-debts, or withdrawing any part of her ap-
rom pawn, ſhe laid out the whole ſum in a fa-
ıle ſuit and laces; and next day borrowed of me
ıg to purchaſe a neck of mutton for her dinner—
ems to think her rank in life entitles her to this
f aſſiſtance. She talks very pompouſly of her fa-
nd connections, by whom, however, ſhe has been
:nounced. She has no ſympathy nor compaſſion
· diſtreſſes of her fellow-creatures; but ſhe is per-
well bred; ſhe bears a repulſe the beſt of any wo-
ever knew; and her temper has never been once
ſince her arrival at the King's Bench—She now
:ed me to lend her half a guinea, for which ſhe
e had the moſt preſſing occaſion, and promiſed up-
honour it ſhould be repaid to-morrow; but I lent
ear to her requeſt, and told her in plain terms
:r honour was already bankrupt.—"

Launcelot, thruſting his hand mechanically into
:ket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and deſired
to accommodate her with that triſle in his own
but he declined the propoſal, and refuſed to
the money. "God forbid (ſaid he), that I
attempt to thwart your charitable intention: But
ıy good Sir, is no object—ſhe has many reſources.
:r ſhould we number the clamorous beggar among
who really feel diſtreſs. He is generally gorged
›ounty miſapplied. The liberal hand of charity
be extended to modeſt want that pines in ſilence,
ıtering cold, nakedneſs, and hunger, and every
; of diſtreſs. Here you may find the wretch of
enſations blaſted by accident in the bloſſom of his
e, ſhivering in the ſolitary receſs of indigence,
ıing to beg, and even aſhamed to let his miſery be
ı. Here you may ſee the parent who has known
:r times, ſurrounded by his tender offspring, naked
›rlorn, demanding food, which his circumſtances
: afford.

That man of decent appearance and melancholy af-
who liſted his hat as you paſſed him in the yard, is
on of unblemiſhed character. He was a reputable
man in the city, and failed through inevitable

loſſes. A commiſſion of bankruptcy was taken out againſt him by his ſole creditor, a quaker, who refuſed to ſign his certificate. He has lived three years in priſon, with a wife and five ſmall children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten ſhillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give ſecurity for paying the remainder in three years, by inſtallments. The honeſt quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any diſhoneſt practices; but he rejected the propoſal with the moſt mortifying indifference, declaring that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his houſe, and kneeling before him with her five lovely children, implored mercy with tears and exclamations. He ſtood this ſcene unmoved, and even ſeemed to enjoy the proſpect, wearing the looks of complacency, while his heart was ſteeled with rancour. "Woman (ſaid he), theſe be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtured. Go thy ways in peace; I have taken my reſolution." Her friends maintained the family for ſome time; but it is not in human charity to perſevere: Some of them died; ſome of them grew unfortunate; ſome of them fell off; and now the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence, from whence he has no proſpect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have beſtowed upon the lady would make this poor man and his family ſing with joy."

He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words, when our hero deſired the man might be called, and in a few minutes he entered the apartment with a low obeiſance. "Mr. Coleby (ſaid the knight), I have heard how cruelly you have been uſed by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling preſent, if it can be of any ſervice to you in your diſtreſs." So ſaying, he put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was ſo confounded at ſuch an unlooked-for acquiſition, that he ſtood motionleſs and ſilent, unable to thank the donor; and Mr. Felton conveyed him to the door, obſerving that his heart was too full for utterance. But, in a little time, his wife burſting into the room with her five children, looked around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed, "This is the angel ſent by Providence to

ſuccour me and my poor innocents." Then falling at his feet, ſhe preſſed his hand and bathed it with her tears —He raiſed her up with that complacency which was natural to his diſpoſition. He kiſſed all her children, who were remarkably handſome and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, aſſured her ſhe might always apply to him in her diſtreſs.

After her departure, he produced a bank-note of twenty pounds, and would have depoſited it in the hands of Mr. Felton, to be diſtributed in charities among the objects of the place; but he deſired it might be left with Mr. Norton, who was the proper perſon for managing his benevolence; and he promiſed to aſſiſt the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

CHAPTER XXII.

In which Captain Crowe is ſublimed into the Regions of Aſtrology.

THREE whole days had our adventurer proſecuted his inquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he ſought in every place of public and of private entertainment, or reſort, without obtaining the leaſt ſatisfactory intelligence, when he received one evening, from the hands of a porter, who inſtantly vaniſhed, the following billet:

"IF you would learn the particulars of Miſs Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling Hoſpital, preciſely at ſeven o'clock this evening, when you ſhall be met by a perſon who will give you the ſatisfaction you deſire, together with his reaſon for addreſſing you in this myſterious manner."

Had this intimation concerned any other ſubject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himſelf in what manner he ſhould take a hint ſo darkly communicated: But his eagerneſs to retrieve the jewel he had loſt, diveſted him of all his caution; the time of aſſignation was already at hand, and neither the captain nor his

nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been diſpoſed to make uſe of their attendance. He therefore, after a moment's heſitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmoſt agitation and anxiety, leaſt the hour ſhould be elapſed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of thoſe defective ſpirits who cannot ſubſiſt for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could diſburden his cares, his doubts, and his humours; an humble friend who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate, free of all reſerve and reſtraint. Though he loved his nephew's perſon, and admired his parts, he conſidered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who preſumed upon his ſuperior underſtanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was ſomething in his character that overawed the ſeaman, and kept him at a diſagreeable diſtance. He had, in this dilemma, caſt his eyes upon Timothy Crabſhaw, and admitted him to a conſiderable ſhare of familiarity and fellowſhip. Theſe companions had been employed in ſmoking a ſocial pipe at an alehouſe in the neighbourhood, when the knight made his excurſion; and returning to the houſe about ſupper-time, found Mr. Clarke in waiting.

The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten, without ſeeing our adventurer, who had been uſed to be extremely regular in his economy; and the captain and he ſupped in profound ſilence. Finding, upon inquiry among the ſervants, that the knight went out abruptly, in conſequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be viſited with the apprehenſion of a duel, and ſat the beſt part of the night by his uncle, ſweating with the expectation of ſeeing our hero brought home a breathleſs corpſe: But no tidings of him arriving, he, about two in the morning, repaired to his own lodging, reſolved to publiſh a deſcription of Sir Launcelot in the newſpapers, if he ſhould not appear next day.

Crowe did not paſs the time without uneaſineſs. He was extremely concerned at the thought of ſome miſchief having befallen his friend and patron: And he was terrified with the apprehenſions, that, in caſe Sir Launcelot was murdered, his ſpirit might come and give him no-

aptain with difficulty roused, by dint of promising
gale him with a bowl of rum punch in the kitchen,
e the fire, which had been extinguished, was soon
dled. The ingredients were fetched from a public-
: in the neighbourhood: For the captain was too
l to use his interest in the knight's family, especial-
these hours, when all the rest of the servants had
ed to their repose; and he and Timothy drank to-
:r until day-break, the conversation turning upon
oblins, and God's revenge against murder.
ıe cookmaid lay in a little apartment contiguous to
kitchen; and whether disturbed by these horrible
of apparitions, or titiliated by the savoury steams
issued from the punch-bowl, she made a virtue of
lity, or appetite, and dressing herself in the dark,
:nly appeared before them, to the no small pertur-
n of both. Timothy, in particular, was so startled,
in his endeavours to make an hasty retreat towards
himney corner, he overturned the table; the liquor
spilt, but the bowl was saved by falling on a heap
hes. Mrs. Cook having reprimanded him for his
h fear, declared she had got up betimes, in order to
r her sauce-pans; and the captain proposed to have
bowl repleniſhed, if materials could be procured.
difficulty was overcome by Crabshaw; and they
own with their new associate to discuss the second
on.
he knight's sudden disappearing being brought upon
:arpet, their female companion gave it as her opi-
that nothing would be so likely to bring this affair

would happen to her through the whole courſe of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence; and Crowe aſked if the ſpoon had been found. She anſwered in the affirmative, and ſaid, the cunning man deſcribed to a hair the perſon that ſhould be her true lover, and her wedded huſband: That he was a ſeafaring man; that he was pretty well ſtricken in years; a little paſſionate or ſo; and that he went with his fingers clinched like, as it were. The captain began to ſweat at this deſcription, and mechanically thruſt his hands into his pockets; while Crabſhaw, pointing to him, told her he believed ſhe had got the right ſow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that mayhap for all that he ſhould not be brought up by ſuch a grappling neither. Then he aſked if this cunning man dealt with the devil, declaring, in that caſe, he would keep clear of him; for why? becauſe he muſt have ſold himſelf to old ſcratch; and being a ſervant of the devil, how could he be a good ſubject to his majeſty? Mrs. Cook aſſured him, the conjurer was a good Chriſtian; and that he gained all his knowledge by converſing with the ſtars and planets. Thus ſatisfied, the two friends reſolved to conſult him as ſoon as it ſhould be light; and being directed to the place of his habitation, ſet out for it by ſeven in the morning.

They found the houſe forſaken, and had already reached the end of the lane in their return, when they were accoſted by an old woman, who gave them to underſtand, that if they had occaſion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as ſhe did ſuppoſe they had, from their ſtopping at the houſe where Dr. Grubble lived, ſhe would conduct them to a perſon of much more eminence in that profeſſion; at the ſame time ſhe informed them, that the ſaid Grubble had been lately ſent to Bridewell; a circumſtance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foreſee. The captain, without any ſcruple, put himſelf and his companion under convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous houſe, ſtanding in a blind alley; which door having opened with a key drawn from her pocket, ſhe introduced them

into a parlour, where they ſaw no other furniture than a naked bench, and ſome frightful figures on the bare walls, drawn or rather ſcrawled with charcoal.

Here ſhe left them locked in, until ſhe ſhould give the doctor notice of their arrival; and they amuſed themſelves with decyphering theſe characters and hieroglyphics. The firſt figure that engaged their attention, was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both conſidered as an unfavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own perſon. Crabſhaw obſerved, that the figure ſo ſuſpended, was clothed in a ſailor's jacket and trowſers; a truth which the captain could not deny; but, on the other hand, he affirmed, that the ſaid figure exhibited the very noſe and chin of Timothy, together with the hump on one ſhoulder. A warm diſpute enſued, and being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have diſſolved the new-cemented friendſhip of thoſe two originals, had it not been interrupted by the old ſybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them above. She likewiſe told them, that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occaſioned a freſh conteſt: The captain inſiſted upon Crabſhaw's making ſail a-head, in order to look out afore; but Timothy perſiſted in refuſing this honour, declaring he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentlewoman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabſhaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other.

The former was dragged up ſtairs like a bear to the ſtake, not without reluctance and terror, which did not at all abate at ſight of the conjurer, with whom he was immediately ſhut up by his conductreſs, after ſhe had told him in a whiſper, that he muſt depoſit a ſhilling in a little black coffin, ſupported by a human ſkull and thigh bones croſſed, on a ſtool covered with black baize, that ſtood in one corner of the apartment. The 'ſquire, having made this offer with fear and trembling, ventured to ſurvey the objects around him, which were very well calculated to augment his confuſion. He ſaw divers ſkeletons hung by the head, the ſtuffed ſkin of a

young alligator, a calf with two heads, and ſeveral ſnakes ſuſpended from the cieling, with the jaws of a ſhark, and a ſtarved weaſel. On another funeral table he beheld two ſpheres, between which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandiſh characters, and mathematical diagrams. On one ſide ſtood an ink-ſtandiſh with paper; and behind this deſk appeared the conjurer himſelf, in ſable veſtments, his head ſo overſhadowed with hair, that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could diſtinguiſh nothing but a long white beard, which, for aught he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as to a two-legged aſtrologer.

This apparition, which the 'ſquire did not eye without manifeſt diſcompoſure, extending a white wand, made certain evolutions over the head of Timothy, and having muttered an ejaculation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward, and declare his name. Crabſhaw, thus adjured, advanced to the altar; and, whether from deſign, or (which is more probable) from confuſion, anſwered, "Samuel Crowe." The conjurer taking up the pen, and making a few ſcratches on the paper, exclaimed, in a terrific accent, "How! miſcreant! attempt to impoſe upon the ſtars?—you look more like a *crab* than a *crow*, and was born under the ſign of Cancer." The 'ſquire, almoſt annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying, "I pray yaw, my lord conjurer's worſhip, pardon my ignorance, and down't go to baind me over to the Red Sea like—I'ſe a poor Yorkſhire tyke, and would no more cheat the ſtars, than I'd cheat my own vather, as the ſaying is—a muſt be a good hand at *trapping*, that catches the ſtars a *napping*—but as your honour's worſhip obſerved, my name is Tim Crabſhaw, of the Eaſt Raiding, groom and ſquair to Sir Launcelot Greaves, baron knaight, and arrant knaight, who ran mad for a wench, as your worſhip's conjuration well knoweth:—The perſon below is Captain Crowe; and we coom by Margery Cook's recommendation, to ſeek after my maſter, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord he knows how and where."

Here he was interrupted by the conjurer, who ex-

horted him to ſit down and compoſe himſelf till he ſhould caſt a figure; then he ſcrawled the paper, and waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberiſh concerning the number, the names, the houſes, and revolutions of the planets, with their conjunctions, oppoſitions, ſigns, circles, cycles, trines, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had its proper effect in diſturbing the brain of Crabſhaw, he proceeded to tell him from the ſtars, that his name was Crabſhaw, or Crabſclaw; that he was born in the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire, of poor, yet honeſt parents, and had ſome ſkill in horſes; that he ſerved a gentleman whoſe name began with the letter G——, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family; but whether he would return alive or dead, the ſtars had not yet determined.

Poor Timothy was thunderſtruck, to find the conjurer acquainted with all theſe circumſtances, and begged to know if he mought be ſo bauld as to ax a queſtion or two about his own fortune. The aſtrologer pointing to the little coffin, our 'ſquire underſtood the hint, and depoſited another ſhilling. The ſage had recourſe to his book, erected another ſcheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand, and having recited another myſtical preamble, expounded the book of fate in theſe words: "You ſhall neither die by fire nor water, by hunger or by thirſt, nor be brought to the grave by old age or diſtemper; but, let me ſee—ay, the ſtars will have it ſo—you ſhall be—exalted—hah!—ay, that is—hanged for horſe-ſtealing."—"O, good my lord conjurer! (roared the 'ſquire) I'd as lief give forty ſhillings as be hanged."—"Peace, ſirrah! (cried the other), would you contradict or reverſe the immutable decrees of fate. Hanging is your deſtiny, and hanged you ſhall be—and comfort yourſelf with the reflection, that as you are not the firſt, ſo neither will you be the laſt to ſwing on Tyburn tree." This comfortable aſſurance compoſed the mind of Timothy, and in a great meaſure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded in a whining tone, to aſk whether he ſhould ſuffer for the firſt fact? whether it would be for a horſe or a mare? and of what colour? that he might

know when his hour was come.—The conjurer gravely anſwered, that he would ſteal a dappled gelding on a Wedneſday, be caſt at the Old Bailey on Thurſday, and ſuffer on a Friday; and he ſtrenuouſly recommended it to him to appear in the cart with a noſegay in one hand, and the Whole Duty of Man in the other. "But if in caſe it ſhould be in the winter (ſaid the 'ſquire), when a noſegay can't be had?"—"Why, then (replied the conjurer), an orange will do as well."

Theſe material points being adjuſted to the entire ſatisfaction of Timothy, he declared he would beſtow another ſhilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deſerve ſo much at his hands, but he could not help loving him better than e'er a friend he had in the world. So ſaying, he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and deſired to know the fate of his horſe Gilbert. The aſtrologer having again conſulted his art, pronounced that Gilbert would die of the ſtaggers, and his carcaſe be given to the hounds; a ſentence which made a much deeper impreſſion upon Crabſhaw's mind, than did the prediction of his own untimely and diſgraceful fate. He ſhed a plenteous ſhower of tears, and his grief broke forth in ſome paſſionate expreſſions of tenderneſs:—At length he told the aſtrologer he would go and ſend up the captain, who wanted to conſult him about Margery Cook, becauſe as how ſhe had informed him that Dr. Grubble had deſcribed juſt ſuch another man as the captain for her true love; and he had no great ſtomach to the match, if ſo be as the ſtars were not bent upon their coming together.

Accordingly the 'ſquire being diſmiſſed by the conjurer, deſcended to the parlour with a rueful length of face, which being perceived by the captain, he demanded "What cheer, ho?" with ſome ſigns of apprehenſion. Crabſhaw making no return to this ſalute, he aſked if the conjurer had taken an obſervation, and told him any thing? Then the other replied, he had told him more than he deſired to know. "Why, an that be the caſe (ſaid the ſeaman), I have no occaſion to go aloft this trip, brother."

This evaſion would not ſerve his turn: Old Tiſiphone

was at hand, and led him up growling into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed to the coffin, where he preſented half a crown, in hope of rendering the fates more propitious, the uſual ceremony was performed, and the doctor addreſſed him in theſe words: "Approach, Raven." The captain advancing, "You a'n't much miſtaken, brother (ſaid he), heave your eye into the binnacle, and box your compaſs, you'll find I'm a Crowe, not a Raven, tho'f indeed they be both fowls of a feather, as the ſaying is."—"I know it, cried the conjurer), thou art a northern crow,—a ſea crow; not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon;—a crow to be plucked,—to be flayed,—to be baſted,—to be broiled by Margery upon the gridiron of matrimony—" The novice changing colour at this denunciation, "I do underſtand your ſignals, brother (ſaid he), and if it be ſet down in the log-book of fate that we muſt grapple, why then 'ware timbers. But as I know how the land lies, d'ye ſee, and the current of my inclination ſets me off, I ſhall haul up cloſe to the wind, and mayhap we ſhall clear Cape Margery. But, howſomever, we ſhall leave that reef in the fore top-ſail:—I was bound upon another voyage, d'ye ſee—to look and to ſee, and to know if ſo be as how I could pick up any intelligence along ſhore concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who ſlipped his cable laſt night, and has loſt company, d'ye ſee." "What! (exclaimed the cunning man) art thou a crow, and can'ſt not ſmell carrion? If thou wouldſt grieve for Greaves, behold his naked carcaſe lies unburied, to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens.—" "What, broach'd to?" "Dead! as a boil'd lobſter." "Odd's heart, friend, theſe are the heavieſt tidings I have heard theſe ſeven long years—there muſt have been deadly odds when he lowered his top-ſails—Smite my eyes! I had rather the Mufti had foundered at ſea, with myſelf and all my generation on board—well fare thy ſoul, flower of the world! had honeſt Sam Crowe been within hail—but what ſignifies palavering." Here the tears of unaffected ſorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the ſeaman's cheeks;

—Then his grief giving way to his indignation, "Hark ye, brother conjurer (ſaid he), you can ſpy foul weather before it comes, damn your eyes! why did not you give us warning of this here ſquall? Blaſt my limbs! I'll make you give an account of this here damned, horrid, confounded murder, d'ye ſee—mayhap you yourſelf was concerned, d'ye ſee.—For my own part, brother, I put my truſt in God, and ſteer by the compaſs, and I value not your paw-wawing and your conjuration of a rope's end, d'ye ſee."—

The conjurer was by no means pleaſed, either with the matter or the manner of this addreſs. He therefore began to ſooth the captain's choler, by repreſenting that he did not pretend to omniſcience, which was the attribute of God alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect; and all that it could perform, was to diſcover certain partial circumſtances of any particular object to which its inquiries were directed: That being queſtioned by the other man concerning the cauſe of his maſter's diſappearing, he had exerciſed his ſkill upon the ſubject, and found reaſon to believe that Sir Launcelot was aſſaſſinated; that he ſhould think himſelf happy in being the inſtrument of bringing the murderers to juſtice, though he foreſaw they would of themſelves ſave him that trouble; for they would quarrel about dividing the ſpoil, and one would give information againſt the other.

The proſpect of this ſatisfaction appeaſed the reſentment, and, in ſome meaſure, mitigated the grief of Captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony; and being joined by Crabſhaw, proceeded with a heavy heart to the houſe of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domeſtics at breakfaſt, without exhibiting the leaſt ſymptom of concern for their abſent maſter. Crowe had been wiſe enough to conceal from Crabſhaw what he had learned of the knight's fate. This fatal intelligence he reſerved for the ear of his nephew Mr. Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the 'ſquire, he did nothing but ruminate in rueful ſilence upon the dappled gelding, the noſegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert. Him he forthwith

viſited in the ſtable, and ſaluted with the kiſs of peace. Then he bemoaned his fortune with tears, and, by the ſound of his own lamentation was lulled aſleep among the litter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which the clouds that cover the cataſtrophe begin to diſperſe.

We muſt now leave Captain Crowe and his nephew Mr. Clarke, arguing with great vehemence about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjurer, and penetrate at once the veil that concealed our hero. Know then, reader, that Sir Launcelot Greaves repairing to the place deſcribed in the billet which he had received, was accoſted by a perſon muffled in a cloak, who began to amuſe him with a feigned ſtory of Aurelia, to which while he liſtened with great attention, he found himſelf ſuddenly ſurrounded by armed men, who ſeized and pinioned down his arms, took away his ſword, and conveyed him by force into a hackney coach provided for the purpoſe. In vain he expoſtulated on this violence with three perſons who accompanied him in the vehicle. He could not extort one word by way of reply; and, from their gloomy aſpects, he began to be apprehenſive of aſſaſſination. Had the carriage paſſed through any frequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants, but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houſes.

After having travelled about two miles, the coach ſtopped at a large iron gate, which being opened, our adventurer was led in ſilence through a ſpacious houſe into a tolerably decent apartment, which he underſtood was intended for his bed-chamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was viſited by a man of no very prepoſſeſſing appearance, who endeavouring to ſmooth his countenance, which was naturally ſtern, welcomed our adventurer to his houſe; exhorted him to be of good

cheer, aſſuring him he ſhould want for nothing, and deſired to know what he would chooſe for ſupper.

Sir Launcelot, in anſwer to this civil addreſs, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reaſons for which his arms were tied like thoſe of the worſt malefactor. The other poſtponed till to-morrow the explanation he demanded, but in the mean time unbound his fetters, and, as he declined eating, left him alone to his repoſe. He took care, however, in retiring, to double lock the door of the room, whoſe windows were grated on the outſide with iron.

The knight, being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the preſent adventure with equal ſurpriſe and concern; but the more he revolved circumſtances, the more was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the ſtate of the mind, a very ſubtle philoſopher is often puzzled by a very plain propoſition; and this was the caſe of our adventurer.—What made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on ſuſpicion of treaſonable practices, by a warrant from the ſecretary of ſtate, in conſequence of ſome falſe malicious information; and that his priſon was no other than the houſe of a meſſenger, ſet apart for the accommodation of ſuſpected perſons. In this opinion he comforted himſelf by recollecting his own conſcious innocence, and reflecting that he ſhould be entitled to the privilege of *habeas corpus*, as the act including that ineſtimable jewel was happily not ſuſpended at this time.

Conſoled by this ſelf-aſſurance, he quietly reſigned himſelf to ſlumber; but before he fell aſleep, he was very diſagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once ſaluted with a noiſe from the next room, conveyed in diſtinct bounces againſt the wainſcot; then an hoarſe voice exclaimed, "Bring up the artillery—let Brutandorff's brigade advance—detach my black huſſars to ravage the country—let them be new booted—take particular care of the ſpur-leathers—make a deſert of Luſatia—bombard the ſuburbs of Pera—go, tell my brother Henry to paſs the Elbe at Meiſſen with forty battalions and fifty ſquadrons—ſo ho, you major-general

Donder, why don't you finiſh your ſecond parallel?—ſend hither the engineer Shittenback—I'll lay all the ſhoes in my ſhop, the breach will be practicable in four and twenty hours—don't tell me of your works—you and your works may be damn'd."—

"Aſſuredly (criêd another voice from a different quarter), he that thinks to be ſaved by works in a ſtate of utter reprobation—I myſelf was a profane weaver, and truſted to the rottenneſs of works—I kept my journeymen and 'prentices at conſtant work, and my heart was ſet upon the riches of this world, which was a wicked work—but now I have got a glimpſe of the new light—I feel the operations of grace—I am of the new birth—I abhor good works—I deteſt all working but the working of the ſpirit—Avaunt, Satan—O! how I thirſt for communication with our ſiſter Jolly"—

"The communication is already open with the Marche (ſaid the firſt), but as for thee, thou caitif, who haſt preſumed to diſparage my works, I'll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy's quarters."

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place; one ſwore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noiſe confounded his calculation—A ſecond, in broken Engliſh, complained he vas diſtorped in the moment of de proſhection—A third, in the character of his holineſs, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas; and ſwore by St. Peter's keys, they ſhould howl ten thouſand years in purgatory, without the benefit of a ſingle maſs. A fourth began to hollow in all the vociferation of a foxhunter in the chaſe; and in an inſtant the whole houſe was in an uproar.

The clamour, however, was of a ſhort duration. The different chambers being opened ſucceſſively, every individual was effectually ſilenced by the ſound of one cabaliſtical word, which was no other than *Waiſtcoat:* A charm which at once cowed the king of P——, diſpoſſeſſed the fanatic, dumb-founded the mathematician, diſmayed the alchemiſt, depoſed the pope, and deprived the ſquire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt concerning the place to which he had been conveyed; and the more he reflected on his ſituation, the more he was overwhelmed with the moſt perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whoſe means he had been immured in a madhouſe; but he heartily repented of his knight-errantry, as a frolic which might have very ſerious conſequences, with reſpect to his future life and fortune. After mature deliberation, he reſolved to demean himſelf with the utmoſt circumſpection, well knowing that every violent tranſport would be interpreted into an undeniable ſymptom of inſanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his jailor by a due adminiſtration of that which is generally more efficacious than all the flowers of elocution; but when he roſe in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully examined, and emptied of all his papers and caſh.

The keeper entering, he inquired about theſe particulars, and was given to underſtand that they were all ſafely depoſited for his uſe, to be forthcoming at a proper ſeaſon: But, at preſent, as he ſhould want for nothing, he had no occaſion for money. The knight acquieſced in this declaration, and eat his breakfaſt in quiet.

About eleven, he received a viſit from the phyſician, who contemplated his looks with great ſolemnity; and having examined his pulſe, ſhook his head, ſaying, "Well, Sir, how d'ye do?—come, don't be dejected—every thing is for the beſt—you are in very good hands, Sir, I aſſure you; and I dare ſay will refuſe nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health."—

"Doctor (ſaid our hero), if it is not an improper queſtion to aſk, I ſhould be glad to know your opinion of my diſorder"—"O! Sir, as to that—(replied the phyſician) your diſorder is a—kind of a—Sir, 'tis very common in this country—a ſort of a"—"Do you think my diſtemper is madneſs, doctor?"—"O Lord, Sir,—not abſolute madneſs—no—not madneſs—you have heard, no doubt, of what is called a weakneſs of the nerves, Sir,—though that is a very inaccurate expreſſion; for this phraſe, denoting a morbid exceſs of ſenſation, ſeems to

imply that ſenſation itſelf is owing to the looſe coheſion of thoſe material particles which conſtitute the nervous ſubſtance, inaſmuch as the quantity of every effect muſt be proportionable to its cauſe; now you'll pleaſe to take notice, Sir, if the caſe were really what theſe words ſeem to import, all bodies, whoſe particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous; that is, endued with ſenſation—Sir, I ſhall order ſome cooling things to keep you in due temperature; and you'll do very well—Sir, your humble ſervant."

So ſaying, he retired, and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man ſhould not dare to aſk the moſt ordinary queſtion without being reputed mad, while another ſhould talk nonſenſe by the hour, and yet be eſteemed as an oracle.

The maſter of the houſe finding Sir Launcelot ſo tame and tractable, indulged him after dinner with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a ſervant who followed him at a diſtance. Here he was ſaluted by a brother priſoner, a man ſeemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with ſtaring eyes, a hook-noſe, and a face covered with pimples.

The uſual compliments having paſſed, the ſtranger, without further ceremony, aſked him if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could ſpare him a mouthful of any ſort of cordial, declaring he had not taſted brandy ſince he came to the houſe—The knight aſſured him it was not in his power to comply with his requeſt; and began to aſk ſome queſtions relating to the character of their landlord, which the ſtranger repreſented in very unfavourable colours. He deſcribed him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkeſt ſchemes of villany. He ſaid his houſe was a repoſitory of the moſt flagrant iniquities: that it contained fathers kidnapped by their children, wives confined by their huſbands, gentlemen of fortune ſequeſtered by their relations, and innocent perſons immured by the malice of their adverſaries. He affirmed this was his own caſe; and aſked if our hero had never heard of Dick Diſtich, the poet and ſatiriſt. "Ben Bullock and I (ſaid he) were confident againſt the world in arms—did you never ſee his ode to me begin-

ning with "Fair blooming youth." We were ſworn brothers, admired and praiſed, and quoted each other, Sir: We denounced war againſt all the world, actors, authors, and critics; and having drawn the ſword, threw away the ſcabbard—we puſhed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed helter ſkelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age as the Bœotian band of Thebes. My friend Bullock, indeed, was once rolled in the kennel; but ſoon

> He vig'rous roſe, and from th' effluvia ſtrong
> Imbib'd new life, and ſcour'd and ſtunk along.

Here is a ſatire, which I wrote in an ale-houſe when I was drunk—I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife; I fancy you'll own I have ſome right to ſay with my friend Horace,

> "Qui me commorit, melius non tangere clamo;
> "Flebit et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe—"

The knight, having peruſed the papers, declared his opinion that the verſes were tolerably good; but at the ſame time obſerved that the author had reviled as ignorant dunces ſeveral perſons who had writ with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius: A circumſtance that would detract more from his candour than could be allowed to his capacity.

"Damn their genius! (cried the ſatiriſt) a pack of impertinent raſcals! I tell you, Sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to cruſh all that were not of our own party—beſides, I ſaid before, this piece was written in drink." "Was you drunk too when it was printed and publiſhed?" "Yes, the printer ſhall make affidavit that I was never otherwiſe than drunk or maudlin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal manſion—"

"They ſeem to have been your beſt friends (ſaid the knight), and have put the moſt tender interpretation on your conduct; for, waving the plea of inſanity, your character muſt ſtand as that of a man who hath ſome ſmall ſhare of genius, without an atom of integrity—Of all thoſe whom Pope laſhed in his Dunciad, there was not one who did not richly deſerve the imputation of dulneſs

and every one of them had provoked the ſatiriſt by a perſonal attack. In this reſpect the Engliſh poet was much more honeſt than his French pattern Boileau, who ſtigmatized ſeveral men of acknowledged genius; ſuch as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated Lulli; for which reaſon every man of a liberal turn, muſt, in ſpite of all his poetical merit, deſpiſe him as a rancorous knave. If this diſingenuous conduct cannot be forgiven in a writer of his ſuperior genius, who will pardon it in you whoſe name is not half emerged from obſcurity?"

"Hark ye, friend (replied the bard), keep your pardon and your counſel for thoſe who aſk it; or, if you will force them upon people, take one piece of advice in return: If you don't like your preſent ſituation, apply for a committee without delay: They'll find you too much of a fool to have the leaſt tincture of madneſs; and you'll be releaſed without further ſcruple: In that caſe I ſhall rejoice in your deliverance; you will be freed from confinement, and I ſhall be happily deprived of your converſation."

So ſaying, he flew off at a tangent, and our knight could not help ſmiling at the peculiar virulence of his diſpoſition. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured to enter into converſation with his attendant, by aſking how long Mr. Diſtich had reſided in the houſe; but he might as well have addreſſed himſelf to a Turkiſh mute: The fellow either pretended ignorance, or refuſed an anſwer to every queſtion that was propoſed. He would not even diſcloſe the name of his landlord, nor inform him whereabouts the houſe was ſituated.

Finding himſelf agitated with impatience and indignation, he returned to his apartment, and the door being locked upon him, began to review, not without horror, the particulars of his fate. "How little reaſon (ſaid he to himſelf) have we to boaſt of the bleſſings enjoyed by the Britiſh ſubject, if he holds them on ſuch a precarious tenure: If a man of rank and property may be thus kidnapped even in the midſt of the capital; if he may be ſeized by ruffians, inſulted, robbed, and conveyed to ſuch a priſon as this, from which there ſeems to be no poſſibility of eſcape; ſhould I be indulged with pen, ink,

and paper, and appeal to my relations, or to the magiſtrates of my country, my letters would be intercepted by thoſe who ſuperintend my confinement. Should I try to alarm the neighbourhood, my cries would be neglected as thoſe of ſome unhappy lunatic under neceſſary correction. Should I employ the force which Heaven has lent me, I might imbrue my hands in blood, and after all find it impoſſible to eſcape through a number of ſucceſſive doors, locks, bolts, and centinels. Should I endeavour to tamper with the ſervant, he might diſcover my deſign, and then I ſhould be abridged of the little comfort I enjoy. People may inveigh againſt the Baſtile in France, and the inquiſition in Portugal; but I would aſk, if either of theſe be in reality ſo dangerous or dreadful as a private mad houſe in England, under the direction of a ruffian. The Baſtile is a ſtate priſon, the Inquiſition is a ſpiritual tribunal; but both are under the direction of government. It ſeldom, if ever, happens that a man entirely innocent is confined in either; or, if he ſhould, he lays his account with a legal trial before eſtabliſhed judges. But, in England, the moſt innocent perſon upon earth is liable to be immured for life under the pretext of lunacy, ſequeſtered from his wife, children, and friends, robbed of his fortune, deprived even of neceſſaries, and ſubjected to the moſt brutal treatment from a low-bred barbarian, who raiſes an ample fortune on the miſery of his fellow-creatures, and may, during his whole life, practiſe this horrid oppreſſion, without queſtion or controul."

This uncomfortable reverie was interrupted by a very unexpected ſound that ſeemed to iſſue from the other ſide of a thick-party-wall. It was a ſtrain of vocal muſic, more plaintive than the widow'd turtle's moan, more ſweet and raviſhing than Philomel's love-warbled ſong. Through his ear it inſtantly pierced into his heart; for at once he recognized it to be the voice of his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what was the agitation of his ſoul, when he made this diſcovery! how did every nerve quiver! how did his heart throb with the moſt violent emotion! he ran round the room in diſtraction, foaming like a lion in the toil—then he placed his ear cloſe to

the partition, and liſtened as if his whole ſoul was exerted in his ſenſe of hearing. When the ſound ceaſed to vibrate on his ear, he threw himſelf on the bed; he groaned with anguiſh, he exclaimed in broken accents; and in all probability his heart would have burſt, had not the violence of his ſorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

Theſe firſt tranſports were ſucceeded by a fit of impatience, which had well-nigh deprived him of his ſenſes in good earneſt. His ſurpriſe at finding his loſt Aurelia in ſuch a place, the ſeeming impoſſibility of relieving her, and his unſpeakable eagerneſs to contrive ſome ſcheme for profiting by the intereſting diſcovery he had made, concurred in brewing up a ſecond ecſtaſy, during which he acted a thouſand extravagancies, which it was well for him the attendants did not obſerve. Perhaps it was well for the ſervant that he did not enter while the paroxyſm prevailed: Had this been the caſe, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his frenzy deſtroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for ſupper, he was calm enough to conceal the diſorder of his mind: But he complained of the head-ach, and deſired he might be next day viſited by the phyſician, to whom he reſolved to explain himſelf in ſuch a manner, as ſhould make an impreſſion upon him, provided he was not altogether deſtitute of conſcience and humanity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The knot that puzzles human wiſdom, the hand of Fortune ſometimes will untie familiar as her garter.

When the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addreſſed him in theſe words: "Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the moſt honourable profeſſions exerciſed among the ſons of men; a profeſſion which hath been revered at all periods, and in all nations, and even held ſacred in the

moſt poliſhed ages of antiquity. The ſcope of it is to preſerve the being, and confirm the health of our fellow-creatures; of conſequence, to ſuſtain the bleſſings of ſociety, and crown life with fruition. The character of a phyſician, therefore, not only ſuppoſes natural ſagacity, and acquired erudition, but it alſo implies every delicacy of ſentiment, every tenderneſs of nature, and every virtue of humanity. That theſe qualities are centered in you, doctor, I would willingly believe: But it will be ſufficient for my purpoſe, that you are poſſeſſed of common integrity. To whoſe concern I am indebted for your viſits, you beſt know: But if you underſtand the art of medicine, you muſt be ſenſible by this time, that, with reſpect to me, your preſcriptions are altogether unneceſſary—Come, Sir, you cannot—you don't believe that my intellects are diſordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no perſon has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to ſue out a commiſſion, but my neareſt kindred.—That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you ſhall underſtand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves, of the county of York, baronet: and that my neareſt relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheſhire, the eldeſt ſon of my mother's ſiſter—that gentleman, I am ſure, had no concern in ſeducing me by falſe pretences under the clouds of night into the fields, where I was ſurpriſed, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me inſane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honeſt men. But of that right I cannot avail myſelf, while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miſcreant, in whoſe houſe I am encloſed, unleſs you contribute your aſſiſtance. Your aſſiſtance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a Chriſtian, and a fellow-ſubject, who, though every other motive ſhould be overlooked, ought to intereſt himſelf in my caſe as a common concern, and concur with all your power towards the puniſhment of thoſe who dare commit ſuch outrages againſt the liberty of your country."

The doctor ſeemed to be alittle diſconcerted; but, after ſome recollection, reſumed his air of ſufficiency and importance, and aſſured our adventurer he would do him all the ſervice in his power; but in the mean time, adviſed him to take the potion he had preſcribed.

The knight's eyes lightning with indignation, "I am now convinced (cried he), that you are an accomplice in the villany which has been practiſed upon me; that you are a ſordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a diſgrace to the faculty, and a reproach to human nature—yes, ſirrah, you are the moſt perfidious of all aſſaſſins—you are the hireling miniſter of the worſt of all villains; who, from motives even baſer than malice, envy, and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madneſs, the moſt cruel ſpecies of ſlander, and wantonly protract their miſery, by leaving them in the moſt ſhocking confinement, a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death—but I will be calm—do me juſtice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legiſlature—if I am refuſed—remember a day of reckoning will come—you and the reſt of the miſcreants who have combined againſt me, muſt, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourſe to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, or a man of my rank and character cannot be much longer concealed.—Tremble, caitif, at the thoughts of my releaſe—in the mean time, be gone, leſt my juſt reſentment impel me to daſh your brains out upon that marble—away—"

The honeſt doctor was not ſo firmly perſuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice, which he made what haſte he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened.

That this may be properly introduced, we muſt return to the knight's brace of truſty friends, Captain Crowe and Lawyer Clarke, whom we left in ſorrowful deliberation upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in reſources than that of the ſeaman, he ſuggeſted an advertiſement, which was accordingly inſerted in the daily papers; importing that, "Whereas a gentleman of conſiderable rank and for-

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked with a deliberate pace to the outward gate, which he found open, and getting into one of the coaches, was entertained by the way to his own houſe, with a detail of every meaſure which had been purſued for his releaſe.

In his own parlour he found Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the iſſue of Mr. Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and bathed the knight's hands with tears of joy: while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her miſtreſs, rouſed his heart to ſtrong emotions, and ſtimulated his mind to the immediate achievement he had already planned. As for Mr. Crabſhaw, he was not the laſt to ſignify his ſatisfaction at his maſter's return. After having kiſſed the hem of his garment, he retired to the ſtable, where he communicated theſe tidings to his friend Gilbert, whom he ſaddled and bridled; the ſame office he performed for Bronzomarte; then putting on his 'ſquire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door, before which he paraded, uttering, from time to time, repeated ſhouts, to the no ſmall entertainment of the populace, until he received orders to houſe his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their ſtalls, reſumed his livery, and rejoined his fellow-ſervants, who were reſolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their maſter's heart was not ſufficiently at eaſe to ſhare in their feſtivity. He held a conſultation with his friends in the parlour, whom he acquainted with the reaſons he had to believe Miſs Darnel was confined in the ſame houſe which had been his priſon; a circumſtance which filled them with equal pleaſure and aſtoniſhment. Dolly in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained, but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connection with Mrs. Kawdle, at whoſe houſe ſhe propoſed to lodge, before ſhe was overtaken on the road by

been immured. He moreover accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted, to ſearch the houſe of Bernard Shackle, and ſet at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found.

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a conſtable, with a formidable poſſe, and embarking them in coaches, repaired, with all poſſible expedition, to the houſe of Mr. Shackle, who did not think proper to diſpute their claim, but admitted them, though not without betraying evident ſymptoms of conſternation. One of the ſervants directing them, by his maſter's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment, they hurried up ſtairs in a body, occaſioning ſuch a noiſe, as did not fail to alarm the phyſician, who had juſt opened the door to retire, when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe, conjecturing he was guilty from the confuſion that appeared in his countenance, made no ſcruple of ſeizing him by the collar, as he endeavoured to retreat; while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight, with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of diſtant reſpect, and throwing his arms around his neck, blubbered in his boſom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He ſtrained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and aſked him by what miracle he had diſcovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various ſteps he had taken with equal minuteneſs and ſelf complacency, when Crowe, dragging the doctor ſtill by the collar, ſhook his old friend by the hand, proteſting he was never ſo overjoyed ſince he got clear of a Sallee rover on the coaſt of Barbary; and that two glaſſes ago he would have ſtarted all the money he had in the world in the hold of any man who would have ſhown Sir Launcelot ſafe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to this ſincere manifeſtation of good will, deſired him to diſmiſs that worthleſs fellow, meaning the doctor, who, finding himſelf releaſed, withdrew with ſome precipitation.

the next room; that lady immediately appeared, very tender ſcene of recognition paſſed between t relations. It was ſhe who, in the courſe of co tion, perceiving that Aurelia was perfectly con declared the happy tidings of her approaching d ance. When the other eagerly inſiſted upon k to whoſe humanity and addreſs ſhe was indeb this happy turn of fortune, her couſin declared ligation was due to a young gentleman of Yo called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention name, her face was overſpread with a crimſon and her eyes beamed redoubled ſplendour.—" (ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh), I know not what to ſay gentleman,—Sir Launcelot Greaves was ſurely Lord bleſs me! I tell you, couſin, he has be guardian angel.—"

Mrs. Kawdle, who had maintained a correſpo with her by letters, was no ſtranger to the form of the connection ſubſiſting between thoſe two love had always favoured the pretenſions of our hero, out being acquainted with his perſon. She now ed with a ſmile, that as Aurelia eſteemed the knig guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-dei ture ſeemed to have intended them for each othe ſuch ſublime ideas exalted them both above the of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intima he was in the houſe, impatient to pay his reſp perſon. At this declaration the colour vaniſhe her cheeks, which however ſoon underwent a tot fuſion. Her heart panted, her boſom heaved, a gentle frame was agitated by tranſports rather than unpleaſing. She ſoon, however, recollected and her native ſerenity returned; when, riſing fr ſeat, ſhe declared ſhe would ſee him in the next ment, where he ſtood in the moſt tumultuous ſu waiting for permiſſion to approach her perſon. ſhe broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant whi dreſs, the emblem of her purity, beaming for emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and im with a glow of gratitude and affection. His hea too big for utterance; he ran towards her with ra

ıd throwing himſelf at her feet, imprinted a reſpectful iſs upon her lily hand.—" This divine Aurelia (cried :), is a foretaſte of that ineffable bliſs which you was ırn to beſtow!—Do I then live to ſee you ſmile again? ſee you reſtored to liberty, your mind at eaſe, and ur health unimpaired!" " You have lived (ſaid ſhe) ſee my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumuted in ſuch a manner, that a whole life ſpent in acowledgment will ſcarce ſuffice to demonſtrate a due nſe of his goodneſs." " You greatly over-rate my rvices, which have been rather the duties of common manity, than the efforts of a generous paſſion, too noe to be thus evinced;—but let not my unſeaſonable anſports detain you a moment longer on this deteſted ene—Give me leave to hand you into the coach, and mmit you to the care of this good lady, attended by is honeſt young gentleman, who is my particular iend." So ſaying, he preſented Mr. Thomas Clarke, ho had the honour to ſalute the fair hand of the ever miable Aurelia.

The ladies being ſafely coached under the eſcorte of ie lawyer, Sir Launcelot aſſured them he ſhould wait a them in the evening at the houſe of Dr. Kawdle, whier they immediately directed their courſe. Our hero, ho remained with the conſtable and his gang, inquired r Mr. Bernard Shackle, upon whoſe perſon he intended ſerve a writ of conſpiracy, over and above a proſecuon for robbery, in conſequence of his having diſencumred the knight of his money and other effects, on the ſt night of his confinement. Mr. Shackle had diſcreon enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticiıte the indictment for felony, by directing one of his rvants to reſtore the caſh and papers, which our adenturer accordingly received before he quitted the ouſe.

In the proſecution of his ſearch after Shackle, he hanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found ı diſhabille, writing at a table, with a bandage over one ye, and his head covered with a night-cap of baize. he knight, having made an apology for this intruſion, eſired to know if he could be of any ſervice to Mr. Di-

ſtich, as he was now at liberty to uſe the little influence he had for the relief of his fellow-ſufferers.—The poet having eyed him for ſome time aſkance, "I told you (ſaid he), your ſtay in this place would be of ſhort duration.—I have ſuſtained a ſmall diſaſter on my left eye, from the hands of a raſcally cordwainer, who pretends to believe himſelf the king of Pruſſia, and I am now in the very act of galling his majeſty with keen iambics.—If you can help me to a roll of tobacco and a bottle of geneva, ſo;—if you are not ſo inclined, your humble ſervant, I ſhall ſhare in the joy of your deliverance."

The knight declined gratifying him in theſe particulars, which he apprehended might be prejudicial to his health, but offered his aſſiſtance in redreſſing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment or inconvenience. "I comprehend the full extent of your generoſity (replied the ſatiriſt); you are willing to aſſiſt me in every thing, except the only circumſtances in which aſſiſtance is required—God b'w'ye—If you ſee Ben Bullock, tell him I wiſh he would not dedicate any more of his works to me.—Damn the fellow, he has changed his note, and begins to ſnivel.—For my part, I ſtick to my former maxim, defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death ſhould be preceded by damnation."

The knight, finding him incorrigible, left him to the ſlender chance of being one day comforted by the drama bottle; but reſolved, if poſſible, to ſet on foot an accurate inquiry into the economy and tranſactions of this private inquiſition, that ample juſtice might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within its walls.

In the afternoon he did not fail to viſit his Aurelia; and all the proteſtations of their mutual paſſion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter which had cauſed ſuch fatal diſquiet in his boſom; and Miſs Darnel no ſooner eyed the paper, than ſhe recollected it was a formal diſmiſſion, which ſhe had intended and directed for Mr. Sycamore. This the uncle had intercepted, and cunningly encloſed in another cover, addressed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now aſtoniſhed to

d meaſure to ſee the myſtery ſo eaſily unfolded. The that now diffuſed itſelf in the hearts of our lovers, nore eaſily conceived than deſcribed; but, in order ive a ſtability to this mutual ſatisfaction, it was ne- ary that Aurelia ſhould be ſecured from the tyranny her uncle, whoſe power of guardianſhip would not erwiſe expire for ſome months.

Dr. Kawdle and his lady having entered into their de- rations on this ſubject, it was agreed that Miſs Dar- ſhould have recourſe to the protection of the lord ncellor; but ſuch application was rendered unneceſ- y by the unexpected arrival of John Clump with the owing letter to Mrs. Kawdle from the ſteward of An- ny Darnel, dated at Aurelia's houſe in the country.

"MADAM,

"IT hath pleaſed God to afflict Mr. Darnel with a ſe- re ſtroke of the dead palſy.—He was taken ill yeſter- y, and now lies inſenſible, ſeemingly at the point of ath. Among the papers in his pocket I found the en- ſed, by which it appears that my honoured young la- , Miſs Darnel, is confined in a private mad-houſe. I afraid Mr. Darnel's fate is a juſt judgment of God on him for his cruelty to that excellent perſon. I d not exhort you, Madam, to take, immediately up- the receipt of this, ſuch meaſures as will be neceſſary the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the an time, I ſhall do the needful for the preſervation of r property in this place, and ſend you an account of y further alteration that may happen; being very re- ctfully, Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

RALPH MATTOCKS."

Clump had poſted up to London with this intimation the wings of love, and being covered with clay from e heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in ſuch an favourable light at Dr. Kawdle's door, that the foot- an refuſed him admittance. Nevertheleſs, he puſhed n aſide, and fought his way up ſtairs into the dining- m, where the company was not a little aſtoniſhed at

ſuch an apparition. The fellow himſelf was no leſs amazed at ſeeing Aurelia and his own ſweet-heart Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip. He forthwith fell upon his knees, and in ſilence held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and preſented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individuals who compoſed this little ſociety. Mr. Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition; beſtowed upon him a handſome gratuity in the mean time, and deſired to ſee him again when he ſhould be properly refreſhed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr. Thomas Clarke being conſulted on this occaſion, gave it as his opinion, that Miſs Darnel ſhould, without delay, chooſe another guardian for the few months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of ſome eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourſe was had; and Dr. Kawdle being the perſon pitched upon for this office, the neceſſary forms were executed with all poſſible diſpatch.

The firſt uſe the doctor made of his guardianſhip, was to ſign a power, conſtituting Mr. Ralph Mattocks his attorney *pro tempore*, for managing the eſtate of Miſs Aurelia Darnel; and this was forwarded to the ſteward by the hands of Clump, who ſet out with it for the ſeat of Darnel-hill, though not without a heavy heart, occaſioned by ſome intimation he had received concerning the connection between his dear Dolly and Mr. Clarke the lawyer.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Which, it is to be hoped, will be, on more accounts than one, agreeable to the reader.

SIR LAUNCELOT, having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the ſafety, and ſecured the heart of his charming Aurelia, now found leiſure to unravel the conſpiracy which

had been executed againſt his perſon; and with that view commenced a law-ſuit againſt the owner of the houſe where he and his miſtreſs had been ſeparately confined. Mr. Shackle was, notwithſtanding all the ſubmiſſions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in public, indicted on the ſtatute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, puniſhed by a ſevere fine, and ſtanding in the pillory. A judicial writ *ad inquirendum* being executed, the priſons of his inquiſition were laid open, and ſeveral innocent captives enlarged.

In the courſe of Shackle's trial it appeared that the knight's confinement was a ſcheme executed by his rival Mr. Sycamore, according to the device of his counſellor, Dawdle, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himſelf to his patron, after having deſerted him in the day of battle. Our hero was ſo incenſed at this diſcovery of Sycamore's treachery and ingratitude, that he went in queſt of him immediately, to take vengeance on his perſon, accompanied by Captain Crowe, who wanted to balance accounts with Mr. Dawdle. But thoſe gentlemen had wiſely avoided the impending ſtorm, by retiring to the continent, on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now ſo much of a knight-errant as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and purſue the traitors to the fartheſt extremities of the earth. He practiſed a much more eaſy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by inſtituting a proceſs againſt them, which, after writs of *capias*, *alias*, *et pluries*, had been repeated, ſubjected them both to outlawry. Mr. Sycamore and his friend being thus deprived of the benefit of the law, by their own neglect, would likewiſe have forfeited their goods and chattels to the king, had not they made ſuch ſubmiſſions as appeaſed the wrath of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe; then they ventured to return, and by dint of intereſt obtained a reverſal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy till long after our adventurer was happily eſtabliſhed in life.

While the knight waited impatiently for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and in the mean time conſoled himſelf with the imperfect happineſs ariſing from her converſation, and thoſe indulgencies which the moſt un-

blemiſhed virtue could beſtow, Captain Crowe projected another plan of vengeance againſt the conjurer, whoſe lying oracles had coſt him ſuch a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleneſs, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in uſe. He imparted his deſign to Crabſhaw, who had likewiſe ſuffered in ſpirit from the predictions of the ſaid offender, and was extremely well diſpoſed to aſſiſt in puniſhing the falſe prophet. He now took it for granted that he ſhould not be hanged for ſtealing a horſe; and thought it very hard to pay ſo much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by theſe motives, they ſet out together for the houſe of conſultation; but they found it ſhut up and abandoned; and, upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjurer had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourſe to his art. This was actually the caſe: He knew the fate of Sir Launcelot would ſoon come to light, and he did not chooſe to wait the conſequence. He had other motives for decamping. He had run a ſcore at the public houſe, which he had no mind to diſcharge, and wanted to diſengage himſelf from his female aſſociate, who knew too much of his affairs to be kept at a proper diſtance. All theſe purpoſes he had anſwered by retreating ſoftly, without beat of drum, while his ſybil was abroad running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his meaſures ſo cunningly, but that this old hag diſcovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly, and the bailiff had juſt ſecured his perſon as Captain Crowe and Timothy Crabſhaw chanced to paſs by the door in their way homewards, through an obſcure ſtreet near the Seven Dials.

The conjurer having no ſubterfuge left, but a great many particular reaſons for avoiding an explanation with the juſtice, like the man between the devil and the deep ſea, of two evils choſe the leaſt; and beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addreſſed, replied with a "Hilloah!" and looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognized

the necromancer. Without farther heſitation he ſprang acroſs the ſtreet, and collaring Albumazar, exclaimed, "Aha! old boy, is the wind in that corner?—I thought we ſhould grapple one day—now will I bring you up by the head, though all the devils in hell were blowing abaft the beam."

The bailiff ſeeing his priſoner ſo roughly handled before, and at the ſame time aſſaulted behind by Crabſhaw, who cried, "Show me a liar, and I'll ſhow you a thief—who is to be hanged now?"—I ſay, the bailiff, fearing he ſhould loſe the benefit of his job, began to put on his contentious face, and, declaring the doctor was his priſoner, ſwore he could not ſurrender him without a warrant from the lord chief juſtice. The whole groupe adjourning into the parlour, the conjurer deſired to know of Crowe whether Sir Launcelot was found? Being anſwered, "Ey, ey, ſafe enough to ſee you made faſt in the bilboes, brother;" he told the captain he had ſomething of conſequence to communicate for his advantage; and propoſed that Crowe and Crabſhaw ſhould bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe ſtormed and Crabſhaw grinned at this modeſt propoſal; but when they underſtood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they need not part with him until his body ſhould be ſurrendered unto juſtice, they conſented to give bail; and the bond being executed, conveyed him directly to the houſe of our adventurer.

The boiſterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with ſuch an abrupt unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not underſtand without Timothy's annotations. Theſe were followed by ſome queſtions put to the conjurer, who laying aſide his black gown, and plucking off his white beard, exhibited to the aſtoniſhed ſpectators the very individual countenance of the empyrical politician Ferret, who had played our hero ſuch a ſlippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

"I perceive (ſaid he) you are preparing to expoſtulate, and upbraid me for having given a falſe information againſt you to the country juſtice. I look upon mankind to be in a ſtate of nature, a truth which Hobbes

hath ſtumbled upon by accident. I think every man has a right to avail himſelf of his talents, even at the expence of his fellow-creatures; juſt as we ſee the fiſh, and other animals of the creation, devouring one another.—I found the juſtice but one degree removed from idiotiſm, and knowing that he would commit ſome blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the inſtrument of my eſcape—I was diſmiſſed without being obliged to ſign the information I had given; and you took ample vengeance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumſtances obliged me to live in diſguiſe. In the character of a conjurer I was conſulted by your follower Crowe, and your 'ſquire Crabſhaw. I did little or nothing but echo back the intelligence they brought me, except prognoſticating that Crabſhaw would be hanged; a prediction to which I found myſelf ſo irreſiſtibly impelled, that I am perſuaded it was the real effect of inſpiration—I am now arreſted for a paltry ſum of money, and, moreover, liable to be ſent to Bridewell as an impoſtor—let thoſe anſwer for my conduct whoſe cruelty and inſolence have driven me to the neceſſity of uſing ſuch ſubterfuges—I have been oppreſſed and perſecuted by the government for ſpeaking truth—your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions—That which is acknowledged to be truth in fact, is conſtrued falſehood in law; and great reaſon we have to boaſt of a conſtitution founded on the baſis of abſurdity—But, waving theſe remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either impriſoned for debt, or puniſhed for impoſture—I know how far to depend upon generoſity, and what is called benevolence, words to amuſe the weak-minded—I build upon a ſurer bottom—I will bargain for your aſſiſtance—it is in my power to put twelve thouſand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that their ſea-ruffian, who by his good will would hang me to the yard's arm—"

There he was interrupted by the ſeamen. "Damn your rat's eyes! none of your—hang thee! fiſh my topmaſts! if the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle ſound, d'ye ſee—" Mr. Clarke, who was preſent, began to ſtare, while the knight aſſured Ferret, that if he was

really able and willing to ſerve Captain Crowe in any thing eſſential, he ſhould be amply rewarded. In the mean time he diſcharged the debt, and aſſigned him an apartment in his own houſe. That ſame day Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the cynic, to allow him the intereſt of fifteen hundred pounds for life, providedby this means the captain ſhould obtain poſſeſſion of the eſtate of Hobby-hole in Yorkſhire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir of blood.

This bond being executed, Mr. Ferret diſcovered that he himſelf was the lawful huſband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandeſtine marriage; which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence. This being the caſe, ſhe, the ſaid Bridget Maple, alias Ferret, was a *covert femme*, conſequently could not tranſact any deed of alienation without his concurrence; ergo, the docking of the entail of the eſtate of Hobby-hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the whole company, who did not fail to congratulate Captain Crowe on the proſpect of his being reſtored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke in particular proteſted, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unſpeakable joy; and his tears trickled the faſter, when Crowe, with an arch look, ſignified, that now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had ſome thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happineſs to which, as the north pole, the courſe of theſe adventures hath been invariably directed, was ſtill unattained; we mean, the indiſſoluble union of the accompliſhed Sir Launcelot Greaves and the enchanting Miſs Darnel. Our hero now diſcovered in his miſtreſs a thouſand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good ſenſe, and her virtue ſuperior to both. He found her untainted by that giddineſs, vanity, and affectation, which diſtinguiſh the faſhionable females of the preſent age. He found her uninfected by the rage for diverſion and diſſipation; for noiſe, tumult, gewgaws, glitter, and extravagance. He found her not only raiſed by underſtanding and taſte far above the amuſement of

little vulgar minds; but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, ſo as to reliſh the more ſublime enjoyments of rational pleaſure. He found her poſſeſſed of that vigour of mind which conſtitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reaſon. He found her heart incapable of diſguiſe or diſſimulation; frank, generous, and open; ſuſceptible of the moſt tender impreſſions; glowing with a keen ſenſe of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth of his ſenſibility could not fail of being deeply affected by ſuch attractions. The nearer he approached the centre of happineſs, the more did the velocity of his paſſion increaſe. Her uncle ſtill remained unſenſible as it were in the arms of death. Time ſeemed to linger in its lapſe, till the knight was inflamed to the moſt eager degree of impatience. He communicated his diſtreſs to Aurelia; he preſſed her with the moſt pathetic remonſtrances to abridge the torture of his ſuſpenſe. He intereſted Mrs. Kawdle in his behalf; and, at length, his importunity ſucceeded. The banns of marriage were regularly publiſhed, and the ceremony was performed in the pariſh church, in the preſence of Dr. Kawdle and his lady, Captain Crowe, Lawyer Clarke, and Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip.

The bride, inſtead of being diſguiſed in tawdry ſtuffs of gold or ſilver, and ſweating under a harneſs of diamonds, according to the elegant taſte of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue ſattin, without any other jewls than her eyes, which far outſhone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a ſmall ſprig of artificial roſes; but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her ſhape, the ſweetneſs and ſenſibility of her countenance, added to ſuch warmth of colouring, and ſuch exquiſite ſymmetry of features, as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot, was ſuch a rapture as we cannot pretend to deſcribe. He made his appearance on this occaſion in a white coat and blue ſattin veſt, both embroidered with ſilver; and all who ſaw him could not but own that he alone ſeemed wor-

thy to poſſeſs the lady whom Heaven had deſtined for his conſort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue ſuit of clothes ſtrongly guarded with bars of broad gold-lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend: He wore upon his head a bag-wig *a la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping; and to his ſide he had girded a huge plate-hilted ſword, which he had bought of a recruiting ſerjeant. Mr. Clarke was dreſſed in pompadour, with gold buttons; and his lovely Dolly in a ſmart checked luteſtring, a preſent from her miſtreſs.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the houſe of Dr. Kawdle; and here it was that the two moſt deſerving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the conſummation of all earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs. Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage-bed; our hero, glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the huſband's privilege: Hymen lighted up his brighteſt torch at Virtue's lamp, and every ſtar ſhed its happieſt influence on their heaven-directed union.

Inſtructions had been already diſpatched to prepare Greaveſbury-hall for the reception of its new miſtreſs; and for that place the new-married couple ſet out next morning, according to the plan which had been previouſly concerted. Sir Launcelot and Lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs. Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach, drawn by ſix dappled horſes. Dr. Kawdle, with Captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's poſt-chariot, provided with four bays: Mr. Clarke had the honour to beſtride the loins of Bronzomarte: Mr. Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter; Crabſhaw ſtuck cloſe to his friend Gilbert; and two other horſemen completed the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot deſires and chilling ſcruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to diſtraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly intereſt, were continually raiſing up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was ſtartled at

the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican; and he moreover dreaded the reſentment of his uncle Crowe, ſhould he take any ſtep of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wiſhful look did he caſt at Dolly, the tears ſtanding in his eyes, and many a woeful ſigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the ſituation of his heart, and, by queſtioning Mrs. Cowſlip, diſcovered a mutual paſſion between theſe lovers. She conſulted her dear knight on the ſubject, and he catechiſed the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being ſounded as to his opinion, declared he would be ſteered in that, as well as every other courſe of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he verily revered as being of an order ſuperior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable reſponſe being obtained from the ſailor, our hero took an opportunity on the road, one day after dinner, in preſence of the whole company, to accoſt the lawyer in theſe words: "My good friend Clarke, I have your happineſs very much at heart—your father was an honeſt man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have had theſe many years a perſonal regard for yourſelf, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodneſs of diſpoſition—I ſee you are affected, and ſhall be brief—Beſides this regard, I am indebted to your friendſhip for the liberty—what ſhall I ſay?—for the ineſtimable happineſs I now enjoy, in poſſeſſing the moſt excellent—But I underſtand that ſignificant glance of my Aurelia—I will not offend her delicacy—The truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I ſhould evince my gratitude—If the ſtewardſhip of my eſtate is worth your acceptance, you ſhall have it immediately, together with the houſe and farm of Cockerton in my neighbourhood. I know you have a paſſion for Mrs. Dolly; and believe ſhe looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepoſſeſſion—don't bluſh Dolly—beſides your agreeable perſon, which all the world muſt approve, you can boaſt of virtue, fidelity, and friendſhip. Your attachment to Lady Greaves neither ſhe or I ſhall ever forget—if you are willing to unite your fate with Mr. Clarke, your

miſtreſs gives me leave to aſſure you ſhe will ſtock the farm at her own expence; and we will celebrate the wedding at Greaveſbury-hall—"

By this time the hearts of theſe grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was ſitting on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears, and Mr. Clarke appeared in the ſame attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almoſt as affected as the nephew, by the generoſity of our adventurer, cried aloud, "I pray God that you and your glorious conſort may have ſmooth ſeas and gentle gales whitherſoever you are bound—as for my kinſman Tom, I'll give him a thouſand pounds to ſet him fairly afloat; and if he prove not a faithful tender to you his benefactor, I hope he will founder in this world, and be damned in that which is to come." Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happineſs but the conſent of Dolly's mother at the Black Lion, who they did not ſuppoſe could have any objection to ſuch an advantageous match for her daughter; but in this particular they were miſtaken.

In the mean time they arrived at the village where the knight had exerciſed the duties of chivalry; and there he received the gratulation of Mr. Fillet, and the attorney who had offered to bail him before Juſtice Gobble. Mutual civilities having paſſed, they gave him to underſtand, that Gobble and his wife were turned methodiſts. All the reſt of the priſoners whom he had delivered came to teſtify their gratitude, and were hoſpitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lion, where the good woman was overjoyed to ſee Dolly ſo happily preferred; but when Sir Launcelot unfolded the propoſed marriage, ſhe interrupted him with a ſcream—"Chriſt Jeſus forbid—marry and amen!—match with her own brother!"

At this exclamation, Dolly fainted; her lover ſtood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open; Crowe ſtared, while the knight and his lady expreſſed equal ſurpriſe and concern. When Sir Launcelot entreated Mrs. Cowſlip to explain this myſtery, ſhe told him that about ſixteen years ago, Mr. Clarke ſenior had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her houſe, when ſhe and her

late huſband lived in another part of the country; and as ſhe had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her as a nurſe to the little foundling. He owned ſhe was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handſomely for the board of Dolly, who he deſired might paſs for her own daughter. In his laſt illneſs, he aſſured her he had taken care to provide for the child; but ſince his death ſhe had received no account of any ſuch proviſion. She moreover informed his honour, that Mr. Clarke had depoſited in her hands a diamond ring, and a ſealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly ſhould be demanded in marriage by the man ſhe ſhould like, and not then, except in the preſence of the clergyman of the pariſh. "Send for the clergyman this inſtant (cried our hero, reddening, and fixing his eyes on Dolly), I hope all will yet be well."

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the caſe, the landlady produced the paper; which being opened, appeared to be an authentic certificate, that the perſon commonly known by the name of Dorothy Cowſlip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, Eſq. by a young gentlewoman who had been ſome years deceaſed.—

"The remaining part of the myſtery I myſelf can unfold—(exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the aſtoniſhed Dolly as his kinſwoman). Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age, ſo that he could make no ſettlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour, founded on a promiſe of marriage, of which this ring was a token. Mr. Clarke, being his confident, diſpoſed of the child, and at length finding his conſtitution decay, revealed the ſecret to my father, who, in his will bequeathed one hundred pounds a-year to this agreeable foundling; but as they both died while I was abroad, and ſome of the memorandums touching this tranſaction probably were miſlaid, I never till now could diſcover where or how my pretty couſin was ſituated. I ſhall recompence the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleaſure in bringing this affair to a happy iſſue."

The lovers were now overwhelmed with tranſports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with ſatisfaction. From this place to the habitation of Sir Launcelot the bells were rung in every pariſh, and the corporation in their formalities congratulated him in every town through which he paſſed. About five miles from Greaveſbury-hall he was met by above five thouſand perſons of both ſexes and every age, dreſſed out in their gayeſt apparel, headed by Mr. Ralph Mattocks from Darnel-hill, and the rector from the knight's own pariſh. They were preceded by muſic of different kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and enſigns; and the women, as well as the men, bedizened with fancy-knots and marriage-favours. At the end of the avenue, a ſelect bevy of comely virgins arrayed in white, and a ſeparate band of choice youths, diſtinguiſhed by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the proceſſion, and ſung in chorus a ruſtic epithalamium compoſed by the curate. At the gate they were received by the venerable houſekeeper, Mrs. Oakley, whoſe features were ſo brightened by the occaſion, that with the firſt glance ſhe made a conqueſt of the heart of Captain Crowe; and this connection was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction.

Meanwhile the houſes of Greaveſbury-hall and Darnel-hill were ſet open for the entertainment of all comers, and both echoed with the ſounds of feſtivity. After the ceremony of giving and receiving viſits had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miſs Dolly Greaves; and the captain was put in poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate. The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing conſort, diffuſed itſelf through the whole adjacent country, as far as their example and influence could extend. They were admired, eſteemed, and applauded by every perſon of taſte, ſentiment, and benevolence; at the ſame time beloved, revered, and almoſt adored by the common people, among whom they ſuffered not the mercileſs hand of indigence or miſery to ſeize one ſingle ſacrifice.

Ferret, at firſt, ſeemed to enjoy his eaſy circumſtances; but the novelty of this ſituation ſoon wore off, and all his miſanthropy returned. He could not bear to ſee his fellow-creatures happy around him: and ſignified his diſguſt to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropolis, where he knew there would be always food ſufficient for the ravenous appetite of his ſpleen. Before he departed, the knight made him partake of his bounty, though he could not make him taſte of his happineſs, which ſoon received a conſiderable addition in the birth of a ſon, deſtined to be the heir and repreſentative of two worthy families, whoſe mutual animoſity the union of his parents had ſo happily extinguiſhed.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON

CHARACTER,	POLICE,
CUSTOMS,	COMMERCE,
RELIGION,	ARTS, and
GOVERNMENT,	ANTIQUITIES.

With a particular DESCRIPTION of the

TOWN, TERRITORY, AND CLIMATE OF NICE.

To which is added,

REGISTER *of the* WEATHER, *kept during a Residence of eighteen months in that* CITY.

ET HOMO QUI ERRANTI COMITER MONSTRAT VIAM,
QUASI LUMEN DE SUO LUMINE ACCENDAT, FACIT:
NIHIL OMINUS IPSI LUCRAT, CUM ILLI ACCENDERIT.
ENNIUS.

TRAVELS, &c.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne ſur mer, June* 23. 1763.

You laid your commands upon me at parting, to communicate from time to time the obſervations I ſhould make in the courſe of my travels, and it was an injunction I received with pleaſure. In gratifying your curioſity, I ſhall find ſome amuſement to beguile the tedious hours, which without ſome ſuch employment, would be rendered inſupportable by diſtemper and diſquiet.

You knew, and pitied my ſituation, traduced by malice, perſecuted by faction, abandoned by falſe patrons, and overwhelmed by the ſenſe of a domeſtic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair.

You know with what eagerneſs I fled from my country as a ſcene of illiberal diſpute, and incredible infatuation, where a few worthleſs incendiaries had, by dint of perfidious calumnies and atrocious abuſe, kindled up a flame which threatened all the horrors of civil diſſenſion.

I packed up my little family in a hired coach, and attended by my truſty ſervant, who had lived with me a dozen of years, and now refuſed to leave me, took the road to Dover, in my way to the ſouth of France, where I hoped the mildneſs of the climate would prove favourable to the weak ſtate of my lungs.

You adviſed me to have recourſe again to the Bath waters, from the uſe of which I had received great benefit the preceding winter: But I had many inducements to leave England. My wife earneſtly begged I would convey her from a country where every object ſerved to

nouriſh her grief: I was in hopes that a ſucceſſion of new ſcenes would engage her attention, and gradually call off her mind from a ſeries of painful reflections; and I imagined the change of air, and a journey of near a thouſand miles, would have a happy effect upon my own conſtitution. But as the ſummer was already advanced, and the heat too exceſſive for travelling in warm climates, I propoſed ſtaying at Boulogne till the beginning of autumn, and in the mean time to bathe in the ſea, with a view to ſtrengthen and prepare my body for the fatigues of ſuch a long journey.

A man who travels with a family of five perſons, muſt lay his account with a number of mortifications; and ſome of theſe I have already happily overcome. Though I was well acquainted with the road to Dover, and made allowances accordingly, I could not help being chagrined at the bad accommodation and impudent impoſition to which I was expoſed. Theſe I found the more diſagreeable, as we were detained a day extraordinary on the road, in conſequence of my wife's being indiſpoſed.

I need not tell you this is the worſt road in England, with reſpect to the conveniencies of travelling, and muſt certainly impreſs foreigners with an unfavourable opinion of the nation in general. The chambers are in general cold and comfortleſs, the beds paltry, the cookery execrable, the wine poiſon, the attendance bad, the publicans inſolent, and the bills extortion; there is not a drop of tolerable malt liquor to be had from London to Dover.

Every landlord and every waiter harangued upon the knavery of a publican in Canterbury, who had charged the French ambaſſador forty pounds for a ſupper that was not worth forty ſhillings. They talked much of honeſty and conſcience; but when they produced their own bills, they appeared to be all of the ſame family and complexion. If it was a reproach upon the Engliſh nation, that an innkeeper ſhould pillage ſtrangers at that rate; it is a greater ſcandal, that the ſame fellow ſhould be able to keep his houſe ſtill open. I own, I think it would be for the honour of the kingdom to reform the abuſes of this road; and in particular to improve the

avenue to London by the way of Kent-ſtreet, which is a moſt diſgraceful entrance to ſuch an opulent city. A foreigner, in paſſing through this beggarly and ruinous ſuburb, conceives ſuch an idea of miſery and meanneſs, as all the wealth and magnificence of London and Weſtminſter are afterwards unable to deſtroy. A friend of mine, who brought a Pariſian from Dover in his own poſt-chaiſe, contrived to enter Southwark after it was dark, that his friend might not perceive the nakedneſs of this quarter. This ſtranger was much pleaſed with the great number of ſhops full of merchandiſe, lighted up to the beſt advantage. He was aſtoniſhed at the diſplay of riches in Lombard-ſtreet and Cheapſide. The badneſs of the pavement made him find the ſtreets twice as long as they were. They alighted in Upper Brook-ſtreet by Groſvenor-ſquare; and when his conductor told him they were then about the middle of London, the Frenchman declared, with marks of infinite ſurpriſe, that London was very near as long as Paris.

On my arrival at Dover, I paid off my coachman, who went away with a heavy heart. He wanted much to croſs the ſea, and endeavoured to perſuade me to carry the coach and horſes to the other ſide. If I had been reſolved to ſet out immediately for the ſouth, perhaps I ſhould have taken his advice. If I had retained him at the rate of twenty guineas per month, which was the price he demanded, and begun my journey without heſitation, I ſhould travel more agreeably than I can expect to do in the carriages of this country; and the difference of the expence would be a mere trifle. I would adviſe every man who travels through France to bring his own vehicle along with him, or at leaſt to purchaſe one at Calais or Boulogne, where ſecond-hand berlins and chaiſes may be generally had at reaſonable rates. I have been offered a very good berlin for thirty guineas: But before I make the purchaſe, I muſt be better informed touching the different methods of travelling in this country.

Dover is commonly termed a den of thieves; and I am afraid it is not altogether without reaſon it has acquired this appellation. The people are ſaid to live by

piracy in time of war; and by ſmuggling and fleecing ſtrangers in time of peace: But I will do them the juſtice to ſay, they make no diſtinction between foreigners and natives. Without all doubt a man cannot be much worſe lodged and worſe treated in any part of Europe; nor will he in any other place meet with more flagrant inſtances of fraud, impoſition, and brutality. One would imagine they had formed a general conſpiracy againſt all thoſe who either go to or return from the continent. About five years ago, in my paſſage from Fluſhing to Dover, the maſter of the packet-boat brought to all of a ſudden off the South Foreland, although the wind was as favourable as it could blow. He was immediately boarded by a cuſtom-houſe boat, the officer of which appeared to be his friend. He then gave the paſſengers to underſtand, that as it was low water, the ſhip could not go into the harbour; but that the boat would carry them aſhore with their baggage.

The cuſtom-houſe officer demanded a guinea for this ſervice, and the bargain was made. Before we quitted the ſhip, we were obliged to gratify the cabin-boy for his attendance, and to give drink-money to the ſailors. The boat was run aground on the open beach; but we could not get aſhore without the aſſiſtance of three or four fellows, who inſiſted upon being paid for their trouble. Every parcel and bundle, as it was landed, was ſnatched up by a ſeparate porter: One ran away with a hat-box, another with a wig-box, a third with a couple of ſhirts tied up in a handkerchief, and two were employed in carrying a ſmall portmanteau that did not weigh forty pounds. All our things were hurried to the cuſtom-houſe to be ſearched, and the ſearcher was paid for diſordering our clothes: From thence they were removed to the inn, where the porters demanded half a crown each for their labour. It was in vain to expoſtulate; they ſurrounded the houſe like a pack of hungry hounds, and raiſed ſuch a clamour, that we were fain to comply. After we had undergone all this impoſition, we were viſited by the maſter of the packet, who, having taken our fares, and wiſhed us joy of our happy arrival in England, expreſſed his hope that we would re-

member the poor maſter, whoſe wages were very ſmall, and who chiefly depended upon the generoſity of the paſſengers. I own I was ſhocked at his meanneſs, and could not help telling him ſo. I told him, I could not conceive what title he had to any ſuch gratification: He had ſixteen paſſengers, who paid a guinea each, on the ſuppoſition that every perſon ſhould have a bed; but there were no more than eight beds in the cabin, and each of theſe was occupied before I came on board; ſo that if we had been detained at ſea a whole week by contrary winds and bad weather, one half of the paſſengers muſt have ſlept upon the boards, howſoever their health might have ſuffered from this want of accommodation. Notwithſtanding this check, he was ſo very abject and importunate, that we gave him a crown a-piece, and he retired.

The firſt thing I did when I arrived at Dover this laſt time, was to ſend for the maſter of a packet-boat, and agree with him to carry us to Boulogne at once, by which means I ſaved the expence of travelling by land from Calais to this laſt place, a journey of four-and-twenty miles. The hire of a veſſel from Dover to Boulogne is preciſely the ſame as from Dover to Calais, five guineas; but this ſkipper demanded eight, and, as I did not know the fare, I agreed to give him ſix. We embarked between ſix and ſeven in the evening, and found ourſelves in a moſt wretched hovel, on board what is called a Folkſtone Cutter. The cabin was ſo ſmall, that a dog could hardly turn in it, and the beds put me in mind of the holes deſcribed in ſome catacombs, in which the bodies of the dead were depoſited, being thruſt in with the feet foremoſt; there was no getting into them but endways, and indeed they ſeemed ſo dirty, that nothing but extreme neceſſity could have obliged me to uſe them. We ſat up all night in a moſt uncomfortable ſituation, toſſed about by the ſea, cold, and cramped, and weary, and languiſhing for want of ſleep. At three in the morning the maſter came down, and told us we were juſt off the harbour of Boulogne; but the wind blowing off ſhore, he could not poſſibly enter, and therefore adviſed us to go aſhore in the boat. I went upon deck to view the

coaſt, when he pointed to the place where he ſaid Boulogne ſtood, declaring at the ſame time, we were within a ſhort mile of the harbour's mouth. The morning was cold and raw, and I knew myſelf extremely ſubject to catch cold; nevertheleſs, we were all ſo impatient to be aſhore, that I reſolved to take his advice. The boat was already hoiſted out, and we went on board of it, after I had paid the captain, and gratified his crew. We had ſcarce parted from the ſhip, when we perceived a boat coming towards us from the ſhore; and the maſter gave us to underſtand, it was coming to carry us into the harbour. When I objected to the trouble of ſhifting from one boat to another in the open ſea, which (by the bye) was a little rough, he ſaid it was a privilege which the watermen of Boulogne had to carry all paſſengers aſhore, and that this privilege he durſt not venture to infringe. This was no time nor place to remonſtrate. The French boat came along-ſide, half-filled with water, and we were handed from the one to the other. We were then obliged to lie upon our oars, till the captain's boat went on board, and returned from the ſhip with a packet of letters. We were afterwards rowed a long league in a rough ſea, againſt wind and tide, before we reached the harbour, where we landed, benumbed with cold, and the women exceſſively ſick: From our landing-place we were obliged to walk very near a mile to the inn where we purpoſed to lodge, attended by ſix or ſeven men and women, bare-legged, carrying our baggage. This boat coſt me a guinea, beſides paying exorbitantly the people who carried our things; ſo that the inhabitants of Dover and of Boulogne ſeem to be of the ſame kidney, and indeed they underſtand one another perfectly well. It was our honeſt captain who made the ſignal for the ſhore-boat before I went upon deck; by which means he not only gratified his friends, the watermen of Boulogne, but alſo ſaved about fifteen ſhillings portage, which he muſt have paid had he gone into the harbour; and thus he found himſelf at liberty to return to Dover, which he reached in four hours. I mention theſe circumſtances as a warning to other paſſengers. When a man hires a packet-boat from Dover to Calais or Boulogne, let him remember

that the ſtated price is five guineas; and let him inſiſt upon being carried into the harbour in the ſhip, without paying the leaſt regard to the repreſentations of the maſter, who is generally a little dirty knave. When he tells you it is low water, or the wind is in your teeth, you may ſay you will ſtay on board till it is high water, or till the wind comes favourable. If he ſees you are reſolute, he will find means to bring his ſhip into the harbour, or at leaſt to convince you, without a poſſibility of your being deceived, that it is not in his power. After all, the fellow himſelf was a loſer by his fineſſe; if he had gone into the harbour, he would have had another fare immediately back to Dover, for there was a Scotch gentleman at the inn waiting for ſuch an opportunity.

Knowing my own weak conſtitution, I took it for granted this morning's adventure would coſt me a fit of illneſs; and what added to my chagrin, when we arrived at the inn, all the beds were occupied; ſo that we were obliged to ſit in a cold kitchen above two hours, until ſome of the lodgers ſhould get up. This was ſuch a bad ſpecimen of French accommodation, that my wife could not help regretting even the inns of Rocheſter, Sittingbourn, and Canterbury; bad as they are, they certainly have the advantage, when compared with the execrable auberges of this country, where one finds nothing but dirt and impoſition. One would imagine the French were ſtill at war with the Engliſh, for they pillage them without mercy.

Among the ſtrangers at this inn where we lodged, there was a gentleman of the faculty, juſt returned from Italy. Underſtanding that I intended to winter in the ſouth of France, on account of a pulmonic diſorder, he ſtrongly recommended the climate of Nice, in Provence, which indeed I had often heard extolled; and I am almoſt reſolved to go thither, not only for the ſake of the air, but alſo for its ſituation on the Mediterranean, where I can have the benefit of bathing; and from whence there is a ſhort cut by ſea to Italy, ſhould I find it neceſſary to try the air of Naples.

After having been ill accommodated three days at our

inn, we have at laſt found commodious lodgings, by means of Mrs. B——, a very agreeable French lady, to whom we were recommended by her huſband, who is my countryman, and at preſent reſident in London. For three guineas a month we have the greateſt part of a houſe tolerably furniſhed; four bed-chambers on the firſt floor, a large parlour below, a kitchen, and the uſe of a cellar.

Theſe, I own, are frivolous incidents, ſcarce worth committing to paper; but they may ſerve to introduce obſervations of more conſequence; and in the mean time I know nothing will be indifferent to you, that concerns

Your humble ſervant.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne ſur mer, July* 15. 1763.

THE cuſtom-houſe officers at Boulogne, though as alert, are rather more civil than thoſe on your ſide of the water. I brought no plate along with me, but a dozen and a half of ſpoons, and a dozen tea-ſpoons: The firſt being found in one of our portmanteaus, when they were examined at the bureau, coſt me ſeventeen livres *entree:* The others being luckily in my ſervant's pocket, eſcaped duty free. All wrought ſilver imported into France pays at the rate of ſo much per mark: Therefore thoſe who have any quantity of plate, will do well to leave it behind them, unleſs they can confide in the dexterity of the ſhip-maſters; ſome of whom will undertake to land it without the ceremony of examination. The ordonnances of France are ſo unfavourable to ſtrangers, that they oblige them to pay at the rate of five per cent. for all the bed and table linen which they bring into the kingdom, even though it has been uſed. When my trunks arrived in a ſhip from the river Thames, I underwent this ordeal: But what gives me more vexation, my books have been ſtopped at the bureau; and will be ſent to Amiens at my expence, to be examined by the *chambre ſyndicale;* leſt they ſhould contain ſomething

prejudicial to the ſtate, or to the religion of the country. This is a ſpecies of oppreſſion which one would not expect to meet with in France, which piques itſelf on its politeneſs and hoſpitality: But the truth is, I know no country in which ſtrangers are worſe treated, with reſpect to their eſſential concerns. If a foreigner dies in France, the king ſeizes all his effects, even though his heir ſhould be upon the ſpot; and this tyranny is called the *droit d'aubaine*, founded at firſt upon the ſuppoſition, that all the eſtate of foreigners reſiding in France was acquired in that kingdom, and that therefore it would be unjuſt to convey it to another country. If an Engliſh proteſtant goes to France for the benefit of his health, attended by his wife, or his ſon, or both, and dies with effects in the houſe to the amount of a thouſand guineas, the king ſeizes the whole, the family is left deſtitute, and the body of the deceaſed is denied Chriſtian burial. The Swiſs, by capitulation, are exempted from this deſpotiſm, and ſo are the Scots, in conſequence of an ancient alliance between the two nations. The ſame *droit d'aubaine* is exacted by ſome of the princes in Germany: But it is a great diſcouragement to commerce, and prejudiſes every country where it is exerciſed, to ten times the value of what it brings into the coffers of the ſovereign.

I am exceedingly mortified at the detention of my books, which not only deprives me of an amuſement which I can very ill diſpenſe with, but in all probability will expoſe me to ſundry other inconveniences. I muſt be at the expence of ſending them ſixty miles to be examined, and run the riſk of their being condemned; and, in the mean time, I may loſe the opportunity of ſending them with my heavy baggage by ſea to Bourdeaux, to be ſent up the Garonne to Tholouſe, and from thence tranſmitted through the canal of Languedoc to Cette, which is a ſea-port on the Mediterranean, about three or four leagues from Montpellier.

For the recovery of my books, I had recourſe to the advice of my landlord, Monſieur B—. He is a handſome young fellow, about twenty-five years of age, and keeps houſe with two maiden ſiſters, who are profeſſed

devotees. The brother is a little libertine, good-natured and obliging; but a true Frenchman in vanity, which is undoubtedly the ruling paſſion of this volatile people. He has an inconſiderable place under the government, in conſequence of which he is permitted to wear a ſword, a privilege which he does not fail to uſe. He is likewiſe receiver of the tithes of the clergy in this diſtrict, an office that gives him a command of money, and he moreover deals in the wine trade. When I came to his houſe, he made a parade of all theſe advantages; he diſplayed his bags of money, and ſome old gold which his father had left him. He deſcribed his chateau in the country, dropped hints of the fortunes that were ſettled upon mademoiſelles his ſiſters, boaſted of his connections at court, and aſſured me it was not for my money that he let his lodgings, but altogether with a view to enjoy the pleaſure of my company. The truth, when ſtripped of all embelliſhments, is this: The ſieur B— is the ſon of an honeſt bourgeois lately dead, who left him the houſe, with ſome ſtock in trade, a little money, and a paltry farm; his ſiſters have about three thouſand livres (not quite 140l.) a-piece; the brother's places are worth about fifty pounds a-year; and his connections at court are confined to a *commis*, or clerk in the ſecretary's office, with whom he correſponds by virtue of his employment. My landlord piques himſelf upon his gallantry and ſucceſs with the fair ſex: He keeps a *fille de joye*, and makes no ſecret of his amours. He told Miſs C— the other day, in broken Engliſh, that, in the courſe of the laſt year, he had made ſix baſtards. He owned, at the ſame time, he had ſent them all to the hoſpital; but, now his father is dead, he would himſelf take care of his future productions. This, however, was no better than a gaſconade. Yeſterday the houſe was in a hot alarm, on account of a new windfall of this kind; the ſiſters were in tears; the brother was viſited by the *curé* of the pariſh; the lady in the ſtraw (a ſempſtreſs) ſent him the bantling in a baſket, and he tranſmitted it by the carriers to the *Enfans trouvés* at Paris.

But to return from this digreſſion: Mr. B— adviſed

me to ſend a *requête* or petition to the chancellor of France, that I might obtain an order to have my books examined on the ſpot, by the preſident of Boulogne, or the *procureur du roy*, or the ſub-delegate of the intendance. He recommended an *avocat* of his acquaintance, to draw up the *memoire*, and introduced him accordingly; telling me at the ſame time, in private, that if he was not a drunkard, he would be at the head of his profeſſion. He had, indeed, all the outwards ſigns of a ſot; a ſleepy eye, a rubicund face, and carbuncled noſe. He ſeemed to be out at elbows, had marvellous foul linen, and his breeches were not very ſound; but he aſſumed an air of importance, was very courteous, and very ſolemn. I aſked him, if he did not ſometimes divert himſelf with the muſe: He ſmiled, and promiſed, in a whiſper, to ſhow me ſome *chanſonettes de ſa façon*. Meanwhile he compoſed the *requête* in my name, which was very pompous, very tedious, and very abject. Such a ſtyle might, perhaps, be neceſſary in a native of France; but I did not think it was at all ſuitable to a ſubject of Great Britain. I thanked him for the trouble he had taken, as he would receive no other gratification; but when my landlord propoſed to ſend the *memoire* to his correſpondent at Paris, to be delivered to the chancellor, I told him I had changed my mind, and would apply to the Engliſh ambaſſador. I have accordingly taken the liberty to addreſs myſelf to the earl of H——; and, at the ſame time, I have preſumed to write to the ducheſs of D——, who is now at Paris, to entreat her grace's advice and interpoſition. What effect theſe applications may have, I know not; but the ſieur B— ſhakes his head, and has told my ſervant in confidence, that I am miſtaken, if I think the Engliſh ambaſſador is as great a man at Paris as the chancellor of France.

I ought to make an apology for troubling you with ſuch an unentertaining detail, and conſider that the detention of my books muſt be a matter of very little conſequence to any body, but to

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER III.

SIR, *Boulogne, Auguſt* 15. 1763.

I AM much obliged to you for your kind inquiries after my health, which has been lately in a very declining condition. In conſequence of a cold, caught a few days after my arrival in France, I was ſeized with a violent cough, attended with a fever, and ſtitches in my breaſt, which tormented me all night long without ceaſing. At the ſame time I had a great diſcharge by expectoration, and ſuch a dejection of ſpirits as I never felt before. In this ſituation, I took a ſtep which may appear to have been deſperate. I knew there was no impoſthume in my lungs, and I ſuppoſed the ſtitches were ſpaſmodical. I was ſenſible that all my complaints were originally derived from relaxation. I therefore hired a chaiſe, and going to the beach, about a league from the town, plunged into the ſea without heſitation. By this deſperate remedy, I got a freſh cold in my head; but my ſtitches and fever vaniſhed the very firſt day; and by a daily repetition of the bath, I have diminiſhed my cough, ſtrengthened my body, and recovered my ſpirits. I believe I ſhould have tried the ſame experiment, even if there had been an abſceſs in my lungs, though ſuch practice would have been contrary to all the rules of medicine: But I am not one of thoſe who implicitly believe in all the dogmata of phyſic. I ſaw one of the guides at Bath, the ſtouteſt fellow amongſt them, who recovered from the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, by going into the king's bath, contrary to the expreſs injunction of his doctor. He ſaid, if he muſt die, the ſooner the better, as he had nothing left for his ſubſiſtence. Inſtead of immediate death, he found inſtant eaſe, and continued mending every day, till his health was entirely re-eſtabliſhed. I myſelf drank the waters at Bath, and bathed, in diametrical oppoſition to the opinion of ſome phyſicians there ſettled, and found myſelf better every day, notwithſtanding their unfavourable prognoſtic. If I had been of the rigid fibre, full of

blood, ſubject to inflammation, I ſhould have followed a different courſe. Our acquaintance, Dr. C——, while he actually ſpit up matter, and rode out every day for his life, led his horſe to water, at the pond in Hyde-Park, one cold froſty morning; and the beaſt, which happened to be of a hot conſtitution, plunged himſelf and his maſter over head and ears in the water. The poor doctor haſtened home, half dead with fear, and was put to bed in the apprehenſion of a new impoſthume; inſtead of which, he found himſelf exceedingly recruited in his ſpirits, and his appetite much mended. I adviſed him to take the hint, and go into the cold bath every morning; but he did not chooſe to run any riſk. How cold water comes to be ſuch a bugbear, I know not. If I am not miſtaken, Hippocrates recommends immerſion in cold water for the gout; and Celſus expreſsly ſays, *In omni tuſſi utilis eſt natatio.*

I have converſed with a phyſician of this place, a ſenſible man, who aſſured me he was reduced to mere ſkin and bone by a cough and hectic fever, when he ordered a bath to be made in his own houſe, and dipped himſelf in cold water every morning. He at the ſame time left off drinking and ſwallowing any liquid that was warm. He is now ſtrong and luſty, and even in winter has no other cover than a ſingle ſheet. His notions about the warm drink were a little whimſical: He imagined it relaxed the tone of the ſtomach; and this would undoubtedly be the caſe, if it was drank in large quantities warmer than the natural temperature of the blood. He alleged the example of the inhabitants of the Ladrône iſlands, who never taſte any thing that is not cold, and are remarkably healthy. But to balance this argument, I mentioned the Chineſe, who ſcarce drink any thing but warm tea; and the Laplanders, who drink nothing but warm water; yet the people of both theſe nations are remarkably ſtrong, healthy, and long-lived.

You deſire to know the fate of my books. My Lord H—d is not yet come to France; but my letter was tranſmitted to him from Paris; and his lordſhip, with that generous humanity which is peculiar to his character, has done me the honour to aſſure me, under his

own hand, that he has directed Mr. N—lle, our reſident at Paris, to apply for an order that my books may be reſtored.

I have met with another piece of good fortune, in being introduced to General Paterſon and his lady, in their way to England from Nice, where the general has been many years commandant for the king of Sardinia. You muſt have heard of this gentleman, who has not only eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his courage and conduct as an officer, but alſo by his probity and humanity in the exerciſe of his office, and by his remarkable hoſpitality to all ſtrangers, eſpecially the ſubjects of Great Britain, whoſe occaſions called them to the place where he commanded. Being pretty far advanced in years, he begged leave to reſign, that he might ſpend the evening of his days in his own country; and his Sardinian majeſty granted his requeſt with regret, after having honoured him with very particular marks of approbation and eſteem. The general talks ſo favourably of the climate of Nice, with reſpect to diſorders of the breaſt, that I am now determined to go thither. It would have been happy for me, had he continued in his government. I think myſelf ſtill very fortunate, in having obtained of him a letter of recommendation to the Engliſh conſul at Nice, together with directions how to travel through the ſouth of France. I propoſe to begin my journey ſome time next month, when the weather will be temperate to the ſouthward; and in the wine countries I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing the vintage, which is always a ſeaſon of feſtivity among all ranks of people.

You have been very much miſinformed by the perſon who compared Boulogne to Wapping: He did a manifeſt injuſtice to this place, which is a large agreeable town, with broad open ſtreets, excellently paved; and the houſes are of ſtone, well built and commodious. The number of inhabitants may amount to ſixteen thouſand. You know this was generally ſuppoſed to be the *portus Itius*, and *Geſſoriacum* of the ancients; though it is now believed that the *portus Itius*, from whence Cæſar ſailed to Britain, is a place called *Whitſand*, as

bout half way between this place and Calais. Boulogne is the capital of the Boulonnois, a diſtrict extending about twelve leagues, ruled by a governor independent of the governor of Picardy; of which province, however, this country forms a part. The preſent governor is the Duc d'Aumont. The town of Boulogne is the ſee of a biſhop, ſuffragan of Rheims, whoſe revenue amounts to about four and twenty thouſand livres, or one thouſand pounds Sterling. It is alſo the ſeat of a ſeneſchal's court, from whence an appeal lies to the parliament of Paris; and thither all condemned criminals are ſent, to have their ſentence confirmed or reverſed. Here is likewiſe a bailiwick, and a court of admiralty. The military juriſdiction of the city belongs to a commandant appointed by the king, a ſort of ſinecure beſtowed upon ſome old officer. His appointments are very inconſiderable: He reſides in the Upper Town, and his garriſon at preſent conſiſts of a few hundreds of invalids.

Boulogne is divided into the Upper and Lower Towns. The former is a kind of citadel, about a ſhort mile in circumference, ſituated on a riſing ground, ſurrounded by a high wall and rampart, planted with rows of trees, which form a delightful walk. It commands a fine view of the country and Lower Town; and in clear weather, the coaſt of England, from Dover to Folkſtone, appears ſo plain, that one would imagine it was within four or five leagues of the French ſhore. The Upper Town was formerly fortified with outworks, which are now in ruins. Here is a ſquare, a town-houſe, the cathedral, and two or three convents of nuns; in one of which there are ſeveral Engliſh girls, ſent hither for their education. The ſmallneſs of the expence encourages parents to ſend their children abroad to theſe ſeminaries, where they learn ſcarce any thing that is uſeful, but the French language; but they never fail to imbibe prejudices againſt the Proteſtant religion, and generally return enthuſiaſtic converts to the religion of Rome. This converſion always generates a contempt for, and often an averſion to their own country. Indeed it cannot reaſonably be expected, that people of

weak minds, addicted to ſuperſtition, ſhould either love or eſteem thoſe whom they are taught to conſider as reprobated heretics. Ten pounds a-year is the uſual penſion in theſe convents; but I have been informed by a French lady, who had her education in one of them, that nothing can be more wretched than their entertainment.

The civil magiſtracy of Boulogne conſiſts of a mayor and echevins; and this is the caſe in almoſt all the towns of France.

The Lower Town is continued from the gate of the Upper Town, down the ſlope of a hill, as far as the harbour, ſtretching on both ſides to a large extent, and is much more conſiderable than the Upper, with reſpect to the beauty of the ſtreets, the convenience of the houſes, and the number and wealth of the inhabitants. Theſe, however, are all merchants, or bourgeois; for the nobleſſe or gentry live all together in the Upper Town, and never mix with the others. The harbour of Boulogne is at the mouth of the ſmall river, or rather rivulet Liane, which is ſo ſhallow, that the children wade through it at low water. As the tide makes, the ſea flows in, and forms a pretty extenſive harbour, which, however, admits nothing but ſmall veſſels. It is contracted at the mouth by two ſtone *jettes* or piers, which ſeem to have been conſtructed by ſome engineer, very little acquainted with this branch of his profeſſion; for they are carried out in ſuch a manner, as to collect a bank of ſand juſt at the entrance of the harbour. The road is very open and unſafe, and the ſurf very high when the wind blows from the ſea. There is no fortification near the harbour, except a paltry fort mounting about twenty guns, built in the laſt war by the Prince de Cruy, upon a rock about a league to the eaſtward of Boulogne. It appears to be ſituated in ſuch a manner, that it can neither offend nor be offended. If the depth of water would admit a forty or fifty gun ſhip to lie within cannon-ſhot of it, I apprehend it might be ſilenced in half an hour; but, in all probability, there will be no veſtiges of it at the next rupture between the two crowns. It is ſurrounded every day by

the ſea, at high water; and when it blows a freſh gale towards the ſhore, the waves break over the top of it, to the terror and aſtoniſhment of the garriſon, who have been often heard crying piteouſly for aſſiſtance. I am perſuaded, that it will one day diſappear in the twinkling of an eye. The neighbourhood of this fort, which is a ſmooth ſandy beach, I have choſen for my bathing place. The road to it is agreeable and romantic, lying through pleaſant corn fields, ſkirted by open downs, where there is a rabbit warren, and great plenty of the birds ſo much admired at Tunbridge under the name of *wheat-ears*. By the bye, this is a pleaſant corruption of *white-a—ſe*, the tranſlation of their French name *cul blanc*, taken from their colour; for they are actually white towards the tail.

Upon the top of a high rock, which overlooks the harbour, are the remains of an old fortification, which is indiſcriminately called, *Tour d'ordre*, and *Julius Cæſar's fort*. The original tower was a light-houſe built by *Claudius Cæſar*, denominated *Turris ardens*, from the fire burned in it; and this the French have corrupted into *Tour d'ordre*: But no veſtiges of this Roman work remain; what we now ſee are the ruins of a caſtle built by Charlemagne. I know of no other antiquity at Boulogne, except an old vault in the Upper Town, now uſed as a magazine, which is ſaid to be part of an ancient temple dedicated to Iſis.

On the other ſide of the harbour, oppoſite to the Lower Town, there is a houſe built, at a conſiderable expence, by a general officer, who loſt his life in the late war. Never was a ſituation more inconvenient, unpleaſant, and unhealthy. It ſtands on the edge of an ugly moraſs formed by the ſtagnant water left by the tide in its retreat: The very walks of the garden are ſo moiſt, that, in the drieſt weather, no perſon can make a tour of it, without danger of the rheumatiſm. Beſides, the houſe is altogether inacceſſible, except at low water; and even then the carriage muſt croſs the harbour, the wheels up to the axle-tree in mud: Nay, the tide ruſhes in ſo faſt, that, unleſs you ſeize the time to a minute, you will be in danger of periſhing. The

apartments of this houſe are elegantly fitted up, but very ſmall; and the garden, notwithſtanding its unfavourable ſituation, affords a great quantity of good fruit. The ooze, impregnated with ſea ſalt, produces, on this ſide of the harbour, an incredible quantity of the fineſt *ſamphire* I ever ſaw. The French call it *paſſe-pierre*; and I ſuſpect its Engliſh name is a corruption of *ſang-pierre*. It is generally found on the faces of bare rocks that overhang the ſea, by the ſpray of which it is nouriſhed. As it grew upon a naked rock, without any appearance of ſoil, it might be naturally enough called *ſang du pierre*, or *ſang-pierre*, blood of the rock; and hence the name *ſamphire*. On the ſame ſide of the harbour, there is another new houſe, neatly built, belonging to a gentleman who has obtained a grant from the king of ſome ground which was always overflowed at high water. He has raiſed dykes at a conſiderable expence, to exclude the tide; and if he can bring his project to bear, he will not only gain a good eſtate for himſelf, but alſo improve the harbour, by increaſing the depth at high water.

In the Lower Town of Boulogne, there are ſeveral religious houſes, particularly a ſeminary, a convent of cordeliers, and another of capuchins. This laſt, having fallen to decay, was ſome years ago repaired, chiefly by the charity of Britiſh travellers, collected by father Græme, a native of North Britain, who had been an officer in the army of King James II. and is ſaid to have turned monk of this mendicant order, by way of voluntary penance, for having killed his friend in a duel. Be that as it may, he was a well-bred, ſenſible man, of a very exemplary life and converſation; and his memory is much revered in this place. Being ſuperior of the convent, he cauſed the Britiſh arms to be put up in the church, as a mark of gratitude for the benefactions received from our nation. I often walk in the garden of the convent, the walls of which are waſhed by the ſea at high water. At the bottom of the garden is a little private grove, ſeparated from it by a high wall, with a door of communication; and hither the capuchins retire, when they are diſpoſed for contemplation. About

two years ago, this place was ſaid to be converted to a very different uſe. There was among the monks one *pere Charles*, a luſty friar, of whom the people tell ſtrange ſtories. Some young women of the town were ſeen mounting over the wall, by a ladder of ropes, in the duſk of the evening; and there was an unuſual crop of baſtards that ſeaſon. In ſhort, *pere Charles* and his companions gave ſuch ſcandal, that the whole fraternity was changed; and now the neſt is occupied by another flight of theſe birds of paſſage. If one of our privateers had kidnapped a capuchin during the war, and exhibited him, in his habit, as a ſhow in London, he would have proved a good prize to the captors; for I know not a more uncouth and groteſque animal, than an old capuchin in the habit of his order. A friend of mine (a Swiſs officer) told me, that a peaſant in his country uſed to weep bitterly, whenever a certain capuchin mounted the pulpit to hold forth to the people. The good father took notice of this man, and believed he was touched by the finger of the Lord. He exhorted him to encourage theſe acceſſions of grace, and at the ſame time to be of good comfort, as having received ſuch marks of the divine favour. The man ſtill continued to weep, as before, every time the monk preached; and at laſt the capuchin inſiſted upon knowing what it was, in his diſcourſe or appearance, that made ſuch an impreſſion upon his heart.—"Ah, father! (cried the peaſant) I never ſee you, but I think of a venerable goat which I loſt at Eaſter. We were bred up together in the ſame family. He was the very picture of your reverence—one would ſwear you were brothers. Poor *Baudouin!* he died of a fall—reſt his ſoul! I would willingly pay for a couple of maſſes to pray him out of purgatory."

Among other public edifices at Boulogne, there is an hoſpital, or workhouſe, which ſeems to be eſtabliſhed upon a very good foundation. It maintains ſeveral hundreds of poor people, who are kept conſtantly at work, according to their age and abilities, in making thread, all ſorts of lace, a kind of catgut, and in knitting ſtockings. It is under the direction of the biſhop;

and the ſee is at preſent filled by a prelate of great piety and benevolence, though a little inclining to bigotry and fanaticiſm. The churches in this town are but indifferently built, and poorly ornamented. There is not one picture in the place worth looking at; nor, indeed, does there ſeem to be the leaſt taſte for the liberal arts.

In my next, I ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy you in the other articles you deſire to know. Meanwhile, I am ever

Yours.

LETTER IV.

SIR, *Boulogne, September* 1. 1763.

I AM infinitely obliged to D. H— for the favourable manner in which he has mentioned me to the Earl of H—. I have at laſt recovered my books, by virtue of a particular order to the director of the douane, procured by the application of the Engliſh reſident to the French miniſtry. I am now preparing for my long journey; but, before I leave this place, I ſhall ſend you the packet I mentioned, by Meriton. Meanwhile, I muſt fulfil my promiſe in communicating the obſervations I have had occaſion to make upon this town and country.

The air of Boulogne is cold and moiſt, and, I believe, of conſequence unhealthy. Laſt winter the froſt, which continued ſix weeks in London, laſted here eight weeks, without intermiſſion; and the cold was ſo intenſe, that, in the garden of the capuchins, it ſplit the bark of ſeveral elms from top to bottom. On our arrival here we found all kinds of fruit more backward than in England. The froſt, in its progreſs to Britain, is much weakened in croſſing the ſea. The atmoſphere, impregnated with ſaline particles, reſiſts the operation of freezing. Hence, in ſevere winters, all places near the ſea-ſide are leſs cold than more inland diſtricts. This is the reaſon why the winter is often more mild at Edinburgh than at London. A very great degree of cold is required to freeze

ſalt water. Indeed it will not freeze at all, until it has depoſited all its ſalt. It is now generally allowed among philoſophers, that water is no more than ice thawed by heat, either ſolar, or ſubterranean, or both; and that this heat being expelled, it would return to its natural conſiſtence. This being the caſe, nothing elſe is required for the freezing of water, than a certain degree of cold, which may be generated by the help of ſalt, or ſpirit of nitre, even under the line. I would propoſe, therefore, that an apparatus of this ſort ſhould be provided in every ſhip that goes to ſea; and in caſe there ſhould be a deficiency of freſh water on board, the ſea-water may be rendered potable, by being firſt converted into ice.

The air of Boulogne is not only loaded with a great evaporation from the ſea, increaſed by ſtrong gales of wind from the weſt and ſouth-weſt, which blow almoſt continually during the greateſt part of the year; but it is alſo ſubject to putrid vapours, ariſing from the low marſhy ground in the neighbourhood of the harbour, which is every tide overflowed with ſea water. This may be one cauſe of the ſcrophula and rickets, which are two prevailing diſorders among the children in Boulogne. But I believe the former is more owing to the water uſed in the Lower Town, which is very hard and unwholeſome. It curdles with ſoap, gives a red colour to the meat that is boiled in it, and, when drank by ſtrangers, never fails to occaſion pains in the ſtomach and bowels; nay, ſometimes produces dyſenteries. In all appearance it is impregnated with nitre, if not with ſomething more miſchievous: We know that mundic, or pyrites, very often contains a proportion of arſenic, mixed with ſulphur, vitriol, and mercury. Perhaps it partakes of the acid of ſome coal mine; for there are coal works in this diſtrict. There is a well of purging water within a quarter of a mile of the Upper Town, to which the inhabitants reſort in the morning, as the people of London go to the Dog and Duck, in St. George's fields. There is likewiſe a fountain of excellent water, hard by the cathedral, in the Upper Town, from whence I am daily ſupplied at a ſmall expence. Some modern chemiſts affirm, that no ſaline chalybeate waters can exiſt,

except in the neighbourhood of coal damps; and that nothing can be more mild, and gentle, and friendly to the conſtitution, than the ſaid damps: But I know that the place where I was bred ſtands upon a zonic of coal; that the water which the inhabitants generally uſe is hard and brackiſh; and that the people are remarkably ſubject to the king's evil and conſumption. Theſe I would impute to the bad water, impregnated with the vitriol and brine of coal, as there is nothing in the conſtitution of the air that ſhould render ſuch diſtempers endemial. That the air of Boulogne encourages putrefaction, appears from the effect it has upon butchers meat, which, though the ſeaſon is remarkably cold, we can hardly keep four and-twenty hours in the cooleſt part of the houſe.

Living here is pretty reaſonable; and the markets are tolerably ſupplied. The beef is neither fat nor firm; but very good for ſoup, which is the only uſe the French make of it. The veal is not ſo white, nor ſo well fed, as the Engliſh veal; but it is more juicy, and better taſted. The mutton and pork are very good. We buy our poultry alive, and fatten them at home. Here are excellent turkeys, and no want of game: The hares, in particular, are very large, juicy and high-flavoured. The beſt part of the fiſh caught on this coaſt is ſent poſt to Paris, in chaſſe-marines, by a company of contractors, like thoſe of Haſtings in Suſſex. Nevertheleſs, we have excellent ſoles, ſkaite, flounders, and whitings, and ſometimes makarel. The oyſters are very large, coarſe, and rank. There is very little fiſh caught on the French coaſt, becauſe the ſhallows run a great way from the ſhore, and the fiſh live chiefly in deep water; for this reaſon the fiſhermen go a great way out to ſea, ſometimes even as far as the coaſt of England. Notwithſtanding all the haſte the contractors can make, their fiſh in the ſummer is very often ſpoiled before it arrives at Paris; and this is not to be wondered at, conſidering the length of the way, which is near one hundred and fifty miles. At beſt it muſt be in ſuch a mortified condition, that no other people, except the negroes on the coaſt of Guinea, would feed upon it.

The wine commonly drank at Boulogne comes from Auxerre, is very ſmall and meagree, and may be had from five to eight ſols a bottle; that is, from two-pence half-penny to four-pence. The French inhabitants drink no good wine; nor is there any to be had, unleſs you have recourſe to the Britiſh wine-merchants here eſtabliſhed, who deal in Bourdeaux wines, brought hither by ſea for the London market. I have very good claret from a friend, at the rate of fifteen-pence Sterling a bottle; and excellent ſmall beer as reaſonable as in England. I don't believe there is a drop of generous Burgundy in the place; and the Aubergiſtes impoſe upon us ſhamefully, when they charge it at two livres a bottle. There is a ſmall white wine called *preniac*, which is very agreeable, and very cheap. All the brandy which I have ſeen in Boulogne is new, fiery, and ſtill-burnt. This is the traſh which the ſmugglers import into England: They have it for about ten-pence a gallon. Butchers meat is ſold for five ſols, or two-pence halfpenny a pound, and the pound here conſiſts of eighteen ounces. I have a young turkey for thirty ſols; a hare for four-and-twenty; a couple of chickens for twenty ſols, and a couple of good ſoles for the ſame price. Before we left England, we were told that there was no fruit in Boulogne; but we have found ourſelves agreeably diſappointed in this particular. The place is well ſupplied with ſtrawberries, cherries, gooſberries, corinths, peaches, apricots, and excellent pears. I have eaten more fruit this ſeaſon than I have done for ſeveral years. There are many well-cultivated gardens in the ſkirts of the town; particularly one belonging to our friend Mrs. B—, where we often drink tea in a charming ſummer-houſe built on a riſing ground, which commands a delightful proſpect of the ſea. We have many obligations to this good lady, who is a kind neighbour, and obliging friend, and a moſt agreeable companion: She ſpeaks Engliſh prettily, and is greatly attached to the people and the cuſtoms of our nation. They uſe wood for their common fuel, though, if I were to live at Boulogne, I would mix it with coal, which this country affords. Both the wood and the coal are reaſonable enough. I am

certain that a man may keep houſe in Boulogne for about one half of what it will coſt him in London; and this is ſaid to be one of the deareſt places in France.

The adjacent country is very agreeably diverſified with hill and deal, corn fields, woods, and meadows. There is a foreſt of a conſiderable extent, that begins about a ſhort league from the Upper Town: It belongs to the king, and the wood is farmed to different individuals.

In point of agriculture, the people in this neighbourhood ſeem to have profited by the example of the Engliſh. Since I was laſt in France, fifteen years ago, a good number of encloſures and plantations have been made in the Engliſh faſhion. There is a good many tolerable country houſes within a few miles of Boulogne, but moſtly empty. I was offered a complete houſe, with a garden of four acres well laid out, and two fields for graſs or hay, about a mile from the town, for four hundred livres, about ſeventeen pounds a year. It is partly furniſhed, ſtands in an agreeable ſituation, with a fine proſpect of the ſea, and was lately occupied by a Scotch nobleman, who is in the ſervice of France.

To judge from appearance, the people of Boulogne are deſcended from the Flemings, who formerly poſſeſſed this country; for a great many of the preſent inhabitants have fine ſkins, fair hair, and florid complexions; very different from the natives of France in general, who are diſtinguiſhed by black hair, brown ſkins, and ſwarthy faces. The people of the Boulonnois enjoy ſome extraordinary privileges, and, in particular, are exempted from the gabelle or duties upon ſalt: How they deſerve this mark of favour, I do not know; but they ſeem to have a ſtate of independence among them, are very ferocious, and much addicted to revenge. Many barbarous murders are committed both in the town and country; and the peaſants, from motives of envy and reſentment, frequently ſet their neighbours houſes on fire. Several inſtances of this kind have happened in the courſe of the laſt year. The interruption which is given, in arbitrary governments, to the adminiſtration of juſtice, by the interpoſition of the great, has always a bad effect upon the

morals of the common people. The peaſants too are often rendered deſperate and ſavage, by the miſery they ſuffer from the oppreſſion and tyranny of their landlords. In this neighbourhood the labouring people are ill lodged and wretchedly fed; and they have no idea of cleanlineſs. There is a ſubſtantial burgher in the High Town, who was ſome years ago convicted of a moſt barbarous murder. He received ſentence to be broke a live upon the wheel; but was pardoned by the interpoſition of the governor of the country, and carries on his buſineſs as uſual in the face of the whole community. A furious *abbé*, being refuſed orders by the biſhop on account of his irregular life, took an opportunity to ſtab the prelate with a knife one Sunday, as he walked out of the cathedral. The good biſhop deſired he might be permitted to eſcape; but it was thought proper to puniſh, with the utmoſt ſeverity, ſuch an atrocious attempt. He was accordingly apprehended, and, though the wound was not mortal, condemned to be broke. When this dreadful ſentence was executed, he cried out, that it was hard he ſhould undergo ſuch torments, for having wounded a worthleſs prieſt, by whom he had been injured, while ſuch-a-one (naming the burgher mentioned above) lived in eaſe and ſecurity, after having brutally murdered a poor man, and a helpleſs woman big with child, who had not given him the leaſt provocation.

The inhabitants of Boulogne may be divided into three claſſes; the nobleſſe or gentry, the burghers, and the canaille. I don't mention the clergy, and the people belonging to the law, becauſe I ſhall occaſionally trouble you with my thoughts upon the religion and eccleſiaſtics of this country; and, as for the lawyers, excluſive of their profeſſion, they may be conſidered as belonging to one or other of theſe diviſions. The nobleſſe are vain, proud, poor, and ſlothful. Very few of them have above ſix thouſand livres a year, which may amount to about two hundred and fifty pounds ſterling; and many of them not half this revenue. I think there is one heireſs, ſaid to be worth one hundred thouſand livres, about four thouſand two hundred pounds; but then her jewels, her clothes, and even her linen, are reckoned part of

this fortune. The nobleſſe have not the common ſenſe to reſide at their houſes in the country, where, by farming their own grounds, they might live at a ſmall expence, and improve their eſtates at the ſame time. They allow their country-houſes to go to decay, and their gardens and fields to waſte; and reſide in dark holes in the Upper Town of Boulogne, without light, air, or convenience. There they ſtarve within doors, that they may have wherewithal to purchaſe fine clothes, and appear dreſſed once a day in the church, or on the rampart. They have no education, no taſte for reading, no houſewifery, nor indeed any earthly occupation, but that of dreſſing their hair, and adorning their bodies. They hate walking, and would never go abroad, if they were not ſtimulated by the vanity of being ſeen. I ought to except indeed thoſe who turn devotees, and ſpend the greateſt part of their time with the prieſt, either at church, or in their own houſes. Other amuſements they have none in this place, except private parties of card-playing, which are far from being expenſive. Nothing can be more parſimonious than the economy of theſe people: They live upon ſoupe and bouille, fiſh and ſallad: They never think of giving dinners, or entertaining their friends; they even ſave the expence of coffee and tea, though both are very cheap at Boulogne. They preſume that every perſon drinks coffee at home, immediately after dinner, which is always over by one o'clock: and, in lieu of tea in the afternoon, they treat with a glaſs of ſherbet, or capillaire. In a word, I know not a more inſignificant ſet of mortals than the nobleſſe of Boulogne; helpleſs in themſelves, and uſeleſs to the community: without dignity, ſenſe, or ſentiment; contemptible from pride, and ridiculous from vanity. They pretend to be jealous of their rank, and will entertain no correſpondence with the merchants, whom they term plebeians. They likewiſe keep at a great diſtance from ſtrangers, on pretence of a delicacy in the article of punctilio: But, as I am informed, this ſtatelineſs is in a great meaſure affected, in order to conceal their poverty, which would appear to greater diſadvantage, if they admitted of a more familiar com-

munication. Conſidering the vivacity of the French people, one would imagine they could not poſſibly lead ſuch an inſipid life, altogether unanimated by ſociety, or diverſion. True it is, the only profane diverſions of this place are a puppet-ſhow and a mountebank; but then their religion affords a perpetual comedy. Their high maſſes, their feaſts, their proceſſions, their pilgrimages, confeſſions, images, tapers, robes, incenſe, benedictions, ſpectacles, repreſentations, and innumerable ceremonies, which revolve almoſt inceſſantly, furniſh a variety of entertainment from one end of the year to the other. If ſuperſtition implies *fear*, never was a word more miſapplied than it is to the mummery of the religion of Rome. The people are ſo far from being impreſſed with awe and religious terror by this ſort of machinery, that it amuſes their imaginations in the moſt agreeable manner, and keeps them always in good humour. A Roman catholic longs as impatiently for the feſtival of St. Suaire, or St. Croix, or St. Veronique, as a ſchool-boy in England for the repreſentation of punch and the devil; and there is generally as much laughing at one farce as at the other. Even when the deſcent from the croſs is acted, in the holy week, with all the circumſtances that ought naturally to inſpire the graveſt ſentiments, if you caſt your eyes among the multitude that croud the place, you will not diſcover one melancholy face: All is prattling, tittering, or laughing; and ten to one but you perceive a number of them employed in hiſſing the female who perſonates the Virgin Mary. And here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the Roman catholics, not content with the infinite number of ſaints who really exiſted, have not only perſonated *the croſs*, but made two female ſaints out of a piece of linen. *Veronique* or *Veronica*, is no other than a corruption of *vera icon*, or *vera effigies*, ſaid to be the exact repreſentation of our Saviour's face, impreſſed upon a piece of linen, with which he wiped the ſweat from his forehead in his way to the place of crucifixion. The ſame is worſhipped under the name of *St. Suaire*, from the Latin word *ſudarium*. This ſame handkerchief is ſaid to have had three folds, on every one of which

was the impreſſion: One of theſe remains at Jeruſalem, a ſecond was brought to Rome, and a third was conveyed to Spain. Baronius ſays, there is a very ancient hiſtory of the *ſancta facies* in the Vatican. Tillemont, however, looks upon the whole as a fable. Some ſuppoſe *Veronica* to be the ſame with St. Hæmorrhoiſſa, the patroneſs of thoſe who are afflicted with the piles, who make their joint invocations to her and St. Fiacre, the ſon of a Scotch king, who lived and died a hermit in France. The troops of Henry V. of England are ſaid to have pillaged the chapel of this Highland ſaint; who, in revenge, aſſiſted his countrymen, in the French ſervice, to defeat the Engliſh at Bauge, and afterwards afflicted Henry with the piles, of which he died. This prince complained, that he was not only plagued by the living Scots, but even perſecuted by thoſe who were dead.

I know not whether I may be allowed to compare the Romiſh religion to comedy, and Calviniſm to tragedy. The firſt amuſes the ſenſes, and excites ideas of mirth and good-humour; the other, like tragedy, deals in the paſſions of terror and pity. Step into a conventicle of diſſenters, you will, ten to one, hear the miniſter holding forth upon the ſufferings of Chriſt, or the torments of hell, and ſee many marks of religious horror in the faces of the hearers. This is perhaps one reaſon why the reformation did not ſucceed in France, among a volatile, giddy, unthinking people, ſhocked at the mortified appearances of the Calviniſts; and accounts for its rapid progreſs among nations of a more melancholy turn of character and complexion: For, in the converſion of the multitude, reaſon is generally out of the queſtion. Even the penance impoſed upon the catholics is little more than mock mortification: A murderer is often quit with his confeſſor for ſaying three prayers extraordinary; and theſe eaſy terms on which abſolution is obtained, certainly encourage the repetition of the moſt enormous crimes. The pomp and ceremonies of this religion, together with the great number of holidays they obſerve, howſoever they may keep up the ſpirits of the commonalty, and help to diminiſh the ſenſe of their own miſery, muſt certainly, at the ſame time, produce a frivo-

ſous taſte for frippery and ſhow, and encourage a habit of idleneſs, to which, I in a great meaſure, aſcribe the extreme poverty of the lower people. Very near half of their time, which might be profitably employed in the exerciſe of induſtry, is loſt to themſelves and the community, in attendance upon the different exhibitions of religious mummery.

But as this letter has already run to an unconſcionable length, I ſhall defer till another occaſion what I have further to ſay on the people of this place, and in the mean time aſſure you, that I am always

Yours affectionately.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne, Sept.* 12. 1763.

MY ſtay in this place now draws towards a period. Till within theſe few days I have continued bathing, with ſome advantage to my health, though the ſeaſon has been cold and wet, and diſagreeable. There was a fine proſpect of a plentiful harveſt in this neighbourhood. I uſed to have great pleaſure in driving between the fields of wheat, oats, and barley; but the crop has been entirely ruined by the rain, and nothing is now to be ſeen on the ground but the tarniſhed ſtraw, and the rotten ſpoils of the huſbandman's labour. The ground ſcarce affords ſubſiſtence to a few flocks of meagre ſheep that crop the ſtubble, and the intervening graſs; each flock under the protection of its ſhepherd, with his crook and dogs, who lies every night in the midſt of the fold, in a little thatched travelling lodge, mounted on a wheel carriage. Here he paſſes the night, in order to defend his flock from the wolves, which are ſometimes, eſpecially in winter, very bold and deſperate.

Two days ago we made an excurſion with Mrs. B— and Capt. L— to the village of Samers, on the Paris road, about three leagues from Boulogne. Here is a venerable abbey of Benedictines, well endowed with large agree-

able gardens prettily laid out. The monks are well lodged, and well entertained. Though reſtricted from fleſh meals by the rules of their order, they are allowed to eat wild duck and teal, as a ſpecies of fiſh; and when they long for a good *bouillon*, or a partridge, or pullet, they have nothing to do but to ſay they are out of order. In that caſe the appetite of the patient is indulged in his own apartment. Their church is elegantly contrived, but kept in a very dirty condition. The greateſt curioſity I ſaw in this place was an Engliſh boy, about eight or nine years old, from Dover, whom his father had ſent hither to learn the French language. In leſs than eight weeks he was become captain of the boys of the place, ſpoke French perfectly well, and had almoſt forgot his mother tongue. But to return to the people of Boulogne.

The burghers here, as in other places, conſiſt of merchants, ſhopkeepers, and artiſans. Some of the merchants have got fortunes, by fitting out privateers during the war. A great many ſingle ſhips were taken from the Engliſh, notwithſtanding the good look-out of our cruizers, who were ſo alert, that the privateers from this coaſt were often taken in four hours after they ſailed from the French harbour; and there is hardly a captain of an *armateur* in Boulogne, who has not been priſoner in England five or ſix times in the courſe of the war. They were fitted out at a very ſmall expence, and uſed to run over in the night to the coaſt of England, where they hovered as Engliſh fiſhing ſmacks, until they kidnapped ſome coaſter, with which they made the beſt of their way acroſs the channel. If they fell in with a Britiſh cruizer, they ſurrendered without reſiſtance: The captain was ſoon exchanged, and the loſs of the proprietor was not great: If they brought their prize ſafe into harbour, the advantage was conſiderable. In time of peace, the merchants of Boulogne deal in wine, brandies, and oil, imported from the ſouth, and export fiſh, with the manufactures of France, to Portugal, and other countries; but the trade is not great. Here are two or three conſiderable houſes of wine merchants from Britain, who deal in Bourdeaux wine, with which they ſupply London

and other parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The fiſhery of mackarel and herring is ſo conſiderable on this coaſt, that it is ſaid to yield annually eight or nine hundred thouſand livres, about thirty-five thouſand pounds ſterling.

The ſhopkeepers here drive a conſiderable traffic with the Engliſh ſmugglers, whoſe cutters are almoſt the only veſſels one ſees in the harbour of Boulogne, if we except about a dozen of thoſe flat-bottomed boats which raiſed ſuch alarms in England in the courſe of the war. Indeed they ſeem to be good for nothing elſe, and perhaps they were built for this purpoſe only. The ſmugglers from the coaſt of Kent and Suſſex pay Engliſh gold for great quantities of French brandy, tea, coffee, and ſmall wine, which they run from this country. They likewiſe buy glaſs trinkets, toys, and coloured prints, which ſell in England for no other reaſon but that they come from France, as they may be had as cheap and much better finiſhed of our own manufacture. They likewiſe take off ribbons, laces, linen, and cambrics; though this branch of trade is chiefly in the hands of traders that come from London, and make their purchaſes at Dunkirk, where they pay no duties. It is certainly worth while for any traveller to lay in a ſtock of linen either at Dunkirk or Boulogne; the difference of the price at theſe two places is not great. Even here I have made a proviſion of ſhirts for one half of the money they would have coſt in London. Undoubtedly the practice of ſmuggling is very detrimental to the fair trader, and carries conſiderable ſums of money out of the kingdom, to enrich our rivals and enemies. The cuſtom-houſe officers are very watchful, and make a great number of ſeizures: Nevertheleſs, the ſmugglers find their account in continuing this contraband commerce; and are ſaid to indemnify themſelves, if they ſave one cargo out of three. After all, the beſt way to prevent ſmuggling is to lower the duties upon the commodities which are thus introduced. I have been told, that the revenue upon tea has increaſed ever ſince the duty upon it was diminiſhed. By the bye, the tea ſmuggled on the coaſt of Suſſex is moſt deteſtable ſtuff. While I ſtaid at Haſtings, for the con-

veniency of bathing, I muſt have changed my breakfaſt, if I had not luckily brought tea with me from London: Yet we have as good tea at Boulogne for nine livres a pound, as that which ſells at fourteen ſhillings at London.

The bourgeois of this place ſeem to live at their eaſe, probably in conſequence of their trade with the Engliſh. Their houſes conſiſt of the ground-floor, one ſtory above, and garrets. In thoſe which are well furniſhed, you ſee pier glaſſes and marble ſlabs; but the chairs are either paltry things, made with ſtraw-bottoms, which coſt about a ſhilling a-piece, or old-faſhioned, high-backed ſeats of needle work, ſtuffed very clumſy and incommodious. The tables are ſquare fir boards, that ſtand on edge in a corner, except when they are uſed, and then they are ſet upon croſs legs that open and ſhut occaſionally. The king of France dines off a board of this kind. Here is plenty of table-linen however. The pooreſt tradeſman in Boulogne has a napkin on every cover, and ſilver forks with four prongs, which are uſed with the right hand, there being very little occaſion for knives; for the meat is boiled or roaſted to rags. The French beds are ſo high, that ſometimes one is obliged to mount them by the help of ſteps; and this is alſo the caſe in Flanders. They very ſeldom uſe feather-beds; but they lie upon a *paillaſſe*, or bag of ſtraw, over which are laid two, and ſometimes three matraſſes. Their teſters are high and old-faſhioned, and their curtains generally of thin baize, red, or green, laced with tawdry yellow, in imitation of gold. In ſome houſes, however, one meets with furniture of ſtamped linen; but there is no ſuch thing as a carpet to be ſeen, and the floors are in a very dirty condition. They have not even the implements of cleanlineſs in this country. Every chamber is furniſhed with an *armoire*, or clothes-preſs, and a cheſt of drawers, of very clumſy workmanſhip. Every thing ſhows a deficiency in the mechanic arts. There is not a door, nor a window, that ſhuts cloſe. The hinges, locks, and latches, are of iron, coarſely made, and ill contrived. The very chimnies are built ſo open, that they admit both rain and ſun, and all of them ſmoke intolerably.

If there is no cleanlineſs among theſe people, much leſs ſhall we find delicacy, which is the cleanlineſs of the mind. Indeed they are utter ſtrangers to what we call common decency; and I could give you ſome high-flavoured inſtances, at which even a native of Edinburgh would ſtop his noſe. There are certain mortifying views of human nature, which undoubtedly ought to be concealed as much as poſſible, in order to prevent giving offence: And nothing can be more abſurd, than to plead the difference of cuſtom in different countries, in defence of thoſe uſages, which cannot fail giving diſguſt to the organs and ſenſes of all mankind. Will cuſtom exempt from the imputation of groſs indecency a French lady, who ſhifts her frouſy ſmock in preſence of a male viſitant, and talks to him of her *lavement*, her *medicine*, and her *bidet*? An Italian *ſignora* makes no ſcruple of telling you, ſhe is ſuch a day to begin a courſe of phyſic for the *pox*. The celebrated reformer of the Italian comedy introduces a child befouling itſelf on the ſtage, OH, NO, TI SENTI? BISOGNA DESFASSARLO (*ſa cenno che ſenteſi mal odore*). I have known a lady handed to the houſe of office by her admirer, who ſtood at the door, and entertained her with *bons mots* all the time ſhe was within. But I ſhould be glad to know whether it is poſſible for a fine lady to ſpeak and act in this manner, without exciting ideas to her own diſadvantage in the mind of every man who has any imagination left, and enjoys the entire uſe of his ſenſes, howſoever ſhe may be authoriſed by the cuſtoms of her country? There is nothing ſo vile or repugnant to nature, but you may plead preſcription for it, in the cuſtoms of ſome nation or other. A Pariſian likes mortified fleſh: A native of Legiboli will not taſte his fiſh till it is quite putrified: The civilized inhabitants of Kamſchatka get drunk with the urine of their gueſts, whom they have already intoxicated: The Nova Zemblans make merry on train-oil: The Greenlanders eat in the ſame diſh with their dogs: The Caffres, at the Cape of Good Hope, piſs upon thoſe whom they delight to honour, and feaſt upon a ſheep's inteſtines with their contents, as the greateſt dainty that can be preſented. A true bred Frenchman dips his fingers, imbrown-

ed with ſnuff, into his plate filled with ragout: Between every three mouthfuls, he produces his ſnuff-box, and takes a freſh pinch, with the moſt graceful geſticulations; then he diſplays his handkerchief, which may be termed the *flag of abomination;* and, in the uſe of both, ſcatters his favours among thoſe who have the happineſs to ſit near him. It muſt be owned, however, that a Frenchman will not drink out of a tankard, in which, perhaps, a dozen of filthy mouths have ſlabbered, as is the cuſtom in England. Here every individual has his own goblet, which ſtands before him, and he helps himſelf occaſionally with wine, or water, or both, which likewiſe ſtand upon the table. But I know no cuſtom more beaſtly than that of uſing water-glaſſes, in which polite company ſpirt, and ſquirt, and ſpue the filthy ſcourings of their gums under the eyes of each other. I knew a lover cured of his paſſion, by ſeeing this naſty caſcade diſcharged from the mouth of his miſtreſs. I don't doubt but I ſhall live to ſee the day, when the hoſpitable cuſtom of the ancient Egyptians will be revived; then a conveniency will be placed behind every chair in company, with a proper proviſion of waſte paper, that individuals may make themſelves eaſy without parting company. I inſiſt upon it, that this practice would not be more indelicate than that which is now in uſe. What then, you will ſay, muſt a man ſit with his chops and fingers up to the ears and knuckles in greaſe? No; let thoſe who cannot eat without defiling themſelves, ſlep into another room, provided with baſons and towels: But I think it would be better to inſtitute ſchools, where youth may learn to eat their victuals, without daubing themſelves, or giving offence to the eyes of one another.

The bourgeois of Boulogne have commonly ſoup and bouille at noon, and a roaſt, with a ſallad, for ſupper; and at all their meals there is a deſert of fruit. This indeed is the practice all over France. On meagre days they eat fiſh, omelettes, fried beans, fricaſſees of eggs and onions, and burnt cream. The tea which they drink in the afternoon is rather boiled than infuſed; it is ſweetened all together with coarſe ſugar, and drank with an equal quantity of boiled milk.

We had the honour to be entertained the other day by our landlord, Mr. B—, who ſpared no coſt on this banquet, exhibited for the glory of France. He had invited a new-married couple, together with the huſband's mother, and the lady's father, who was one of the nobleſſe of Montreuil, his name Monſ. L—y. There were likewiſe ſome merchants of the town, and Monſ. B—s uncle, a facetious little man, who had ſerved in the Engliſh navy, and was as big and as round as a hogſhead; we were likewiſe favoured with the company of father K—, a native of Ireland, who is *vicaire*, or curate of the pariſh; and among the gueſts was Monſ. L—y's ſon, a pretty boy, about thirteen or fourteen years of age. The *repas* ſerved up in three ſervices, or courſes, with *entrees* and *hors d'œuvres*, excluſive of the fruit, conſiſted of above twenty diſhes, extremely well dreſſed by the *rotiſſeur*, who is the beſt cook I ever knew in France, or elſewhere; but the *plats* were not preſented with much order. Our young ladies did not ſeem to be much uſed to do the honours of the table. The moſt extraordinary circumſtance that I obſerved on this occaſion was, that all the French who were preſent ate of every diſh that appeared; and, I am told, that if there had been an hundred articles more, they would have had a trial of each. This is what they call doing juſtice to the founder. Monſieur L—y was placed at the head of the table; and indeed he was the oracle and orator of the company; tall, thin, and weather-beaten, not unlike the picture of Don Quixote after he had loſt his teeth. He had been *garde du corps*, or life-guard-man at Verſailles; and, by virtue of this office, he was perfectly well acquainted with the perſons of the king and the dauphin, with the characters of the miniſters and grandees, and, in a word, with all the ſecrets of ſtate, on which he held forth with equal ſolemnity and elocution He exclaimed againſt the jeſuits, and the farmers of the revenue, who, he ſaid, had ruined France. Then, addreſſing himſelf to me, aſked, if the Engliſh did not every day drink to the health of *Madame la Marquiſe?* I did not at firſt comprehend his meaning; but anſwered in general, that the Engliſh were not deficient in complaiſance for the ladies.

" Ah! (cried he) ſhe is the beſt friend they have in the world. If it had not been for her, they would not have ſuch reaſon to boaſt of the advantages of the war." I told him the only conqueſt which the French had made in the war was achieved by one of the generals: I meant the taking of Mahon. But I did not chooſe to proſecute the diſcourſe, remembering, that in the year 1749, I had like to have had an affair with a Frenchman at Ghent, who affirmed, that all the battles gained by the great Duke of Marlborough were purpoſely loſt by the French generals, in order to bring the ſchemes of Madame de Maintenon into diſgrace. This is no bad reſource for the national vanity of theſe people: Though, in general, they are really perſuaded, that theirs is the richeſt, the braveſt, the happieſt, and the moſt powerful nation under the ſun; and therefore, without ſome ſuch cauſe, they muſt be invincible. By the bye, the common people here ſtill frighten their wayward children with the name of *Marlborough*. Mr. B—'s ſon, who was nurſed at a peaſant's houſe, happening one day after he was brought home to be in diſgrace with his father, who threatened to correct him, the child ran for protection to his mother, crying, *faites ſortir ſe vilaine Marlbroug*." It is amazing to hear a ſenſible Frenchman aſſert, that the revenues of France amount to four hundred millions of livres, about twenty millions ſterling, clear of all encumbrances, when, in fact, their clear revenue is not much above ten. Without all doubt, they have reaſon to inveigh againſt the *fermiers generaux*, who oppreſs the people in raiſing the taxes, not above two thirds of which are brought into the king's coffers: The reſt enriches themſelves, and enables them to bribe high for the protection of the great, which is the only ſupport they have againſt the remonſtrances of the ſtates and parliaments, and the ſuggeſtions of common ſenſe; which will ever demonſtrate this to be, of all others, the moſt pernicious method of ſupplying the neceſſities of government.

Monſieur L——y ſeaſoned the ſeverity of his political apothegms with intermediate ſallies of mirth and gallantry. He ogled the venerable gentlewoman his *commere*, who ſat by him. He looked, ſighed, and languiſhed,

ſung tender ſongs, and kiſſed the old lady's hand with all the ardour of a youthful admirer. I unfortunately congratulated him on having ſuch a pretty young gentleman to his ſon. He anſwered, ſighing, that the boy had talents, but did not put them to a proper uſe—"Long before I attained his age (ſaid he) I had finiſhed my rhetoric." Captain B—, who had eaten himſelf black in the face, and, with the napkin under his chin, was no bad repreſentation of Sancho Panza in the ſuds, with the diſh-clout about his neck, when the duke's ſcullions inſiſted upon ſhaving him; this ſea-wit, turning to the boy with a waggiſh leer, "I ſuppoſe (ſaid he) you don't underſtand the figure of *amplification* ſo well as Monſieur your father." At that inſtant, one of the nieces, who knew her uncle to be very tickliſh, touched him under the ſhort ribs, on which the little man attempted to ſpring up, but loſt the centre of gravity. He overturned his own plate in the lap of the perſon that ſat next to him, and falling obliquely upon his own chair, both tumbled down upon the floor together, to the great diſcompoſure of the whole company; for the poor man would have been actually ſtrangled, had not his nephew looſed his ſtock with great expedition. Matters being once more adjuſted, and the captain condoled on his diſaſter, Monſieur L—y took it into his head to read his ſon a lecture upon filial obedience. This was mingled with ſome ſharp reproof, which the boy took ſo ill, that he retired. The old lady obſerved that he had been too ſevere: Her daughter-in-law, who was very pretty, ſaid her brother had given him too much reaſon; hinting, at the ſame time, that he was addicted to ſome terrible vices; upon which ſeveral individuals repeated the interjection, ah! ah! "Yes (ſaid Monſieur L—y, with a rueful aſpect), the boy has a pernicious turn for gaming: In one afternoon he loſt at billiards ſuch a ſum as gives me horror to think of it" "Fifty ſols in one afternoon," (cried the ſiſter). "Fifty ſols! (exclaimed the mother-in-law, with marks of aſtoniſhment) that's too much—that's too much!—he's to blame—he's to blame! but youth, you know, Monſieur L—y—ah! vive la jeuneuſſe!" "et l'amour!" cried the father, wiping his eyes, ſqueezing

her hand, and looking tenderly upon her. Mr. B— took this opportunity to bring in the young gentleman, who was admitted into favour, and received a ſecond exhortation. Thus harmony was reſtored, and the entertainment concluded with fruit, coffee, and *liqueurs*.

When a bourgeois of Boulogne takes the air, he goes in a one horſe chaiſe, which is here called *cabriolet*, and hires it for half-a-crown a day. There are alſo travelling chaiſes, which hold four perſons, two ſeated with their faces to the horſes, and two behind their backs; but thoſe vehicles are all very ill made, and extremely inconvenient. The way of riding moſt uſed in this place is on aſsback. You will ſee every day in the ſkirts of the town a great number of females thus mounted, with the feet on either ſide occaſionally, according as the wind blows; ſo that ſometimes the right and ſometimes the left hand guides the beaſt: But in other parts of France, as well as in Italy, the ladies ſit on horſeback with their legs aſtride, and are provided with drawers for that purpoſe.

When I ſaid the French people were kept in good humour by the fopperies of their religion, I did not mean that there were no gloomy ſpirits among them. There will be fanatics in religion, while there are people of a ſaturnine diſpoſition, and melancholy turn of mind. The character of a *devotee*, which is hardly known in England, is very common here. You ſee them walking to and from church at all hours, in their hoods and long camblet cloaks, with a ſlow pace, demure aſpect, and down-caſt eye. Thoſe who are poor become very troubleſome to the monks, with their ſcruples and caſes of conſcience. You may ſee them on their knees, at the confeſſional, every hour in the day. The rich *devotee* has her favourite confeſſor, whom ſhe conſults and regales in private, at her own houſe; and this ſpiritual director generally governs the whole family. For my part, I never knew a fanatic that was not an hypocrite at bottom. Their pretenſions to ſuperior ſanctity, and an abſolute conqueſt over all the paſſions, which human reaſon was never yet able to ſubdue, introduce a habit of diſſimulation, which, like all other habits, is confirmed

by uſe, till at length they become adepts in the art and ſcience of hypocriſy. Enthuſiaſm and hypocriſy are by no means incompatible. The wildeſt fanatics I ever knew, were real ſenſualiſts in their way of living, and cunning cheats in their dealings with mankind.

Among the lower claſs of people at Boulogne, thoſe who take the lead, are the ſeafaring men, who live in one quarter, divided into claſſes, and regiſtered for the ſervice of the king. They are hardy and raw-boned, exerciſe the trade of fiſhermen and boatmen, and propagate like rabbits. They have put themſelves under the protection of a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary, which is kept in one of their churches, and every year carried in proceſſion. According to the legend, this image was carried off, with other pillage, by the Engliſh, when they took Boulogne, in the reign of Henry VIII. The lady, rather than reſide in England, where ſhe found a great many heretics, truſted herſelf alone in an open boat, and croſſed the ſea to the road of Boulogne, where ſhe was ſeen waiting for a pilot. Accordingly a boat put off to her aſſiſtance, and brought her ſafe into the harbour: Since which time ſhe has continued to patronize the watermen of Boulogne. At preſent ſhe is very black and very ugly, beſides being cruelly mutilated in different parts of her body, which I ſuppoſe have been amputated, and converted into tobacco-ſtoppers; but once a-year ſhe is dreſſed in very rich attire, and carried in proceſſion, with a ſilver boat, provided at the expence of the ſailors. That vanity which characterizes the French extends even to the canaille. The loweſt creature among them is ſure to have her earrings and golden croſs hanging about her neck. Indeed this laſt is an implement of ſuperſtition as well as of dreſs, without which no female appears. The common people here, as in all countries where they live poorly and dirtily, are hard-featured, and of very brown or rather tawny complexions. As they ſeldom eat meat, their juices are deſtitute of that animal oil which gives a plumpneſs and ſmoothneſs to the ſkin, and defends thoſe fine capillaries from the injuries of the weather, which would otherwiſe coaleſce, or be ſhrunk up, ſo as to im-

pede the circulation on the external ſurface of the body. As for the dirt, it undoubtedly blocks up the pores of the ſkin, and diſorders the perſpiration: conſequently muſt contribute to the ſcurvy, itch, and other cutaneous diſtempers.

In the quarter of the *matelots* at Boulogne, there is a number of poor Canadians, who were removed from the iſland of St. John, in the gulf of St. Laurence, when it was reduced by the Engliſh. Theſe people are maintained at the expence of the king, who allows them ſoldier's pay, that is five ſols, or two-pence half-penny a-day; or rather three ſols and ammunition bread. How the ſoldiers contrive to ſubſiſt upon this wretched allowance, I cannot comprehend; but it muſt be owned, that thoſe invalids who do duty at Boulogne betray no marks of want. They are hale and ſtout, neatly and decently clothed, and on the whole look better than the penſioners of Chelſea.

About three weeks ago I was favoured with a viſit by one Mr. M——, an Engliſh gentleman, who ſeems far gone in a conſumption. He paſſed the laſt winter at Niſmes in Languedoc, and found himſelf much better in the beginning of ſummer, when he embarked at Cette, and returned by ſea to England. He ſoon relapſed, however, and (as he imagines) in conſequence of a cold caught at ſea. He told me, his intention was to try the ſouth again, and even to go as far as Italy. I adviſed him to make trial of the air of Nice, where I myſelf propoſed to reſide. He ſeemed to reliſh my advice, and proceeded towards Paris in his own carriage.

I ſhall to-morrow ſhip my great cheſts on board of a ſhip bound to Bourdeaux; they are directed, and recommended to the care of a merchant of that place, who will forward them by Thouloufe, and the canal of Languedoc, to his correſpondent at Cette, which is the ſea-port of Montpellier. The charge of their conveyance to Bourdeaux does not exceed one guinea. They conſiſt of two very large cheſts and a trunk, about a thouſand pounds weight; and the expence of tranſporting them from Bourdeaux to Cette, will not exceed thirty livres. They are already ſealed with lead at the cuſtom-

houſe, that they may be exempted from further viſitation. This is a precaution which every traveller takes, both by ſea and land: He muſt likewiſe provide himſelf with a *paſſe-avant* at the bureau, otherwiſe he may be ſtopped and rummaged at every town through which he paſſes. I have hired a berlin and four horſes to Paris, for fourteen Loui'dores; two of which the *voiturier* is obliged to pay for a permiſſion from the farmers of the poſte; for every thing is farmed in this country; and if you hire a carriage, as I have done, you muſt pay twelve livres, or half a guinea, for every perſon that travels in it. The common coach between Calais and Paris is ſuch a vehicle as no man would uſe who has any regard to his own eaſe and convenience; and it travels at the pace of an Engliſh waggon.

In ten days I ſhall ſet out on my journey; and I ſhall leave Boulogne with regret. I have been happy in the acquaintance of Mrs. B—— and a few Britiſh families in the place; and it was my good fortune to meet here with two honeſt gentlemen, whom I had formerly known in Paris, as well as with ſome of my countrymen, officers in the ſervice of France. My next will be from Paris. Remember me to our friends at A——'s. I am a little heavy hearted at the proſpect of removing to ſuch a diſtance from you. It is a moot point whether I ſhall ever return. My health is very precarious.

Adieu.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR, *Paris, October* 12. 1763.

OF our journey from Boulogne I have little to ſay. The weather was favourable, and the roads were in tolerable order. We found good accommodation at Montreuil and Amiens; but in every other place where we ſtopped, we met with abundance of dirt, and the moſt flagrant impoſition. I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe the

cities of Abbeville and Amiens, which we ſaw only *en paſſant*; nor take up your time with an account of the ſtables and palace of Chantilly, belonging to the prince of Conde, which we viſited the laſt day of our journey: nor ſhall I detain you with a detail of the *Treſors de St. Denis*, which, together with the tombs in the abbey-church, afforded us ſome amuſement while our dinner was getting ready. All theſe particulars are mentioned in twenty different books of tours, travels, and directions, which you have often peruſed. I ſhall only obſerve, that the abbey-church is the lighteſt piece of Gothic architecture I have ſeen, and the air within ſeems perfectly free from that damp and moiſture, ſo perceivable in all our old cathedrals. This muſt be owing to the nature of its ſituation. There are ſome fine marble ſtatues that adorn the tombs of certain individuals here interred; but they are moſtly in the French taſte, which is quite contrary to the ſimplicity of the ancients. Their attitudes are affected, unnatural, and deſultory; and their draperies fantaſtic; or as one of our Engliſh artiſts expreſſed himſelf, *they are all of a flutter*. As for the treaſures, which are ſhown on certain days to the populace gratis, they are contained in a number of preſſes, or armoires, and if the ſtones are genuine, they muſt be inеſtimable: But this I cannot believe. Indeed I have been told, that what they ſhow as diamonds are no more than compoſition; nevertheleſs, excluſive of theſe, there are ſome rough ſtones of great value, and many curioſities worth ſeeing. The monk that ſhowed them was the very image of our friend Hamilton, both in his looks and manner.

I have one thing very extraordinary to obſerve of the French auberges, which ſeems to be a remarkable deviation from the general character of the nation. The landlords, hoſteſſes, and ſervants of the inns upon the road, have not the leaſt daſh of complaiſance in their behaviour to ſtrangers. Inſtead of coming to the door to receive you, as in England, they take no manner of notice of you; but leave you to find or inquire your way into the kitchen, and there you muſt aſk ſeveral times for a chamber, before they ſeem willing to con-

duct you up ſtairs. In general, you are ſerved with the appearance of the moſt mortifying indifference, at the very time they are laying ſchemes for fleecing you of your money. It is a very odd contraſt between France and England: In the former, all the people are complaiſant, but the publicans; in the latter, there is hardly any complaiſance, but among the publicans. When I ſaid all the people in France, I ought alſo to except thoſe vermin who examine the baggage of travellers in different parts of the kingdom. Although our portmanteaus were ſealed with lead, and we were provided with a paſſe-avant from the douane, our coach was ſearched at the gate of Paris by which we entered; and the women were obliged to get out, and ſtand in the open ſtreet, till this operation was performed.

I had deſired a friend to provide lodgings for me at Paris, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain; and accordingly we found ourſelves accommodated at the Hotel de Montmorency, with a firſt floor, which coſts me ten livres a-day. I ſhould have put up with it, had it been leſs polite; but as I have only a few days to ſtay in this place, and ſome viſits to receive, I am not ſorry that my friend has exceeded his commiſſion. I have been guilty of another piece of extravagance, in hiring a *caroſſe de remiſe*, for which I pay twelve livres a-day. Beſides the article of viſiting, I could not leave Paris, without carrying my wife and the girls to ſee the moſt remarkable places in and about this capital, ſuch as the Luxemburg, the Palais-Royal, the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Invalids, the Gobelins, &c.; together with Verſailles, Trianon, Marli, Meudon, and Choiſſi; and therefore I thought the difference in point of expence would not be great, between a *caroſſe de remiſe* and a hackney-coach. The firſt are extremely elegant, if not too much ornamented; the laſt are very ſhabby and diſagreeable. Nothing gives me ſuch chagrin, as the neceſſity I am under to hire a *valet de place*, as my own ſervant does not ſpeak the language. You cannot conceive with what eagerneſs and dexterity thoſe raſcally valets exert themſelves in pillaging ſtrangers. There is always one ready in waiting on your arrival, who begins by aſſiſt-

ing your own ſervant to unload your baggage, and intereſts himſelf in your affairs with ſuch artful officiouſneſs, that you will find it difficult to ſhake him off, even though you were determined beforehand againſt hiring any ſuch domeſtic. He produces recommendations from his former maſters, and the people of the houſe vouch for his honeſty. The truth is, thoſe fellows are very handy, uſeful, and obliging; and ſo far honeſt, that they will not ſteal in the uſual way. You may ſafely truſt one of them to bring you a hundred Loui'dores from your banker; but they fleece you without mercy in every other article of expence. They lay all your tradeſmen under contribution; your taylor, barber, mantuamaker, milliner, perfumer, ſhoemaker, mercer, jeweller, hatter, traiteur, and wine-merchant; even the bourgeois who owns your coach, pays him twenty ſols per day. His wages amount to twice as much; ſo that I imagine the fellow that ſerves me makes above ten ſhillings a-day, beſides his victuals, which, by the bye, he has no right to demand. Living at Paris, to the beſt of my recollection, is very near twice as dear as it was fifteen years ago; and, indeed, this is the caſe in London; a circumſtance that muſt be undoubtedly owing to an increaſe of taxes; for I don't find, that, in the articles of eating and drinking, the French people are more luxurious than they were heretofore. I am told the *entrees*, or duties paid upon proviſion imported into Paris, are very heavy. All manner of butchers meat and poultry are extremely good in this place. The beef is excellent. The wine which is generally drank, is a very thin kind of Burgundy. I can by no means reliſh their cookery; but one breakfaſts deliciouſly upon their *petit pains*, and the *patés* of butter, which laſt is exquiſite.

The common people, and even the bourgeois of Paris, live, at this ſeaſon, chiefly on bread and grapes, which is undoubtedly very wholeſome fare. If the ſame ſimplicity of diet prevailed in England, we ſhould certainly underſell the French at all foreign markets: For they are very ſlothful with all their vivacity; and the great number of their holidays not only encourages

this lazy diſpoſition, but actually robs them of one half of what their labour would otherwiſe produce; ſo that, if our common people were not ſo expenſive in their living, that is, in their eating and drinking, labour might be afforded cheaper in England than in France. There are three young luſty huſſies, nieces or daughters of a blackſmith, that lives juſt oppoſite to my windows, who do nothing from morning till night. They eat grapes and bread from ſeven till nine; from nine till twelve they dreſs their hair, and are all the afternoon gaping at the window to view paſſengers. I don't perceive that they give themſelves the trouble either to make their beds, or clean their apartment. The ſame ſpirit of idleneſs and diſſipation I have obſerved in every part of France, and among every claſs of people.

Every object ſeems to have ſhrunk in its dimenſions ſince I was laſt in Paris. The Louvre, the Palais-Royal, the bridges, and the river Seine, by no means anſwer the ideas I had formed of them from my former obſervation. When the memory is not very correct, the imagination always betrays her into ſuch extravagances. When I firſt reviſited my own country, after an abſence of fourteen years, I found every thing diminiſhed in the ſame manner, and I could ſcarce believe my own eyes.

Notwithſtanding the gay diſpoſitions of the French, their houſes are all gloomy. In ſpite of all the ornaments that have been laviſhed on Verſailles, it is a diſmal habitation. The apartments are dark, ill-furniſhed, dirty, and unprincely. Take the caſtle, chapel, and garden altogether, they make a moſt fantaſtic compoſition of magnificence and littleneſs, taſte and foppery. After all, it is in England only where we muſt look for cheerful apartments, gay furniture, neatneſs, and convenience. There is a ſtrange incongruity in the French genius. With all their volatility, prattle, and fondneſs for *bons mots*, they delight in a ſpecies of drawling melancholy church muſic. Their moſt favourite dramatic pieces are almoſt without incident; and the dialogue of their comedies conſiſts of moral inſipid apophthegms, entirely deſtitute of wit or repartee. I

know what I hazard by this opinion among the implicit admirers of Lully, Racine, and Moliere.

I don't talk of the buſts, the ſtatues, and the pictures, which abound at Verſailles and other places in and about Paris, particularly the great collection of capital pieces in the Palais-Royal, belonging to the Duke of Orleans. I have neither capacity nor inclination to give a critique on theſe *chef d'œuvres*, which, indeed, would take up a whole volume. I have ſeen this great magazine of painting three times with aſtoniſhment; but I ſhould have been better pleaſed, if there had not been half the number: One is bewildered in ſuch a profuſion, as not to know where to begin, and hurried away before there is time to conſider one piece with any ſort of deliberation. Beſides, the rooms are all dark, and a great many of the pictures hang in a bad light. As for Trianon, Marli, and Choiſſi, they are no more than pigeon-houſes, in reſpect to palaces; and, notwithſtanding the extravagant eulogiums which you have heard of the French king's houſes, I will venture to affirm, that the king of England is better, I mean more comfortably lodged. I ought, however, to except Fountainbleau, which I have not ſeen.

The city of Paris is ſaid to be five leagues, or fifteen miles, in circumference; and, if it is really ſo, it muſt be much more populous than London; for the ſtreets are very narrow, and the houſes very high, with a different family on every floor. But I have meaſured the beſt plans of theſe two royal cities, and am certain that Paris does not take up near ſo much ground as London and Weſtminſter occupy; and I ſuſpect the number of its inhabitants is alſo exaggerated by thoſe who ſay it amounts to eight hundred thouſand, that is, two hundred thouſand more than are contained in the bills of mortality. The hotels of the French nobleſſe, at Paris, take up a great deal of room, with their court-yards and gardens; and ſo do their convents and churches. It muſt be owned, indeed, that their ſtreets are wonderfully crowded with people and carriages.

The French begin to imitate the Engliſh, but only in ſuch particulars as render them worthy of imitation,

When I was laſt at Paris, no perſon of any condition, male or female, appeared but in full dreſs, even when obliged to come out early in the morning, and there was not ſuch a thing to be ſeen as a *peruque ronde;* but at preſent I ſee a number of frocks and ſcratches in a morning in the ſtreets of this metropolis. They have ſet up a *petite poſte*, on the plan of our penny-poſt, with ſome improvements; and, I am told, there is a ſcheme on foot for ſupplying every houſe with water, by leaden pipes, from the river Seine. They have even adopted our practice of the cold bath, which is taken very conveniently, in wooden houſes, erected on the ſide of the river, the water of which is let in and out occaſionally, by cocks fixed in the ſides of the bath. There are different rooms for the different ſexes; the accommodations are good, and the expence is a trifle. The tapeſtry of the Gobelins is brought to an amazing degree of perfection; and I am ſurpriſed that this furniture is not more in faſhion among the great, who alone are able to purchaſe it. It would be a moſt elegant and magnificent ornament, which would always nobly diſtinguiſh their apartments from thoſe of an inferior rank; and in this they would run no riſk of being rivalled by the bourgeois. At the village of Chaillot, in the neighbourhood of Paris, they make beautiful carpets and ſcreen-work; and this is the more extraordinary, as there are hardly any carpets uſed in this kingdom. In almoſt all the lodging-houſes, the floors are of brick, and have no other kind of cleaning, than that of being ſprinkled with water, and ſwept once a-day. Theſe brick floors, the ſtone ſtairs, the want of wainſcotting in the rooms, and the thick party-walls of ſtone, are, however, good preſervatives againſt fire, which ſeldom does any damage in this city. Inſtead of wainſcotting, the walls are covered with tapeſtry or damaſk. The beds in general are very good, and well ornamented, with teſters and curtains.

Fifteen years ago, the river Seine, within a mile of Paris, was as ſolitary as if it had run through a deſert. At preſent the banks of it are adorned with a number of elegant houſes and plantations, as far as Marli. I need

not mention the machine at this place for raiſing water, becauſe I know you are well acquainted with its conſtruction; nor ſhall I ſay any thing more of the city of Paris, but that there is a new ſquare built on an elegant plan, at the end of the garden of the Thuilleries: It is called Place de Louis XV. and in the middle of it there is a good equeſtrian ſtatue of the reigning king.

You have often heard that Louis XIV. frequently regretted, that his country did not afford gravel for the walks of his gardens, which are covered with a white looſe ſand, very diſagreeable both to the eyes and feet of thoſe who walk upon it; but this is a vulgar miſtake. There is plenty of gravel on the road between Paris and Verſailles, as well as in many other parts of this kingdom; but the French, who are all for glare and glitter, think the other is more gay and agreeable: One would imagine they did not feel the burning reflection from the white ſand, which in ſummer is almoſt intolerable.

In the character of the French, conſidered as a people, there are undoubtedly many circumſtances truly ridiculous. You know the faſhionable people, who go a hunting, are equipped with their jack boots, bag wigs, ſwords, and piſtols: But I ſaw the other day a ſcene ſtill more groteſque. On the road to Choiſſi, a *fiacre*, or hackney-coach, ſtopped, and out came five or ſix men, armed with muſkets, who took poſt, each behind a ſeparate tree. I aſked our ſervant who they were, imagining they might be *archers*, or footpads of juſtice, in purſuit of ſome malefactor. But gueſs my ſurpriſe, when the fellow told me, they were gentlemen *a la chaſſe*. They were in fact come out from Paris, in this equipage, to take the diverſion of hare-hunting; that is, of ſhooting from behind a tree at the hares that chanced to paſs. Indeed, if they had nothing more in view, but to deſtroy the game, this was a very effectual method; for the hares are in ſuch plenty in this neighbourhood, that I have ſeen a dozen together in the ſame field. I think this way of hunting, in a coach or chariot, might be properly adopted at London, in favour of thoſe aldermen of the city, who are too unwieldy to follow the hounds on horſeback.

The French, however, with all their abſurdities, pre-

ſerve a certain aſcendency over us, which is very diſgraceful to our nation; and this appears in nothing more than in the article of dreſs. We are contented to be thought their apes in faſhion; but, in fact, we are ſlaves to their tailors, mantuamakers, barbers, and other tradeſmen. One would be apt to imagine that our own tradeſmen had joined them in a combination againſt us. When the natives of France come to London, they appear in all public places, with clothes made according to the faſhion of their own country, and this faſhion is generally admired by the Engliſh. Why, therefore, don't we follow it implicitly? No, we pique ourſelves upon a moſt ridiculous deviation from the very modes we admire, and pleaſe ourſelves with thinking this deviation is a mark of our ſpirit and liberty. But we have not ſpirit enough to perſiſt in this deviation, when we viſit their country: Otherwiſe, perhaps, they would come to admire and follow our example; for, certainly, in point of true taſte, the faſhions of both countries are equally abſurd. At preſent, the ſkirts of the Engliſh deſcend from the fifth rib to the calf of the leg, and give the coat the form of a Jewiſh gaberdine; and our hats ſeem to be modelled after that which Piſtol wears upon the ſtage. In France, the haunch buttons and pocket holes are within half a foot of the coat's extremity: Their hats look as if they had been pared round the brims, and the crown is covered with a kind of cordage, which in my opinion produces a very beggarly effect. In every other circumſtance of dreſs, male and female, the contraſt between the two nations appears equally glaring. What is the conſequence? when an Engliſhman comes to Paris, he cannot appear until he has undergone a total metamorphoſis. At his firſt arrival, he finds it neceſſary to ſend for the tailor, peruquier, hatter, ſhoemaker, and every other tradeſman concerned in the equipment of the human body. He muſt even change his buckles, and the form of his ruffles; and, though at the riſk of his life, ſuit his clothes to the mode of the ſeaſon. For example, though the weather ſhould be never ſo cold, he muſt wear his *habit d'eté*, or *demi-ſaiſon*, without preſuming to put on a warm dreſs before the day which faſhion has fixed for

that purpoſe; and neither old age nor infirmity will excuſe a man for wearing his hat upon his head, either at home or abroad. Females are (if poſſible) ſtill more ſubject to the caprices of faſhion; and as the articles of their dreſs are more manifold, it is enough to make a man's heart ache to ſee his wife ſurrounded by a multitude of *cotturieres*, milliners, and tire-women. All her ſacks and negligees muſt be altered and new trimmed. She muſt have new caps, new laces, new ſhoes, and her hair new cut. She muſt have her taffaties for the ſummer, her flowered ſilks for the ſpring and autumn, her ſatins and damaſks for winter. The good man who uſed to wear the *beau drap d'Angleterre*, quite plain all the year round, with a long bob, or tie periwig, muſt here provide himſelf with a camblet ſuit trimmed with ſilver for ſpring and autumn, with ſilk clothes for ſummer, and cloth laced with gold or velvet for winter; and he muſt wear his bag-wig *a la pigeon*. This variety of dreſs is abſolutely indiſpenſable for all thoſe who pretend to any rank above the mere bourgeois. On his return to his own country, all this frippery is uſeleſs. He cannot appear in London until he has undergone another thorough metamorphoſis; ſo that he will have ſome reaſon to think, that the tradeſmen of Paris and London have combined to lay him under contribution: And they, no doubt, are the directors who regulate the faſhions in both capitals; the Engliſh, however, in a ſubordinate capacity: For the puppets of their making will not paſs at Paris, nor indeed in any other part of Europe; whereas, a French petit maitre is reckoned a complete figure every where, London not excepted. Since it is ſo much the humour of the Engliſh at preſent to run abroad, I wiſh they had antigallican ſpirit enough to produce themſelves in their own genuine Engliſh dreſs, and treat the French modes with the ſame philoſophical contempt, which was ſhown by an honeſt gentleman, diſtinguiſhed by the name of Wig-Middleton. That unſhaken patriot ſtill appears in the ſame kind of ſcratch periwig, ſkimming-diſh hat, and ſlit ſleeve, which were worn five-and-twenty years ago, and has invariably perſiſted in this garb, in defiance of all the revolutions of the mode. I remember a ſtu-

dent in the temple, who, after a long and learned inveſtigation of the το καλον, or *beautiful*, had reſolution enough to let his beard grow, and wore it in all public places, until his heir at law applied for a commiſſion of lunacy againſt him; then he ſubmitted to the razor rather than run the riſk of being found *non compos*.

Before I conclude, I muſt tell you, that the moſt reputable ſhop-keepers and tradeſmen of Paris think it no diſgrace to practiſe the moſt ſhameful impoſition. I myſelf know an inſtance of one of the moſt creditable *marchands* in this capital, who demanded ſix francs an ell for ſome luteſtrings, laying his hand upon his breaſt at the ſame time, and declaring *en conſcience*, that it had coſt him within three ſols of the money. Yet, in leſs than three minutes, he ſold it for four and a half, and when the buyer upbraided him with his former declaration, he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, ſaying, *il faut marchander*. I don't mention this as a particular inſtance. The ſame mean diſingenuity is univerſal all over France, as I have been informed by ſeveral perſons of veracity.

The next letter you have from me will probably be dated at Niſmes, or Montpellier. Meanwhile, I am ever

Yours.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. M———.

MADAM, *Paris, October* 12. 1763.

I SHALL be much pleaſed if the remarks I have made on the characters of the French people can afford you the ſatisfaction you require. With reſpect to the ladies, I can only judge from their exteriors; but, indeed, theſe are ſo characteriſtic, that one can hardly judge amiſs: Unleſs we ſuppoſe that a woman of taſte and ſentiment may be ſo over-ruled by the abſurdity of what is called faſhion, as to reject reaſon, and diſguiſe nature, in order

to become ridiculous or frightful. That this may be the caſe with ſome individuals, is very poſſible. I have known it happen in our own country, where the follies of the French are adopted, and exhibited in the moſt awkward imitation: But the general prevalence of thoſe prepoſterous modes, is a plain proof that there is a general want of taſte, and a general depravity of nature. I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe the particulars of a French lady's dreſs. Theſe you are much better acquainted with than I can pretend to be: But this I will be bold to affirm, that France is the general reſervoir from which all the abſurdities of falſe taſte, luxury, and extravagance, have overflowed the different kingdoms and ſtates of Europe. The ſprings that fill this reſervoir, are no other than vanity and ignorance. It would be ſuperfluous to attempt proving from the nature of things, from the firſt principles and uſe of dreſs, as well as from the conſideration of natural beauty, and the practice of the ancients, who certainly underſtood it as well as the connoiſſeurs of theſe days, that nothing can be more monſtrous, inconvenient, and contemptible, than the faſhion of modern drapery. You yourſelf are well aware of all its defects, and have often ridiculed them in my hearing. I ſhall only mention one particular of dreſs eſſential to the faſhion in this country, which ſeems to me to carry human affectation to the very fartheſt verge of folly and extravagance; that is, the manner in which the faces of the ladies are primed and painted. When the Indian chiefs were in England, every body ridiculed their prepoſterous method of painting their cheeks and eye-lids; but this ridicule was wrong placed. Thoſe critics ought to have conſidered, that the Indians do not uſe paint to make themſelves agreeable; but in order to be the more terrible to their enemies. It is generally ſuppoſed, I think, that your ſex make uſe of *fard* and vermillion for very different purpoſes; namely, to help a bad or faded complexion, to heighten the graces, or conceal the defects of nature, as well as the ravages of time. I ſhall not inquire at preſent whether it is juſt and honeſt to impoſe in this manner on mankind: If it is not honeſt, it may be allowed to be artful and politic, and ſhows, at

leaſt, a deſire of being agreeable. But to lay it on as the faſhion in France preſcribes to all the ladies of condition, who indeed cannot appear without this badge of diſtinction, is to diſguiſe themſelves in ſuch a manner, as to render them odious and deteſtable to every ſpectator, who has the leaſt reliſh left for nature and propriety. As for the *fard*, or *white*, with which their necks and ſhoulders are plaſtered, it may be in ſome meaſure excuſable, as their ſkins are naturally brown, or ſallow; but the *rouge*, which is daubed on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without the leaſt art or dexterity, not only deſtroys all diſtinction of features, but renders the aſpect really frightful, or at beſt conveys nothing but ideas of diſguſt and averſion. You know, that without this horrible maſque, no married lady is admitted at court, or in any polite aſſembly; and that it is a mark of diſtinction which no bourgoiſe dare aſſume. Ladies of faſhion only have the privilege of expoſing themſelves in theſe ungracious colours. As their faces are concealed under a falſe complexion, ſo their heads are covered with a vaſt load of falſe hair, which is frizzled on the forehead, ſo as exactly to reſemble the wooly heads of the Guinea negroes. As to the natural hue of it, this is a matter of no conſequence, for powder makes every head of hair of the ſame colour; and no woman appears in this country, from the moment ſhe riſes till night, without being completely whitened. Powder or meal was firſt uſed in Europe by the Poles, to conceal their ſcald heads; but the preſent faſhion of uſing it, as well as the modiſh method of dreſſing the hair, muſt have been borrowed from the Hottentots, who greaſe their wooly heads with mutton ſuit, and then paſte it over with the powder called *buchu*. In like manner the hair of our fine ladies is frizzled into the appearance of negroes wool, and ſtiffened with an abominable paſte of hog's greaſe, tallow and white powder. The preſent faſhion, therefore, of painting the face, and adorning the head, adopted by the beau monde in France, is taken from thoſe two polite nations, the Chickeſaws of America, and the Hottentots of Africa. On the whole, when I ſee one of thoſe fine creatures ſailing along, in her tawdry robes of

silk and gauze, frilled and flounced, and furbeloed, with her false locks, her false jewels, her paint, her patches, and perfumes; I cannot help looking upon her as the vilest piece of sophistication that art ever produced.

This hideous mask of painting, though destructive of all beauty, is, however, favourable to natural homeliness and deformity. It accustoms the eyes of the other sex, and in time reconciles them to frightful objects; it disables them from perceiving any distinction of features between woman and woman; and by reducing all faces to a level, gives every female an equal chance for an admirer; being in this particular analogous to the practice of the ancient Lacedemonians, who were obliged to choose their help-mates in the dark. In what manner the insides of their heads are furnished, I would not presume to judge from the conversation of a very few to whom I have had access: But from the nature of their education, which I have heard described, and the natural vivacity of their tempers, I should expect neither sense, sentiment, nor discretion. From the nursery, they are allowed, and even encouraged, to say every thing that comes uppermost; by which means they acquire a volubility of tongue, and a set of phrases, which constitutes what is called polite conversation. At the same time they obtain an absolute conquest over all sense of shame, or rather they avoid acquiring this troublesome sensation; for it is certainly no innate idea. Those who have not governesses at home, are sent for a few years to a convent, where they lay in a fund of superstition that serves them for life: But I never heard they had the least opportunity of cultivating the mind, of exercising the powers of reason, or of imbibing a taste for letters, or any rational or useful accomplishment. After being taught to prattle, to dance and play at cards, they are deemed sufficiently qualified to appear in the *grand monde*, and to perform all the duties of that high rank and station in life. In mentioning cards, I ought to observe, that they learn to play not barely for amusement, but also with a view to advantage; and, indeed, you seldom meet with a native of France, whether male or female, who is not a complete gamester, well versed in all the

ſubtleties and fineſſes of the art. This is likewiſe the caſe all over Italy. A lady of a great houſe in Piedmont having four ſons, makes no ſcruple to declare, that the firſt ſhall repreſent the family, the ſecond enter into the army, the third into the church, and that ſhe will breed the fourth a gameſter. Theſe noble adventurers devote themſelves in a particular manner to the entertainment of travellers from our country, becauſe the Engliſh are ſuppoſed to be full of money, raſh, incautious, and utterly ignorant of play. But ſuch a ſharper is moſt dangerous, when he hunts in couple with a female. I have known a French count and his wife, who found means to lay the moſt wary under contribution. He was ſmooth, ſupple, officious, and attentive: She was young, handſome, unprincipled, and artful. If the Engliſhman marked for prey was found upon his guard againſt the deſigns of the huſband, then madam plied him on the ſide of gallantry. She diſplayed all the attractions of her perſon. She ſung, danced, ogled, ſighed, complimented, and complained. If he was inſenſible to all her charms, ſhe flattered his vanity, and piqued his pride, by extolling the wealth and generoſity of the Engliſh; and if he proved deaf to all theſe inſinuations, ſhe, as her laſt ſtake, endeavoured to intereſt his humanity and compaſſion. She expatiated, with tears in her eyes, on the cruelty and indifference of her great relations; repreſented that her huſband was no more than the cadet of a noble family; that his proviſion was by no means ſuitable, either to the dignity of his rank, or the generoſity of his diſpoſition: That he had a lawſuit of great conſequence depending, which had drained all his finances; and, finally, that they ſhould be both ruined, if they could not find ſome generous friend, who would accommodate them with a ſum of money to bring the cauſe to a determination. Thoſe who are not actuated by ſuch ſcandalous motives, become gameſters from mere habit, and, having nothing more ſolid to engage their thoughts, or employ their time, conſume the beſt part of their lives in this worſt of all diſſipation. I am not ignorant that there are exceptions from this general rule: I know that France has produced a Maintenon, a Sevigne, a

Scuderi, a Dacier, and a Chatelet; but I would no more deduce the general character of the French ladies from theſe examples, than I would call a field of hemp a flower-garden, becauſe there might be in it a few *lilies* or *ranunculus* planted by the hand of accident.

Woman has been defined a weaker man; but in this country, the men are, in my opinion, more ridiculous and inſignificant than the women. They certainly are more diſagreeable to a rational inquirer, becauſe they are more troubleſome. Of all the coxcombs on the face of the earth, a French *petit maitre* is the moſt impertinent; and they are all *petit maitres*, from the marquis who glitters in lace and embroidery, to the *garçon barbier* covered with meal, who ſtruts with his hair in a long queu, and his hat under his arm. I have already obſerved, that vanity is the great and univerſal mover among all ranks and degrees of people in this nation; and as they take no pains to conceal or controul it, they are hurried by it into the moſt ridiculous, and, indeed, intolerable extravagance.

When I talk of the French nation, I muſt again except a great number of individuals from the general cenſure. Though I have a hearty contempt for the ignorance, folly, and preſumption which characterize the generality, I cannot but reſpect the talents of many great men, who have eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves in every art and ſcience: Theſe I ſhall always revere and eſteem as creatures of a ſuperior ſpecies, produced, for the wiſe purpoſes of providence, among the refuſe of mankind. It would be abſurd to conclude, that the Welch or Highlanders are a gigantic people, becauſe thoſe mountains may have produced a few individuals near ſeven foot high. It would be equally abſurd to ſuppoſe the French are a nation of philoſophers, becauſe France has given birth to a Des Cartes, a Maupertuis, a Reaumur, and a Buffon.

I ſhall not even deny, that the French are by no means deficient in natural capacity; but they are, at the ſame time, remarkable for a natural levity, which hinders their youth from cultivating that capacity. This is reinforced by the moſt prepoſterous education, and the ex-

ample of a giddy people, engaged in the moſt frivolous purſuits. A Frenchman is by ſome Jeſuit, or other monk, taught to read his mother tongue, and to ſay his prayers in a language he does not underſtand. He learns to dance and to fence, by the maſters of thoſe noble ſciences. He becomes a complete connoiſſeur in dreſſing hair, and in adorning his own perſon, under the hands and inſtructions of his barber and valet de chambre. If he learns to play upon the flute or the fiddle, he is altogether irreſiſtible. But he piques himſelf upon being poliſhed above the natives of any other country by his converſation with the fair ſex. In the courſe of this communication, with which he is indulged from his tender years, he learns like a parrot, by rote, the whole circle of French compliments, which you know are a ſet of phraſes, ridiculous even to a proverb; and theſe he throws out indiſcriminately to all women without diſtinction, in the exerciſe of that kind of addreſs which is here diſtinguiſhed by the name of gallantry; it is no more than his making love to every woman who will give him the hearing. It is an exerciſe, by the repetition of which he becomes very pert, very familiar, and very impertinent. Modeſty, or diffidence, I have already ſaid, is utterly unknown among them, and therefore I wonder there ſhould be a term to expreſs it in their language.

If I was obliged to define politeneſs, I ſhould call it the art of making one's ſelf agreeable. I think it an art that neceſſarily implies a ſenſe of decorum, and a delicacy of ſentiment. Theſe are qualities, of which (as far as I have been able to obſerve) a Frenchman has no idea; therefore he never can be deemed polite, except by thoſe perſons among whom they are as little underſtood. His firſt aim is to adorn his own perſon with what he calls fine clothes, that is the frippery of the faſhion. It is no wonder that the heart of a female, unimproved by reaſon, and untinctured with natural good ſenſe, ſhould flutter at the ſight of ſuch a gaudy thing, amongſt the number of her admirers: This impreſſion is enforced by fuſtian compliments, which her own vanity interprets in a literal ſenſe, and ſtill more confirmed by the aſſiduous

attention of the gallant, who, indeed, has nothing elſe to mind. A Frenchman, in conſequence of his mingling with the females from his infancy, not only becomes acquainted with all their cuſtoms and humours, but grows wonderfully alert in performing a thouſand little offices, which are overlooked by other men, whoſe time hath been ſpent in making more valuable acquiſitions. He enters, without ceremony, a lady's bed-chamber, while ſhe is in bed, reaches her whatever ſhe wants, airs her ſhift, and helps to put it on. He attends at her toilette, regulates the diſtribution of her patches, and adviſes where to lay on the paint. If he viſits her when ſhe is dreſſed, and perceives the leaſt impropriety in her *coeffure*, he inſiſts upon adjuſting it with his own hands: If he ſees a curl, or even a ſingle hair amiſs, he produces his comb, his ſciſſars, and pomatum, and ſets it to rights with the dexterity of a profeſſed *friſure*. He 'ſquires her to every place ſhe viſits, either on buſineſs or pleaſure; and, by dedicating his whole time to her, renders himſelf neceſſary to her occaſions. This I take to be the moſt agreeable ſide of his character: Let us view him on the quarter of impertinence. A Frenchman pries into all your ſecrets with the moſt impudent and importunate curioſity, and then diſcloſes them without remorſe. If you are indiſpoſed, he queſtions you about the ſymptoms of your diſorder with more freedom than your phyſician would preſume to uſe; very often in the groſſeſt terms. He then propoſes his remedy (for they are all quacks), he prepares it without your knowledge, and worries you with ſolicitation to take it, without paying the leaſt regard to the opinion of thoſe whom you have choſen to take care of your health. Let you be ever ſo ill, or averſe to company, he forces himſelf at all times into your bed-chamber, and if it is neceſſary to give him a peremptory refuſal, he is affronted. I have known one of thoſe petit maitres inſiſt upon paying regular viſits twice a day to a poor gentleman who was delirious; and he converſed with him on different ſubjects, till he was in his laſt agonies. This attendance is not the effect of attachment or regard, but of ſheer vanity, that he may afterwards boaſt of his charity and humane diſpoſition;

though of all the people I have ever known, I think the French are the leaſt capable of feeling for the diſtreſſes of their fellow-creatures. Their hearts are not ſuſceptible of deep impreſſions; and, ſuch is their levity, that the imagination has not time to brood long over any diſagreeable idea or ſenſation. As a Frenchman piques himſelf on his gallantry, he no ſooner makes a conqueſt of a female's heart, than he expoſes her character, for the gratification of his vanity. Nay, if he ſhould miſcarry in his ſchemes, he will forge letters and ſtories, to the ruin of the lady's reputation. This is a ſpecies of perfidy which one would think ſhould render them odious and deteſtable to the whole ſex; but the caſe is otherwiſe. I beg your pardon, Madam; but women are never better pleaſed than when they ſee one another expoſed; and every individual has ſuch confidence in her own ſuperior charms and diſcretion, that ſhe thinks ſhe can fix the moſt volatile, and reform the moſt treacherous lover.

If a Frenchman is admitted into your family, and diſtinguiſhed by repeated marks of your friendſhip and regard, the firſt return he makes for your civilities is to make love to your wife, if ſhe is handſome; if not, to your ſiſter, or daughter, or niece. If he ſuffers a repulſe from your wife, or attempts in vain to debauch your ſiſter, or your daughter, or your niece, he will, rather than not play the traitor with his gallantry, make his addreſſes to your grandmother; and ten to one, but in one ſhape or another, he will find means to ruin the peace of a family, in which he has been ſo kindly entertained. What he cannot accompliſh by dint of compliment, and perſonal attendance, he will endeavour to effect by reinforcing theſe with billet-doux, ſongs, and verſes, of which he always makes a proviſion for ſuch purpoſes. If he is detected in theſe efforts of treachery, and reproached with his ingratitude, he impudently declares, that what he had done was no more than ſimple gallantry, conſidered in France as an indiſpenſable duty on every man who pretended to good breeding. Nay, he will even affirm, that his endeavours to corrupt your wife, or deflower your daughter, were the moſt genuine

proofs he could give of his particular regard for your family.

If a Frenchman is capable of real friendſhip, it muſt certainly be the moſt diſagreeable preſent he can poſſibly make to a man of a true Engliſh character. You know, Madam, we are naturally taciturn, ſoon tired of impertinence, and much ſubject to fits of diſguſt. Your French friend intrudes upon you at all hours: He ſtuns you with his loquacity: He teazes you with impertinent queſtions about your domeſtic and private affairs: He attempts to meddle in all your concerns; and forces his advice upon you with the moſt unwearied importunity: He aſks the price of every thing you wear, and, ſo ſure as you tell him, undervalues it, without heſitation: He affirms it is in a bad taſte, ill-contrived, ill-made; that you have been impoſed upon both with reſpect to the faſhion and the price; that the marquiſe of this, or the counteſs of that, has one that is perfectly elegant, quite in the *bon ton*, and yet it coſt her little more than you gave for a thing that nobody would wear.

If there were five hundred diſhes at table, a Frenchman will eat of all of them, and then complain he has no appetite. This I have ſeveral times remarked. A friend of mine gained a conſiderable wager upon an experiment of this kind: The *petit maitre* ate of fourteen different *plats*, beſides the deſert; then diſparaged the cook, declaring he was no better than a *marmiton*, or turnſpit.

The French have a moſt ridiculous fondneſs for their hair; and this I believe they inherit from their remote anceſtors. The firſt race of French kings were diſtinguiſhed by their long hair; and certainly the people of this country conſider it as an indiſpenſable ornament. A Frenchman will ſooner part with his religion than with his hair, which, indeed, no conſideration will induce him to forego. I know a gentleman afflicted with a continual head-ach, and a defluxion on his eyes, who was told by his phyſician, that the beſt chance he had for being cured, would be to have his head cloſe ſhaved, and bathed every day in cold water. "How (cried he) cut my hair? Mr. Doctor, your moſt humble ſervant!"

He diſmiſſed his phyſician, loſt his eye-ſight, and almoſt his ſenſes, and is now led about with his hair in a bag, and a piece of green ſilk hanging like a ſcreen before his face. Count Saxe, and other military writers, have demonſtrated the abſurdity of a ſoldier's wearing a long head of hair; nevertheleſs, every ſoldier in this country wears a long queue, which makes a delicate mark on his white clothing; and this ridiculous foppery has deſcended even to the loweſt claſs of people. The *decrotteur*, who cleans your ſhoes at the corner of the Pont Neuf, has a tail of this kind hanging down to his rump, and even the peaſant who drives an aſs loaded with dung, wears his hair *en queue*, though perhaps he has neither ſhirt nor breeches. This is the ornament upon which he beſtows much time and pains, and in the exhibition of which he finds full gratification for his vanity. Conſidering the harſh features of the common people in this country, their diminutive ſtature, their grimaces, and that long appendage, they have no ſmall reſemblance to large baboons walking upright; and perhaps this ſimilitude has helped to entail upon them the ridicule of their neighbours.

A French friend tires out your patience with long viſits; and far from taking the moſt palpable hints to withdraw, when he perceives you uneaſy, he obſerves you are low-ſpirited, and therefore declares he will keep you company. This perſeverance ſhows that he muſt either be void of all penetration, or that his diſpoſition muſt be truly diabolical. Rather than be tormented with ſuch a fiend, a man had better turn him out of doors, even though at the hazard of being run through the body.

The French are generally counted inſincere, and taxed with want of generoſity; but I think theſe reproaches are not well founded. High-flown profeſſions of friendſhip and attachment conſtitute the language of common compliment in this country, and are never ſuppoſed to be underſtood in the literal acceptation of the words; and, if their acts of generoſity are but very rare, we ought to aſcribe that rarity, not ſo much to a deficiency of generous ſentiments, as to their vanity and oſtenta-

tion, which, engroſſing all their funds, utterly diſable them from exerting the virtues of beneficence. Vanity, indeed, predominates among all ranks, to ſuch a degree, that they are the greateſt *egotiſts* in the world; and the moſt inſignificant individual talks in company with the ſame conceit and arrogance as a perſon of the greateſt importance. Neither conſcious poverty nor diſgrace will reſtrain him in the leaſt, either from aſſuming his full ſhare of the converſation, or making his addreſſes to the fineſt lady whom he has the ſmalleſt opportunity to approach: Nor is he reſtrained by any other conſideration whatſoever. It is all one to him whether he himſelf has a wife of his own, or the lady a huſband; whether ſhe is deſigned for the cloiſter, or pre-engaged to his beſt friend and benefactor. He takes it for granted that his addreſſes cannot but be acceptable; and if he meets with a repulſe, he condems her taſte; but never doubts his own qualifications.

I have a great many things to ſay of their military character, and their punctilios of honour, which laſt are equally abſurd and pernicious; but as this letter has run to an unconſcionable length, I ſhall defer them till another opportunity. Meanwhile, I have the honour to be, with very particular eſteem,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient ſervant.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. M——.

DEAR SIR, *Lyons, October* 19. 1763.

I WAS favoured with yours at Paris, and look upon your reproaches as the proof of your friendſhip. The truth is, I conſidered all the letters I have hitherto written on the ſubject of my travels, as written to your ſociety in general, though they have been addreſſed to one individual of it; and if they contain any thing that can either

amuſe or inform, I deſire that henceforth all I ſend may be freely peruſed by all the members.

With reſpect to my health, about which you ſo kindly inquire, I have nothing new to communicate. I had reaſon to think that my bathing in the ſea at Boulogne produced a good effect, in ſtrengthening my relaxed fibres. You know how ſubject I was to colds in England; that I could not ſtir abroad after ſun-ſet, nor expoſe myſelf to the ſmalleſt damp, nor walk till the leaſt moiſture appeared on my ſkin, without being laid up for ten days or a fortnight. At Paris, however, I went out every day, with my hat under my arm, though the weather was wet and cold: I walked in the garden at Verſailles even after it was dark, with my head uncovered, on a cold evening, when the ground was far from being dry: Nay, at Marli, I ſauntered above a mile through damp alleys and wet graſs: And from none of theſe riſks did I feel the leaſt inconvenience.

In one of our excurſions, we viſited the manufacture for porcelain, which the king of France has eſtabliſhed at the village of St. Cloud, on the road to Verſailles, and which is indeed a noble monument of his munificence. It is a very large building, both commodious and magnificent, where a great number of artiſts are employed, and where this elegant ſuperfluity is carried to as great perfection as it ever was at Dreſden. Yet, after all, I know not whether the porcelain made at Chelſea may not vie with the productions either of Dreſden or St. Cloud. If it falls ſhort of either, it is not in the deſign, painting, enamel, or other ornaments, but only in the compoſition of the metal, and the method of managing it in the furnace. Our porcelain ſeems to be a partial vitrification of levigated flint and fine pipe clay, mixed together in a certain proportion; and if the pieces are not removed from the fire in the very critical moment, they will be either too little or too much vitrified. In the firſt caſe, I apprehend they will not acquire a proper degree of coheſion; they will be apt to be corroded, diſcoloured, and to crumble, like the firſt eſſays that were made at Chelſea; in the ſecond caſe, they will be little better than imperfect glaſs.

There are three methods of travelling from Paris to Lyons, which, by the ſhorteſt road, is a journey of about three hundred and ſixty miles. One is by the *diligence*, or ſtage-coach, which performs it in five days; and every paſſenger pays one hundred livres, in conſideration of which, he not only has a ſeat in the carriage, but is maintained on the road. The inconveniencies attending this way of travelling are theſe: You are crowded into the carriage, to the number of eight perſons, ſo as to ſit very uneaſy, and ſometimes run the riſk of being ſtifled among very indifferent company. You are hurried out of bed, at four, three, nay often at two o'clock in the morning. You are obliged to eat in the French way, which is very diſagreeable to an Engliſh palate; and, at Chalons, you muſt embark upon the Soane in a boat, which conveys you to Lyons, ſo that the two laſt days of your journey are by water. All theſe were inſurmountable objections to me, who am in ſuch a bad ſtate of health, troubled with an aſthmatic cough, ſpitting, ſlow fever, and reſtleſſneſs, which demands a continual change of place, as well as free air, and room for motion. I was this day viſited by two young gentlemen, ſons of Mr. Guſtaldi, late miniſter from Genoa at London. I had ſeen them at Paris, at the houſe of the Ducheſs of Douglas. They came hither with their conductor in the *diligence*, and aſſured me that nothing could be more diſagreeable than their ſituation in that carriage.

Another way of travelling in this country is to hire a coach and four horſes; and this method I was inclined to take: But when I went to the bureau, where alone theſe voitures are to be had, I was given to underſtand, that it would coſt me ſix-and-twenty guineas, and travel ſo ſlow that I ſhould be ten days upon the road. Theſe carriages are let by the ſame perſons who farm the diligence; and for this they have an excluſive privilege, which makes them very ſaucy and inſolent. When I mentioned my ſervant, they gave me to underſtand that I muſt pay two Loui'dores more for his ſeat upon the coach box. As I could not reliſh theſe terms, nor brook the thoughts of being ſo long upon the road, I had recourſe to the third method, which is going poſt.

In England, you know, I ſhould have had nothing to do but to hire a couple of poſt chaiſes from ſtage to ſtage, with two horſes in each; but here the caſe is quite otherwiſe. The poſt is farmed from the king, who lays travellers under contribution for his own benefit, and has publiſhed a ſet of oppreſſive ordonnances, which no ſtranger nor native dares tranſgreſs. The poſtmaſter finds nothing but horſes and guides: The carriage you yourſelf muſt provide. If there are four perſons within the carriage, you are obliged to have ſix horſes and two poſtilions; and if your ſervant ſits on the outſide, either before or behind, you muſt pay for a ſeventh. You pay double for the firſt ſtage from Paris, and twice double for paſſing through Fountainbleau when the court is there, as well as at coming to Lyons, and at leaving this city. Theſe are called royal poſts, and are undoubtedly a ſcandalous impoſition.

There are two poſt roads from Paris to Lyons, one of ſixty-five poſts, by the way of Moulins; the other of fifty-nine, by the way of Dijon in Burgundy. This laſt I choſe, partly to ſave ſixty livres, and partly to ſee the wine harveſt of Burgundy, which, I was told, was a ſeaſon of mirth and jollity among all ranks of people. I hired a very good coach for ten Loui'dores to Lyons, and ſet out from Paris on the thirteenth inſtant, with ſix horſes, two poſtilions, and my own ſervant on horſeback. We made no ſtop at Fountainbleau, though the court was there; but lay at Moret, which is one ſtage further, a very paltry little town; where, however, we found good accommodation.

I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe the caſtle or palace of Fountainbleau, of which I had only a glimpſe in paſſing; but the foreſt, in the middle of which it ſtands, is a noble chaſe of great extent, beautifully wild and romantic, well ſtored with game of all ſorts, and abounding with excellent timber. It put me in mind of the New Foreſt in Hampſhire; but the hills, rocks, and mountains, with which it is diverſified, render it more agreeable.

The people of this country dine at noon, and travellers always find an ordinary prepared at every *auberge*,

or public-houſe, on the road. Here they ſit down promiſcuouſly, and dine at ſo much a-head. The uſual price is thirty ſols for dinner, and forty for ſupper, including lodging; for this moderate expence they have two courſes and a deſert. If you eat in your own apartment, you pay, inſtead of forty ſols, three, and in ſome places four livres a head. I and my family could not well diſpenſe with our tea and toaſt in the morning, and had no ſtomach to eat at noon. For my own part, I hate the French cookery, and abominate garlic, with which all their ragouts, in this part of the country, are highly ſeaſoned: We therefore formed a different plan of living upon the road. Before we left Paris, we laid in a ſtock of tea, chocolate, cured neats tongues, and *fauciſſons*, or Bologna ſauſages, both of which we found in great perfection in that capital, where indeed there are excellent proviſions of all ſorts. About ten in the morning we ſtopped to breakfaſt at ſome auberge, where we always found bread, butter, and milk. In the meantime, we ordered a *poulard* or two to be roaſted, and theſe wrapped in a napkin, were put into the boot of the coach, together with bread, wine, and water. About two or three in the afternoon, while the horſes were changing, we laid a cloth upon our knees, and producing our ſtore, with a few earthen plates, diſcuſſed our ſhort meal without further ceremony. This was followed by a deſert of grapes and other fruit, which we had alſo provided. I muſt own, I found theſe tranſient refreſhments much more agreeable than any regular meal I ate upon the road. The wine commonly uſed in Burgundy is ſo weak and thin, that you would not drink it in England. The very beſt which they ſell at Dijon, the capital of the province, for three livres a bottle, is, in ſtrength, and even in flavour, greatly inferior to what I have drank in London. I believe all the firſt growth is either conſumed in the houſes of the nobleſſe, or ſent abroad to foreign markets. I have drank excellent Burgundy at Bruſſels for a florin a bottle; that is, little more than twenty pence Sterling.

The country, from the foreſt of Fountainbleau to the Lyonnois, through which we paſſed, is rather agreeable

than fertile, being part of Champagne and the duchy of Burgundy, watered by three pleaſant paſtoral rivers, the Siene, the Yonne, and the Soane. The flat country is laid out chiefly for corn; but produces more rye than wheat. Almoſt all the ground ſeems to be ploughed up, ſo that there is little or nothing lying fallow. There are very few encloſures, ſcarce any meadow ground, and, ſo far as I could obſerve, a great ſcarcity of cattle. We ſometimes found it very difficult to procure half a pint of milk for our tea. In Burgundy, I ſaw a peaſant ploughing the ground with a jack-aſs, a lean cow, and a he-goat, yoked together. It is generally obſerved, that a great number of black cattle are bred and fed on the mountains of Burgundy, which are the higheſt lands in France; but I ſaw very few. The peaſants in France are ſo wretchedly poor, and ſo much oppreſſed by their landlords, that they cannot afford to encloſe their grounds, or give a proper reſpite to their lands; or to ſtock their farms with a ſufficient number of black cattle to produce the neceſſary manure, without which agriculture can never be carried to any degree of perfection. Indeed, whatever efforts a few individuals may make for the benefit of their own eſtates, huſbandry in France will never be generally improved, until the farmer is free and independent.

From the frequency of towns and villages, I ſhould imagine this country is very populous; yet, it muſt be owned, that the towns are in general thinly inhabited. I ſaw a good number of country ſeats and plantations near the banks of the rivers, on each ſide; and a great many convents, ſweetly ſituated, on riſing grounds, where the air is moſt pure, and the proſpect moſt agreeable. It is ſurpriſing to ſee how happy the founders of thoſe religious houſes have been in their choice of ſituations, all the world over.

In paſſing through this country, I was very much ſtruck with the ſight of large ripe cluſters of grapes, entwined with the briars and thorns of common hedges on the way ſide. The mountains of Burgundy are covered with vines from the bottom to the top, and ſeem to be raiſed by nature on purpoſe to extend the ſurface,

and to expoſe it the more advantageouſly to the rays of the ſun. The *vandange* was but juſt begun, and the people were employed in gathering the grapes; but I ſaw no ſigns of feſtivity among them. Perhaps their joy was a little damped by the bad proſpect of their harveſt; for they complained that the weather had been ſo unfavourable as to hinder the grapes from ripening. I thought, indeed, there was ſomething uncomfortable in ſeeing the vintage thus retarded till the beginning of winter; for, in ſome parts, I found the weather extremely cold; particularly at a place called Maiſonneuve, where we lay, there was a hard froſt, and in the morning the pools were covered with a thick cruſt of ice. My perſonal adventures on the road were ſuch as will not bear a recital. They conſiſted of petty diſputes with landladies, poſt-maſters, and poſtillions. The highways ſeem to be perfectly ſafe. We did not find that any robberies were ever committed, although we did not ſee one of the *marechauſſe* from Paris to Lyons. You know the *marechauſſe* are a body of troopers well mounted, maintained in France, as ſafe-guards to the public roads. It is a reproach upon England, that ſome ſuch patrol it not appointed for the protection of travellers.

At Sens, in Champagne, my ſervant, who had rode on before to beſpeak freſh horſes, told me, that the domeſtic of another company had been provided before him, although it was not his turn, as he had arrived later at the poſt. Provoked at this partiality, I reſolved to chide the poſt-maſter, and accordingly addreſſed myſelf to a perſon who ſtood at the door of the auberge. He was a jolly figure, fat and fair, dreſſed in an odd kind of garb, with a gold laced cap on his head, and a cambric handkerchief pinned to his middle. The ſight of ſuch a fantaſtic *petit maitre*, in the character of a poſt-maſter, increaſed my ſpleen. I called to him with an air of authority, mixed with indignation, and when he came up to the coach, aſked, in a peremptory tone, if he did not underſtand the king's ordonnance concerning the regulation of the poſts? He laid his hand upon his breaſt; but before he could make any anſwer, I pulled out the poſt-

book, and began to read with great vociferation, the article which orders, that the traveller who comes firſt ſhall be firſt ſerved. By this time the freſh horſes being put to the carriage, and the poſtillions mounted, the coach ſet off all of a ſudden, with uncommon ſpeed. I imagined the poſt-maſter had given the fellows a ſignal to be gone, and, in this perſuaſion, thruſting my head out at the window, I beſtowed ſome epithets upon him, which muſt have ſounded very harſh in the ears of a Frenchman. We ſtopped for a refreſhment at a little town called Joigne-ville, where (by the bye) I was ſcandalouſly impoſed upon, and even abuſed by a virago of a landlady; then proceeding to the next ſtage, I was given to underſtand, we could not be ſupplied with freſh horſes. Here I perceived at the door of the inn the ſame perſon whom I had reproached at Sens. He came up to the coach, and told me, that notwithſtanding what the guides had ſaid, I ſhould have freſh horſes in a few minutes. I imagined he was maſter both of this houſe and the auberge at Sens, between which he paſſed and repaſſed occaſionally; and that he was now deſirous of making me amends for the affront he had put upon me at the other place. Obſerving that one of the trunks behind was a little diſplaced, he aſſiſted my ſervant in adjuſting it: then he entered into converſation with me, and gave me to underſtand, that in a poſt-chaiſe, which we had paſſed, was an Engliſh gentleman on his return from Italy. I wanted to know who he was, and when he ſaid he could not tell, I aſked him, in a very abrupt manner, why he had not inquired of his ſervant. He ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and retired to the inn door. Having waited above half an hour, I beckoned to him, and when he approached, upbraided him with having told me that I ſhould be ſupplied with freſh horſes in a few minutes: He ſeemed ſhocked, and anſwered, that he thought he had reaſon for what he had ſaid, obſerving, that it was as diſagreeable to him as to me to wait for a relay. As it began to rain, I pulled up the glaſs in his face, and he withdrew again to the door, ſeemingly ruffled at my deportment. In a little time the horſes arrived, and three of them were immediately put to a very handſome poſt-chaiſe, into

which he ſtepped, and ſet out, accompanied by a man in a rich livery on horſeback. Aſtoniſhed at this circumſtance, I aſked the hoſtler who he was, and he replied that he was a man of faſhion (un ſeigneur) who lived in the neighbourhood of Auxerre. I was much mortified to find that I had treated a nobleman ſo ſcurvily, and ſcolded my own people for not having more penetration than myſelf. I dare ſay he did not fail to deſcant upon the brutal behaviour of the Engliſhman; and that my miſtake ſerved with him to confirm the national reproach of bluntneſs, and ill breeding, under which we lie in this country. The truth is, I was that day more than uſually peeviſh, from the bad weather, as well as from the dread of a fit of the aſthma, with which I was threatened: And I dare ſay my appearance ſeemed as uncouth to him as his travelling dreſs appeared to me. I had a grey mourning frock under a wide great coat, a bob wig without powder, a very large laced hat, and a meagre, wrinkled, diſcontented countenance.

The fourth night of our journey we lay at Macon, and the next day paſſed through the Lyonnois, which is a fine country, full of towns, villages, and gentlemens houſes. In paſſing through the Maconnois, we ſaw a great many fields of Indian corn, which grows to the height of ſix or ſeven feet: It is made into flour for the uſe of the common people, and goes by the name of *Turkey wheat*. Here likewiſe, as well as in Dauphine, they raiſe a vaſt quantity of very large pompions, with the contents of which they thicken their ſoup and ragouts.

As we travelled only while the ſun was up, on account of my ill health, and the poſt horſes in France are in bad order, we ſeldom exceeded twenty leagues a day.

I was directed to a lodging-houſe at Lyons, which being full they ſhowed us to a tavern, where I was led up three pair of ſtairs to an apartment conſiſting of three paltry chambers, for which the people demanded twelve livres a day: For dinner and ſupper they aſked thirty two, beſides three livres for my ſervant; ſo that my daily expence would have amounted to about forty-ſeven

livres, exclusive of breakfast and coffee in the afternoon. I was so provoked at this extortion, that, without answering one word, I drove to another auberge, where I now am, and pay at the rate of two-and-thirty livres a day, for which I am very badly lodged, and but very indifferently entertained. I mention these circumstances to give you an idea of the imposition to which strangers are subject in this country. It must be owned, however, that, in the article of eating, I might save half the money by going to the public ordinary; but this is a scheme of economy, which (exclusive of other disagreeable circumstances) neither my own health, nor that of my wife, permits me to embrace. My journey from Paris to Lyons, including the hire of the coach and all expences on the road, has cost me, within a few shillings, forty Loui'dores. From Paris our baggage (though not plombe) was not once examined till we arrived in this city, at the gate of which we were questioned by one of the searchers, who being tipt with half a crown, allowed us to proceed without further inquiry.

I purposed to stay in Lyons until I should receive some letters I expected from London, to be forwarded by my banker at Paris: But the enormous expence of living in this manner has determined me to set out in a day or two for Montpellier, although that place is a good way out of the road to Nice. My reasons for taking that route I shall communicate in my next. Meanwhile I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and obliged humble servant.

LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR, *Montpellier, Nov.* 5. 1763.

THE city of Lyons has been so often and so circumstantially described, that I cannot pretend to say any thing new on the subject. Indeed, I know very little of it, but what I have read in books; as I had but one day to

make a tour of the ſtreets, ſquares, and other remarkable places. The bridge over the Rhone ſeems to be ſo ſlightly built, that I ſhould imagine it would be one day carried away by that rapid river; eſpecially as the arches are ſo ſmall, that after great rains they are ſometimes *bouchees* or ſtopped up; that is, they do not admit a ſufficient paſſage for the increaſed body of the water. In order to remedy this dangerous defect, in ſome meaſure, they found an artiſt ſome years ago, who has removed a middle pier, and thrown two arches into one. This alteration they looked upon as a maſter-piece in architecture, though there is many a common maſon in England, who would have undertaken and performed the work, without valuing himſelf much upon the enterpriſe. This bridge, no more than that of St. Eſprit, is built, not in a ſtrait line acroſs the river, but with a curve, which forms a convexity to oppoſe the current. Such a bend is certainly calculated for the better reſiſting the general impetuoſity of the ſtream, and has no bad effect to the eye.

Lyons is a great, populous, and flouriſhing city; but I am ſurpriſed to find it is counted a healthy place, and that the air of it is eſteemed favourable to pulmonic diſorders. It is ſituated on the confluence of two large rivers, from which there muſt be a great evaporation, as well as from the low marſhy grounds, which theſe rivers often overflow. This muſt render the air moiſt, frouzy, and even putrid, if it was not well ventilated by winds from the mountains of Swiſſerland; and in the latter end of autumn, it muſt be ſubject to fogs. The morning we ſet out from thence, the whole city and adjacent plains were covered with ſo thick a fog, that we could not diſtinguiſh from the coach the head of the foremoſt mule that drew it. Lyons is ſaid to be very hot in ſummer, and very cold in winter; therefore, I imagine, muſt abound with inflammatory and intermittent diſorders in the ſpring and fall of the year.

My reaſons for going to Montpellier, which is out of the ſtraight road to Nice, were theſe. Having no acquaintance nor correſpondents in the ſouth of France, I had deſired my credit might be ſent to the ſame houſe to

which my heavy baggage was conſigned. I expected to find my baggage at Cette, which is the ſea-port of Montpellier; and there I alſo hoped to find a veſſel, in which I might be tranſported by ſea to Nice, without further trouble. I longed to try what effect the boaſted air of Montpellier would have upon my conſtitution; and I had a great deſire to ſee the famous monuments of antiquity in and about the ancient city of Niſmes, which is about eight leagues ſhort of Montpellier.

At the inn where we lodged, I found a return berlin, belonging to Avignon, with three mules, which are the animals commonly uſed for carriages in this country. This I hired for five Loui'dores. The coach was large, commodious, and well fitted; the mules were ſtrong and in good order; and the driver, whoſe name was Joſeph, appeared to be a ſober, ſagacious, intelligent fellow, perfectly well acquainted with every place in the ſouth of France. He told me he was owner of the coach: But I afterwards learned, he was no other then a hired ſervant. I likewiſe detected him in ſome knavery in the courſe of our journey; and plainly perceived he had a fellow-feeling with the inn-keepers on the road; but, in other reſpects, he was very obliging, ſerviceable and even entertaining. There are ſome knaviſh practices of this kind, at which a traveller will do well to ſhut his eyes, for his own eaſe and convenience. He will be lucky, if he has to do with a ſenſible knave, like Joſeph, who underſtood his intereſt too well to be guilty of very flagrant pieces of impoſition.

A man, impatient to be at his journey's end, will find this a moſt diſagreeable way of travelling. In ſummer, it muſt be quite intolerable. The mules are very ſure, but very ſlow. The journey ſeldom exceeds eight leagues, about four and twenty miles, a-day: And as thoſe people have certain fixed ſtages, you are ſometimes obliged to riſe in a morning before day; a circumſtanne very grievous to perſons in ill health. Theſe inconveniences, however, were overbalanced by other *agreemens*. We no ſooner quitted Lyons, than we got into ſummer weather, and travelling through a moſt romantic country, along the banks of the Rhone, had opportunities (from

the ſlowneſs of our pace) to contemplate its beauties at leiſure.

The rapidity of the Rhone is, in a great meaſure, owing to its being confined within ſteep banks on each ſide. Theſe are formed almoſt through its whole courſe, by a double chain of mountains, which riſe with an abrupt aſcent from both banks of the river. The mountains are covered with vineyards, interſperſed with ſmall ſummer houſes, and in many places they are crowned with churches, chapels, and convents, which add greatly to the romantic beauty of the proſpect. The high road, as far as Avignon, lies along the ſide of the river, which runs almoſt in a ſtraight line, and affords great convenience for inland commerce. Travellers, bound to the ſouthern parts of France, generally embark in the *coche d'eau* at Lyons, and glide down this river with great velocity, paſſing a great number of towns and villages on each ſide, where they find ordinaries every day at dinner and ſupper. In good weather, there is no danger in this method of travelling, till you come to the pont St. Eſprit, where the ſtream runs through the arches with ſuch rapidity, that the boat is ſometimes overſet. But thoſe paſſengers who are under any apprehenſion are landed above bridge, and taken in again, after the boat has paſſed, juſt in the ſame manner as at London bridge. The boats that go up the river are drawn againſt the ſtream by oxen, which ſwim through one of the arches of this bridge, the driver ſitting between the horns of the foremoſt beaſt. We ſet out from Lyons early on Monday morning, and as a robbery had been a few days before committed in that neighbourhood, I ordered my ſervant to load my muſquetoon with a charge of eight balls. By the bye, this piece did not fail to attract the curioſity and admiration of the people in every place through which we paſſed. The carriage no ſooner halted, than a crowd immediately ſurrounded the man to view the blunderbuſs, which they dignified with the title of *petit canon*. At Nuys in Burgundy, he fired it in the air, and the whole mob diſperſed, and ſcampered off like a flock of ſheep. In our journey hither, we generally ſet out in a morning at eight o'clock, and tra-

velled till noon, when the mules were put up and reſted a couple of hours. During this halt, Joſeph went to dinner, and we went to breakfaſt, after which we ordered proviſion for our refreſhment in the coach, which we took about three or four in the afternoon, halting for that purpoſe by the ſide of ſome tranſparent brook, which afforded excellent water to mix with our wine. In this country I was almoſt poiſoned with garlic, which they mix in their ragouts, and all their ſauces; nay, the ſmell of it perfumes the very chambers, as well as every perſon you approach. I was alſo very ſick of *becaficas, grieves*, and other little birds, which are ſerved up twice a day at all ordinaries on the road. They make their appearance in vine leaves, and are always half raw, in which condition the French chooſe to eat them, rather than run the riſk of loſing the juice by over-roaſting.

The peaſants in the ſouth of France are poorly clad, and look as if they were half ſtarved, diminutive, ſwarthy, and meagre; and yet the common people who travel, live luxurioufly on the road. Every carrier and mule-driver has two meals a day, conſiſting each of a couple of courſes and a deſert, with tolerable ſmall wine.—That which is called *hermitage*, and grows in this province of Dauphine, is ſold on the ſpot for three livres a bottle. The common draught which you have at meals in this country is remarkably ſtrong, though in flavour much inferior to that of Burgundy. The accommodation is tolerable, though they demand (even in this cheap country) the exorbitant price of four livres a-head for every meal, of thoſe who chooſe to eat in their own apartments. I inſiſted, however, upon paying them with three, which they received, though not without murmuring and ſeeming diſcontented. In this journey, we found plenty of good mutton, pork, poultry, and game, including the red partridge, which is near twice as big as the partridge of England. The hares are likewiſe ſurpriſingly large and juicy. We ſaw great flocks of black turkeys feeding in the fields, but no black cattle; and milk was ſo ſcarce, that ſometimes we were obliged to drink tea without it.

One day perceiving a meadow on the ſide of the road, full of a flower which I took to be the crocus, I deſired my ſervant to alight and pull ſome of them. He delivered the muſquetoon to Joſeph, who began to tamper with it, and off it went with a prodigious report, augmented by an echo from the mountains that ſkirted the road. The mules were ſo frightened, that they went off at the gallop; and Joſeph, for ſome minutes, could neither manage the reins, nor open his mouth. At length he recollected himſelf, and the cattle were ſtopped, by the aſſiſtance of the ſervant, to whom he delivered the muſquetoon, with a ſignificant ſhake of the head. Then alighting from the box, he examined the heads of his three mules, and kiſſed each of them in his turn. Finding they had received no damage, he came up to the coach, with a pale viſage and ſtaring eyes, and ſaid it was God's mercy he had not killed his beaſts. I anſwered, that it was a greater mercy he had not killed his paſſengers; for the muzzle of the piece might have been directed our way as well as any other, and in that caſe Joſeph might have been hanged for murder. "I had as good be hanged (ſaid he) for murder, as be ruined by the loſs of my cattle." This adventure made ſuch an impreſſion upon him, that he recounted it to every perſon we met; nor would he ever touch the blunderbuſs from that day. I was often diverted with the converſation of this fellow, who was very arch and very communicative. Every afternoon he uſed to ſtand upon the foot-board, at the ſide of the coach, and diſcourſe with us an hour together. Paſſing by the gibbet of Valencia, which ſtands very near the high road, we ſaw one body hanging quite naked, and another lying broken on the wheel. I recollected, that Mandrin had ſuffered in this place, and calling to Joſeph to mount the foot-board, aſked if he had ever ſeen that famous adventurer. At mention of the name of Mandrin, the tear ſtarted in Joſeph's eye, he diſcharged a deep ſigh, or rather groan, and told me he was his dear friend. I was a little ſtartled at this declaration; however, I concealed my thoughts, and began to aſk queſtions about the chara-

ter and exploits of a man who had made ſuch noiſe in the world.

He told me, Mandrin was a native of Valencia, of mean extraction; that he had ſerved as a ſoldier in the army, and afterwards acted as *maltotier*, or tax-gatherer; that, at length, he turned *contrebandier*, or ſmuggler, and by his ſuperior qualities, raiſed himſelf to the command of a formidable gang, conſiſting of five hundred perſons well armed with carbines and piſtols. He had fifty horſe for his troopers, and three hundred mules for the carriage of his merchandiſe. His head quarters were in Savoy: But he made incurſions into Dauphine, and ſet the *marchauſſee* at defiance. He maintained ſeveral bloody ſkirmiſhes with theſe troopers, as well as with other regular detachments, and in all thoſe actions ſignalized himſelf by his courage and conduct. Coming up at one time with fifty of the *marechauſſee*, who were in queſt of him, he told them very calmly he had occaſion for their horſes and accoutrements, and deſired them to diſmount. At that inſtant his gang appeared, and the troopers complied with his requeſt, without making the leaſt oppoſition. Joſeph ſaid he was as generous as he was brave, and never moleſted travellers, nor did the leaſt injury to the poor; but on the contrary, relieved them very often. He uſed to oblige the gentlemen in the country to take his merchandiſe, his tobacco, brandy, and muſlins, at his own price; and, in the ſame manner, he laid the open towns under contribution. When he had no merchandiſe, he borrowed money of them upon the credit of what he ſhould bring when he was better provided. He was at laſt, betrayed by his wench, to the colonel of a French regiment, who went with a detachment in the night to the place where he lay in Savoy, and ſurpriſed him in a woodhouſe, while his people were abſent in different parts of the country. For this intruſion the court of France made an apology to the king of Sardinia, in whoſe territories he was taken. Mandrin being conveyed to Valencia, his native place, was for ſome time permitted to go abroad, under a ſtrong guard, with chains upon his legs; and here he converſed freely with all ſorts of

people, flattering himſelf with the hopes of a pardon, in which, however, he was diſappointed. An order came from court to bring him to his trial, when he was found guilty, and condemned to be broke on the wheel. Joſeph ſaid he drank a bottle of wine with him the night before his execution. He bore his fate with great reſolution, obſerving that, if the letter which he had written to the king had been delivered, he certainly ſhould have obtained his majeſty's pardon. His executioner was one of his own gang, who was pardoned on condition of performing this office. You know that criminals broke upon the wheel are firſt ſtrangled, unleſs the ſentence imports, that they ſhall be broke alive. As Mandrin had not been guilty of cruelty in the courſe of his delinquency, he was indulged with this favour. Speaking to the executioner, whom he had formerly commanded, " Joſeph (dit il je ne veux pas que tu me touche, juſque'a ce que je fois froid mort." Joſeph, ſaid he thou ſhalt not touch me till I am quite dead.—Our driver had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than I was ſtruck with a ſuſpicion, that he himſelf was the executioner of his friend Mandrin. On that ſuſpicion, I exclaimed, " ah ! ah ! Joſeph ! The fellow bluſhed up to the eyes, and ſaid, *Oi, ſon nom étoit Joſeph auſſi bien que le mien.* I did not think proper to proſecute the inquiry; but did not much reliſh the nature of Joſeph's connections. The truth is, he had very much the looks of a ruffian; though I muſt own, his behaviour was very obliging and ſubmiſſive.

On the fifth day of our journey, in the morning, we paſſed the famous bridge at St. Eſprit, which to be ſure is a great curioſity, from its length, and the number of its arches: But theſe arches are too ſmall; the paſſage above is too narrow; and the whole appears to be too ſlight, conſidering the force and impetuoſity of the river. It is not comparable to the bridge at Weſtminſter, either for beauty or ſolidity. Here we entered Languedoc, and were ſtopped to have our baggage examined: But the ſearcher being tipped with a three-livre piece, allowed it to paſs.—Before we leave Dauphine, I muſt obſerve, that I was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee figs and

cheſnuts growing in the open fields, at the diſcretion of every paſſenger. It was this day I ſaw the famous Pont du Garde; but as I cannot poſſibly include, in this letter, a deſcription of that beautiful bridge, and of the other antiquities belonging to Niſmes, I will defer it till the next opportunity, being, in the mean time, with equal truth and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER X.

DEAR SIR, *Montpellier, Nov.* 10. 1763.

BY the Pont St. Eſprit we entered the province of Languedoc, and breakfaſted at Bagnole, which is a little paltry town; from whence, however, there is an excellent road through a mountain, made at a great expence, and extending about four leagues. About five in the afternoon, I had the firſt glimpſe of the famous Pont du Garde, which ſtands on the right hand, about the diſtance of a league from the poſt road to Niſmes, and about three leagues from that city. I would not willingly paſs for a falſe enthuſiaſt in taſte; but I cannot help obſerving, that from the firſt diſtant view of this noble monument, till we came near enough to ſee it perfectly, I felt the ſtrongeſt emotions of impatience that I had ever known; and obliged our driver to put his mules to the full gallop, in the apprehenſion that it would be dark before we reached the place. I expected to find the building, in ſome meaſure, ruinous; but was agreeably diſappointed to ſee it look as freſh as the bridge at Weſtminſter. The climate is either ſo pure and dry, or the free-ſtone, with which it is built, ſo hard, that the very angles of them remain as acute as if they had been cut laſt year. Indeed, ſome large ſtones have dropped out of the arches; but the whole is admirably preſerved, and preſents the eye with a piece of architecture ſo unaffectedly elegant, ſo ſimple, and majeſtic, that I will defy the moſt phleg-

matic and ſtupid ſpectator to behold it without admiration. It was raiſed in the Auguſtan age, by the Roman colony of Niſmes, to convey a ſtream of water between two mountains, for the uſe of that city. It ſtands over the river Gardon, which is a beautiful paſtoral ſtream, brawling among rocks, which form a number of pretty natural caſcades, and overſhadowed on each ſide with trees and ſhrubs, which greatly add to the rural beauties of the ſcene. It riſes in the Cevennes, and the ſand of it produces gold, as we learn from Mr. Reaumur, in his eſſay on this ſubject, inſerted in the French Memoirs, for the year 1718.—If I lived at Niſmes, or Avignon (which laſt city is within four ſhort leagues of it), I ſhould take pleaſure in forming parties to come hither, in ſummer, to dine under one of the arches of the Pont du Garde, on a cold collation.

This work conſiſts of three bridges, or tire of arches, one above another; the firſt of ſix, the ſecond of eleven, and the third of thirty-ſix. The height, comprehending the aqueduct on the top, amounts to 174 feet three inches; the length between the two mountains, which it unites, extends to 723. The order of architecture is the Tuſcan; but the ſymmetry of it is inconceivable. By ſcooping the baſes of the pilaſters of the ſecond tire of arches, they had made a paſſage for foot-travellers: But though the ancients far excelled us in beauty, they certainly fell ſhort of the moderns in point of conveniency. The citizens of Avignon have, in this particular, improved the Roman work with a new bridge by appoſition, conſtructed on the ſame plan with that of the lower tire of arches, of which, indeed, it ſeems to be a part, affording a broad and commodious paſſage over the river, to horſes and carriages of all kinds. The aqueduct, for the continuance of which this ſuperb work was raiſed, conveyed a ſtream of ſweet water from the fountain of Eure, near the city of Uzes, and extended near ſix leagues in length.

In approaching Niſmes, you ſee the ruins of a Roman tower, built on the ſummit of a hill, which overlooks the city. It ſeems to have been intended, at firſt, as a watch or ſignal tower, though, in the ſequel, it was

uſed as a fortreſs: What remains of it is about ninety feet high; the architecture of the Doric order. I no ſooner alighted at the inn, than I was preſented with a pamphlet, containing an account of Niſmes and its antiquities, which every ſtranger buys. There are perſons, too, who attend, in order to ſhow the town; and you will always be accoſted by ſome ſhabby antiquarian, who preſents you with medals for ſale, aſſuring you they are genuine antiques, and were dug out of the ruins of the Roman temple and baths. All thoſe fellows are cheats; and they have often laid under contribution raw Engliſh travellers, who had more money than diſcretion. To ſuch they ſell the vileſt and moſt common traſh: But when they meet with a connoiſſeur, they produce ſome medals which are really valuable and curious.

Niſmes, anciently called Nemauſis, was originally a colony of Romans, ſettled by Auguſtus Cæſar, after the battle of Actium. It is ſtill of conſiderable extent, and ſaid to contain twelve thouſand families; but the number ſeems by this account to be greatly exaggerated. Certain it is, the city muſt have been formerly very extenſive, as appears from the circuit of the ancient walls, the remains of which are ſtill to be ſeen. Its preſent ſize is not one third of its former extent. Its temples, baths, ſtatues, towers, baſilica, and amphitheatre, prove it to have been a city of great opulence and magnificence. At preſent, the remains of theſe antiquities are all that make it reſpectable or remarkable; though here are manufactures of ſilk and wool, carried on with good ſucceſs. The water neceſſary for theſe works is ſupplied by a ſource at the foot of the rock upon which the tower is placed; and here were diſcovered the ruins of Roman baths, which had been formed and adorned with equal taſte and magnificence. Among the rubbiſh they found a vaſt profuſion of columns, vaſes, capitals, cornices, inſcriptions, medals, ſtatues, and, among other things, the finger of a coloſſal ſtatue in bronze, which, according to the rules of proportion, muſt have been fifteen feet high. From theſe particulars, it appears that the edifices muſt have been ſpacious and magnificent.

Part of a teſſelated pavement ſtill remains. The ancient pavement of the bath is ſtill entire; all the rubbiſh has been cleared away, and the baths, in a great meaſure, reſtored on the old plan, though they are not at preſent uſed for any thing but ornament. The water is collected into two vaſt reſervoirs, and a canal built and lined with hewn ſtone. There are three handſome bridges thrown over this vaſt canal. It contains a great body of excellent water, which, by pipes and other ſmall branching canals, traverſes the town, and is converted to many different purpoſes of economy and manufacture. Between the Roman bath and theſe great canals, the ground is agreeably laid out in pleaſure walks, for the recreation of the inhabitants. Here are likewiſe ornaments of architecture, which ſavour much more of French foppery, than of the ſimplicity and greatneſs of the ancients. It is very ſurpriſing, that this fountain ſhould produce ſuch a great body of water, as fills the baſon of the ſource, the Roman baſon, two large deep canals three hundred feet in length, two vaſt baſons that make part of the great canal, which is eighteen hundred feet long, eighteen feet deep, and forty-eight feet broad. When I ſaw it, there was in it about eight or nine feet of water, tranſparent as cryſtal. It muſt be obſerved, however, for the honour of French cleanlineſs, that in the Roman baſon, through which this noble ſtream of water paſſes, I perceived two waſhermen at work upon children's clouts and dirty linen. Surpriſed, and much diſguſted at this filthy phenomenon, I aſked by what means, and by whoſe permiſſion, thoſe dirty hags had got down into the baſon, in order to contaminate the water at its fountain-head; and underſtood they belonged to the commandant of the place, who had the keys of the ſubterranean paſſage.

Fronting the Roman baths, are the ruins of an ancient temple, which, according to tradition, was dedicated to Diana: But it has been obſerved by connoiſſeurs, that all the ancient temples of this goddeſs were of the Ionic order; whereas this is partly Corinthian, and parly Compoſite. It is about ſeventy feet long, and ſix and thirty in breadth, arched above, and built of

large blocks of ſtone, exactly joined together without any cement. The walls are ſtill ſtanding, with three great tabernacles at the further end, fronting the entrance. On each ſide there are nitches in the intercolumniation of the walls, together with pedeſtals and ſhafts of pillars, cornices, and an entablature, which indicate the former magnificence of the building. It was deſtroyed during the civil war that raged in the reign of Henry III. of France.

It is amazing, that the ſucceſſive irruptions of barbarous nations, of Goths, Vandals, and Moors, of fanatic croiſades, ſtill more ſanguinary and illiberal than thoſe barbarians, ſhould have ſpared this temple, as well as two other ſtill more noble monuments of architecture, that to this day adorn the city of Niſmes: I mean the amphitheatre, and the edifice, called *Maiſon Carrée.* —The former of theſe is counted the fineſt monument of the kind now extant, and was built in the reign of Antoninus Pius, who contributed a large ſum of money towards its erection. It is of an oval figure, one thouſand and eighty feet in circumference, capacious enough to hold twenty thouſand ſpectators. The architecture is of the Tuſcan order, ſixty feet high, compoſed of two open galleries built one over another, conſiſting each of threeſcore arcades. The entrance into the arena was by four great gates, with porticos; and the ſeats, of which there were thirty, riſing one above another, conſiſted of great blocks of ſtone, many of which ſtill remain. Over the north gate appear two bulls, in *alto relievo,* extremely well executed; emblems which, according to the cuſtom of the Romans, ſignified that the amphitheatre was erected at the expence of the people. There are in other parts of it ſome work in *bas relief,* and heads or buſts but indifferently carved. It ſtands in the lower part of the town, and ſtrikes the ſpectator with awe and veneration. The external architecture is almoſt entire in its whole circuit; but the arena is filled up with houſes.—This amphitheatre was fortified as a citadel by the Viſigoths, in the beginning of the ſixth century. They raiſed within it a caſtle, two towers of which are ſtill extant; and they ſurrounded it with a

broad and deep foſſee, which was filled up in the thirteenth century. In all the ſubſequent wars to which this city was expoſed, it ſerved as the laſt reſort of the citizens, and ſuſtained a great number of ſucceſſive attacks; ſo that its preſervation is almoſt miraculous. It is likely, however, to ſuffer much more from the Gothic avarice of its own citizens, ſome of whom are mutilating it every day, for the ſake of the ſtones, which they employ in their own private buildings. It is ſurpriſing that the king's authority has not been exerted, to put an end to ſuch ſacrilegious violation.

If the amphitheatre ſtrikes you with an idea of greatneſs, the *Maiſon Carrée* enchants you with the moſt exquiſite beauties of architecture and ſculpture. This is an edifice, ſuppoſed formerly to have been erected by Adrian, who actually built a baſilica in this city, though no veſtiges of it remain: But the following inſcription, which was diſcovered on the front of it, plainly proves, that it was built by the inhabitants of Niſmes, in honour of Caius and Lucius Cæſar, the grand-children of Auguſtus, by his daughter Julia, the wife of Agrippa.

C. CAESARI. AVGVSTI. F. COS.
L. CAESARI. AVGVSTI. F. COS.
DESIGNATIO.
PRINCIPIBUS IVVENTVTIS.

This beautiful edifice, which ſtands upon a pediment ſix feet high, is eighty-two feet long, thirty-five broad, and thirty-ſeven high, without reckoning the pediment. The body of it is adorned with twenty columns engaged in the wall, and the periſtyle, which is open, with ten detached pillars that ſupport the entablature. They are all of the Corinthian order, fluted and embelliſhed with capitals of the moſt exquiſite ſculpture: The frize and cornice are much admired, and the foliage is eſteemed inimitable. The proportions of the building are ſo happily united, as to give it an air of majeſty and grandeur, which the moſt indifferent ſpectator cannot behold without emotion. A man needs not be a connoiſſeur in architecture, to enjoy theſe beauties. They are, indeed, ſo exquiſite, that you may return to them every day with a freſh appetite for ſeven years together. What

renders them the more curious, they are ſtill entire, and very little affected, either by the ravages of time, or the havock of war. Cardinal Alberoni declared, that it was a jewel that deſerved a cover of gold to preſerve it from external injuries. An Italian painter, perceiving a ſmall part of the roof repaired by modern French maſonry, tore his hair, and exclaimed in a rage, "Zounds! what do I ſee? Harlequin's hat on the head of Auguſtus!"

Without all doubt, it is raviſhingly beautiful. The whole world cannot parallel it; and I am aſtoniſhed to ſee it ſtanding entire, like the effects of enchantment, after ſuch a ſucceſſion of ages, every one more barbarous than another. The Hiſtory of the Antiquities of Niſmes takes notice of a groteſque ſtatue, repreſenting two female bodies and legs, united under the head of an old man; but, as it does not inform us where it is kept, I did not ſee it.

The whole country of Languedoc is ſhaded with olive trees, the fruit of which begins to ripen, and appears as black as ſloes; thoſe they pickle are pulled green, and ſteeped for ſome time in a lye made of quick lime or wood aſhes, which extracts the bitter taſte, and makes the fruit tender. Without this preparation it is not eatable. Under the olive and fig trees, they plant corn and vines, ſo that there is not an inch of ground unlaboured: But here are no open fields, meadows, or cattle to be ſeen. The ground is overloaded; and the produce of it crowded to ſuch a degree, as to have a bad effect upon the eye, impreſſing the traveller with the ideas of indigence and rapacity. The heat in ſummer is ſo exceſſive, that cattle would find no green forage, every blade of graſs being parched up and deſtroyed. The weather was extremely hot when we entered Montpellier, and put up at the *Cheval Blanc*, counted the beſt *auberge* in the place, though in fact it is a moſt wretched hovel, the habitation of darkneſs, dirt, and impoſition. Here I was obliged to pay four livres a meal for every perſon in my family, and two livres at night for every bed, though all in the ſame room: One would imagine

that the further we advance to the ſouthward, the living is the dearer, though in fact every article of houſekeeping is cheaper in Languedoc than many other provinces of France. This impoſition is owing to the concourſe of Engliſh who come hither, and, like ſimple birds of paſſage, allow themſelves to be plucked by the people of the country, who know their weak ſide, and make their attacks accordingly. They affect to believe that all the travellers of our country are grand ſigniors, immenſely rich, and incredibly generous; and we are ſilly enough to encourage this opinion, by ſubmitting quietly to the moſt ridiculous extortion, as well as by committing acts of the moſt abſurd extravagance. This folly of the Engliſh, together with a concourſe of people from different quarters, who come hither for the re-eſtabliſhment of their health, has rendered Montpellier one of the deareſt places in the ſouth of France. The city, which is but ſmall, ſtands upon a riſing ground fronting the Mediterranean, which is about three leagues to the ſouthward: On the other ſide is an agreeable plain, extending about the ſame diſtance towards the mountains of the Cevennes. The town is reckoned well built, and what the French call *bien percée*; yet the ſtreets are in general narrow, and the houſes dark. The air is counted ſalutary in catarrhous conſumptions, from its dryneſs and elaſticity; but too ſharp in caſes of pulmonary impoſthumes.

It was at Montpellier that we ſaw, for the firſt time, any ſigns of that gaiety and mirth for which the people of this country are celebrated. In all other places through which we paſſed ſince our departure from Lyons, we ſaw nothing but marks of poverty and chagrin. We entered Montpellier on a Sunday, when the people were all dreſſed in their beſt apparel. The ſtreets were crowded; and a great number of the better ſort of both ſexes ſat upon ſtone ſeats at their doors, converſing with great mirth and familiarity. Theſe converſations laſted the greateſt part of the night; and many of them were improved with muſic both vocal and inſtrumental: Next day we were viſited by the Engliſh reſiding in the place, who always pay this mark of reſpect to new-comers.

They conſiſt of four or five families, among whom I could paſs the winter very agreeably, if the ſtate of my health and other reaſons did not call me away.

Mr. L—— had arrived two days before me, troubled with the ſame aſthmatic diſorder under which I had laboured ſo long. He told me he had been in queſt of me ever ſince he left England. Upon comparing notes, I found he had ſtopped at the door of a country inn in Picardy, and drank a glaſs of wine and water, while I was at dinner up ſtairs; nay, he had even ſpoke to my ſervant, and aſked who was his maſter, and the man not knowing him, replied, he was a gentleman from Chelſea. He had walked by the door of the houſe where I lodged at Paris twenty times, while I was in that city; and the very day before he arrived at Montpellier, he had paſſed our coach on the road.

The garriſon of this city conſiſts of two battalions, one of which is the Iriſh regiment of Berwick, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Tents, a gentleman with whom we contracted an acquaintance at Boulogne. He treats us with great politeneſs, and, indeed, does every thing in his power to make the place agreeable to us. The Duke of Fitz James, the governor, is expected here in a little time. We have already a tolerable concert twice a-week; there will be a comedy in the winter; and the ſtates of Provence aſſemble in January, ſo that Montpellier will be extremely gay and brilliant. Theſe very circumſtances would determine me to leave it. I have not health to enjoy theſe pleaſures: I cannot bear a crowd of company, ſuch as pours in upon us unexpectedly at all hours; and I foreſee, that in ſtaying at Montpellier, I ſhould be led into an expence which I can ill afford. I have therefore forwarded the letter I received from General P—n to Mr. B—d, our conſul at Nice, ſignifying my intention of going thither, and explaining the kind of accommodation I would chooſe to have at that place.

The day after our arrival, I procured tolerable lodgings in the high ſtreet, for which I pay fifty ſols, ſomething more than two ſhillings per day; and I am furniſhed with two meals a-day by a *traiteur* for ten livres;

but he finds neither the wine nor the desert; and, indeed, we are but indifferently served. Those families who reside here find their account in keeping house.—Every traveller who comes to this or any other town in France with a design to stay longer than a day or two, ought to write beforehand to his correspondent, to procure furnished lodgings, to which he may be driven immediately, without being under the necessity of lying in an execrable inn; for all the inns of this country are execrable.

My baggage is not yet arrived by the canal of Languedoc; but that gives me no disturbance, as it is consigned to the care of Mr. Ray, an English merchant and banker of this place; a gentleman of great probity and worth, from whom I have received repeated marks of uncommon friendship and hospitality.

The next time you hear of me will be from Nice. Meanwhile, I remain always,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER XI.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Montpellier, Nov.* 12.

I FLATTERED myself with the hope of much amusement during my short stay at Montpellier.—The university, the botanical garden, the state of physic in this part of the world, and the information I received of a curious collection of manuscripts, among which I hoped to find something for our friend Dr. H—r; all these particulars promised a rich fund of entertainment, which, however, I cannot enjoy.

A few days after my arrival, it began to rain with a southerly wind, and continued without ceasing the best part of a week, leaving the air so loaded with vapours, that there was no walking after sun-set, without being wetted by the dew almost to the skin. I have always found a cold and damp atmosphere, the most unfavour-

able of any to my conſtitution. My aſthmatical diſorder, which had not given me much diſturbance ſince I left Boulogne, became now very troubleſome, attended with fever, cough, ſpitting, and lowneſs of ſpirits; and I waſted viſibly every day. I was favoured with the advice of Dr. Fitzmaurice, a very worthy ſenſible phyſician, ſettled in this place; but I had the curioſity to know the opinion of the celebrated Profeſſor F——, who is the Boerhaave of Montpellier. The account I had of his private character and perſonal deportment from ſome Engliſh people to whom he was well known, left me no deſire to converſe with him; but I reſolved to conſult with him on paper. This great lanthorn of medicine is become very rich and very inſolent; and in proportion as his wealth increaſes, he is ſaid to grow the more rapacious. He piques himſelf upon being very ſlovenly, very blunt, and very unmannerly; and perhaps to theſe qualifications he owes his reputation rather than to any ſuperior ſkill in medicine. I have known them ſucceed in our own country; and ſeen a doctor's parts eſtimated by his brutality and preſumption.

F—— is in his perſon and addreſs not unlike our old acquaintance Dr. Sm—ie; he ſtoops much, dodges along, and affects to ſpeak the Patois, which is a corruption of the old Provencial tongue, ſpoken by the vulgar in Languedoc and Provence. Notwithſtanding his great age and great wealth, he will ſtill ſcramble up two pair of ſtairs for a fee of ſix livres; and, without a fee, he will give his advice to no perſon whatſoever. He is ſaid to have great practice in the venereal branch, and to be frequented by perſons of both ſexes infected with this diſtemper, not only from every part of France, but alſo from Spain, Italy, Germany, and England. I need ſay nothing of the Montpellier method of cure, which is well known at London; but I have ſome reaſon to think the great Profeſſor F—— has, like the famous Mrs. Mapp, the boneſetter, cured many patients that were never diſeaſed.

Be that as it may, I ſent my *valet de place*, who was his townſman and acquaintance, to his houſe, with the following caſe, and a Loui'dore.

Annum ætatis poſt quadrageſimum tertium. Temperamentum humidum, craſſum, pituitâ repletum, catarrhis ſæpiſſimè profligatum. Catarrhus, febre, anxietate et dyſpnœa, nunquam non comitatus. Irritatio membranæ pituitariæ trachæalis, *tuſſim initio aridam, ſiliquoſam, deinde vero excretionem copioſam excitat: Sputum albumini ovi ſimillimum.*

Accedente febre, urina pallida, limpida: Ad ἀκμὴν *flagrante, colorem rubrum, ſubflavum induit: Coctione peractâ, ſedimentum lateritium deponit.*

Appetitus rarò deeſt: Digeſtio ſegnior ſed ſecura, non autem ſine ructu perfecta. Alvus plerumque ſtipata: Excretio inteſtinalis minima, ratione ingeſtorum habitâ. Pulſus frequens, vacillans, exilis, quandoquidem etiam intermittens.

Febre unâ extinctâ, non deficit altera. Aliaque et eadem ſtatim naſcitur. Aer paulo frigidior, vel humidior, veſtimentum inuſitatum indutum; exercitatio paululum nimia; ambulatio, equitatio, in quovis vehiculo jactatio; hæc omnia novos motus ſuſcitant. Syſtema nervoſum maxime irritabile, orgaſmos patitur. Oſtiola in cute hiantia, materiei perſpirabili exitum præbentia, clauduntur. Materies obſtructa cumulatur; ſanguine aliiſque humoribus circumagitur: Fit plethora. Natura opprimi nolens, exceſſus hujus expulſionem conatur. Febris nova accenditur. Pars oneris in membranam trachæalem laxatam ac debilitatam transfertur. Glandulæ pituitariæ turgentes bronchia comprimunt. Liber aeri tranſitus negatur; hinc reſpiratio difficilis. Hac vero tranſlatione, febris minuitur: Interdiu remittitur. Dyſpnœa autem aliaque ſymptomata verè hypochondriaca, recedere nolunt. Veſpere febris exacerbatur. Calor, inquietudo, anxietas eſt aſthma, per noctem graſſantur. Ita quotidie res agitur, donec vis vitæ paulatim criſim efficit. Seminis jactura, ſive in ſomniis effuſi, ſeu in gremio veneris ejaculati, inter cauſas horum malorum nec non numeretur.

Quibuſdam adhinc annis, exercitationibus juvenilibus ſubito remiſſis, in vitam ſedentariam lapſum. Animo in ſtudia ſeveriora converſo, fibræ gradatim laxabantur. Inter legendum et ſcribendum inclinato corpore in pectus malum ruebat. Morbo ingruenti affectio ſcorbutica auxilium tulit. Invaſio prima nimium aſpernata. Venientibus hoſtibus non occurſum. Cunctando res non reſtituta. Remedia convenientia ſtomachus perhorreſcebat. Graveſcente dyſpnœa phlebotomia fruſtra tentata. Sanguinis miſſione vis vitæ diminuta: Fiebat pulſus debilior,

reſpiratio difficilior. In pejus ruunt omnia. Febris anomala in febriculam continuam mutata. Dyſpnœa confirmata. Fibrarum compages ſoluta. Valetudo penitus everſa.

His agitatus furiis, æger ad mare provolat: In fluctus ſe præcipitem dat: Periculum factum ſpem non fefellit: Decies iteratum, felix fauſtumque evaſit. Elater novus fibris conciliatur. Febricula fugatur. Acris dyſpnœa ſolvitur. Beneficium dextrâ ripâ partum, ſiniſtrâ perditum. Superficie corporis, aquæ marinæ frigore et pondere, compreſſâ et contractâ, interſtitia fibrarum occluduntur: Particulis incrementi novis partes abraſas reficientibus, locus non datur. Nutritio corporis, viâ priſtinâ clausâ, qua data porta ruit: In membranam pulmonum minus firmatam facile fertur, et glandulis per ſputum rejicitur.

Hieme pluvioſâ regnante dolores renovantur; tametſi tempore ſereno equitatio profuit. Æſtate morbus vix ullum progrediebatur. Autumno, veletudine plus declinatâ, thermis Bathonienſibus ſolatium haud fruſtra quæſitum. Aqua iſta mirè medicata, externè æque ac internè adhibita, malis levamen attulit. Hiems altera, frigida, horrida, diuturna, innocua tamen ſucceſſit. Vere novo caſus atrox diras procellas animo immiſit: Toto corpore, totâ mente tumultuatur. Patriâ relictâ, triſtitiâ, ſolicitudo, indignatio, et ſæviſſima recordatio ſequuntur. Inimici priores furore inveterato revertuntur. Rediit febris heſtica; rediit aſthma cum anxietate, tuſſe, et dolore lateris lancinante.

Deſperatis denique rebus, iterum ad mare, veluti ad anceps remedium recurritur. Balneum hoc ſemper benignum. Dolor ſtatim avolat. Tertio die febris retroceſſit. Immerſio quotidiana antemeridiana, ad vices quinquaginta repetita, ſymptomata graviora ſubjugavit.—Manet vero tabes pituitaria: Manet temperamentum in catarrhos proclive. Corpus macreſcit. Vires delabuntur.

The profeſſor's eyes ſparkled at ſight of the fee; and he deſired the ſervant to call next morning for his opinion of the caſe, which accordingly I received in theſe words:—

"On voit par cette relation que monſieur le conſultant dont on n'a pas jugé a propos de dire l'age, mais qui nous paroit etre adulte et d'un age paſſablement avancé, a été ſujet ci devant à des rhumes frequens accompagnés

de fievre: On ne detaille point aucune epoque, on parle dans la relation d'aſthme auquel il a eté ſujet, de ſcorbut affection ſcorbutique dont on ne dit pas les ſymptomes. On nous fait ſçavoir qu'il s'eſt bien trouvé de l'immerſion dans l'eau de la mer, et des eaux de Bath.

" On dit a preſent qu'il a une *fievre pituitaire* ſans dire depuis combien de temps. Qu'il lui reſte toujours ſon temperament enclin aux catharres. Que le corps maigrit, et que les forces ce perdent. On ne dit point ſi'l y a des exacerbations dans cette fievre ou non, ſi le malade a appetit ou non, s'il touſſe ou non, s'il crache ou non, en un mot on n'entre dans aucun detail ſur ces objets, ſur quoi le conſeil ſouſſigné eſtime que monſieur le conſultant eſt en fievre lente, et que vraiſemblable le poumon ſouffre de quelque tubercules qui peut-etre ſont en fonte, ce que nous aurions determiné ſi dans la relation on avoit marque les qualités de crachats.

" La cauſe fonchere de cette maladie doit etre imputée a une lymphe epaiſſe et acrimonieuſe, qui donne occaſion a des tubercules au poumon, qui etant mis en fonte fourniſſent au ſang des particules acres et le rendent tout acrimonieux.

" Les vües que l'on doit avoir dans ce cas ſont de procurer des bonnes digeſtions (quoique dans la relation on ne dit pas un mot ſur les digeſtions) de jetter un douce detrempe dans le maſſe du ſang, d'en chaſſer l'acrimonie et de l'adoucir, de diviſer fort doucement la lymphe, et de deterger le poumon, lui procurant meme du calme ſuppoſé que la toux l'inquite, quoique cependant on ne dit pas un mot ſur la toux dans la relation. C'eſt pourquoi on le purgera avec 3 onces de manne, diſſoutes dans un verre de decoction de 3 dragmes de polypode de cheſne, on paſſera enſuite a des bouillons qui ſeront faits avec un petit poulet, la chair, le ſang, le cœur et le foye d'une tortue de grandeur mediocre c'eſt a dire du poid de 8 a 12 onces avec ſa coquille, une poignée de chicorée amere de jardin, et une pincée de feuilles de lierre terreſtre vertes ou ſeches. Ayant pris ces bouillons 15 matins on ſe purgera comme auparavant, pour en venir à des bouillons qui ſeront faits avec la moitié d'un moü de veau, une poignée de pimprenelle

de jardin, et une dragme de racine d'angelique concaſſée.

" Ayant pris ces bouillons 15 matins, on ſe purgera comme auparavant pour en venir au lait d'aneſſe que l'on prendra le matin à jeun, à la doſe de 12 a 16 onces y ajoutant un cuillerée de ſucre rapé, on prendra ce lait le matin a jeun obſervant de pendre pendant ſon uſage de deux jours l'un un moment avant le lait un bolus fait avec 15 grains de craye de Briançon en poudre fine, 20 grains de corail preparé, 8 grains d'antihectique de poterius, et ce qu'il faut de ſyrop de lierre terreſtre, mais les jour ou on ne prendra pas le bolus on prendra un moment avant le lait 3 ou 4 gouttes de bon baume de Canada detrempées dans un demi cuillerée de ſyrop de lierre terreſtre. Si le corps maigrit de plus en plus, je ſuis d'avis que pendant l'uſage du lait d'aneſſe on ſoupe tous les ſoirs avec une ſoupe au lait de vache.

" On continuera l'uſage du lait d'aneſſe tant, que le malade pourra le ſupporter, ne le purgeant que par neceſſité et toujours avec la medicine ordonnée.

" Au reſte, ſi monſieur le conſultant ne paſſe pas les nuits bien calmes, il prendra chaque ſoir a l'heure de ſommeil 6 grains des pilules de cynogloſſe, dont il augmentera la doſe d'un grain de plus toutes les fois que la doſe du jour precedent, n'aura pas été ſuffiſante pour lui faire paſſer la nuit bien calme.

" Si les malade touſſe il uſera ſoit de jour ſoit de nuit par petites cuillerées a caffé d'un looch, qui ſera fait avec un once de ſyrop de violat et une dragme de blanc de baleine.

" Si les crachats ſont epais et qu'il crache difficilement, en ce cas il prendra une ou deux fois le jour, demi dragme de blanc de baleine reduit en poudre avec un peu de ſucre candit qu'il avalera avec une cuillerie d'eau.

" Enfin il doit obſerver un bon regime de vivre, c'eſt pourquoi il ſera toujours gras et ſeulement en ſoupes, bouilli et roti, il ne mangera pas les herbes des ſoupes, et on ſalera peu ſon pot, il ſe privera du beuf, cochon, chair noir, oiſeaux d'eau, ragouts, fritures, patiſſeries, alimens ſales, epicés, vinagres, ſalades, fruits, cruds, et

autres crudités, alimens groſſiers, ou de difficille digeſtion, la boiſſon ſera de l'eau tant ſoit peu rougeé de bon vin au diner ſeulement, et il ne prendra a ſouper qu'une ſoupe. F——,

Deliberé a Montpellier le 11 Novembre. } Profeſſeur en l'univerſite honoraire. Reçeu vint et quatre livres.

I thought it was a little extraordinary that a learned profeſſor ſhould reply in his mother tongue to a caſe put in Latin; but I was much more ſurpriſed, as you will alſo be at reading his anſwer, from which I was obliged to conclude, either that he did not underſtand Latin, or that he had not taken the trouble to read my *memoire*. I ſhall not make any remarks upon the ſtyle of his preſcription, replete as it is with a diſguſting repetition of low expreſſions; but I could not but, in juſtice to myſelf, point out to him the paſſages in my caſe which he had overlooked. Accordingly, having marked them with letters, I ſent it back with the following billet:

" Apparement Monſ. F—— n'a pas donné beaucoup d'attention au memoire de ma ſanté que j'ai eu l'honneur de lui preſenter—' Monſieur le conſultant (dit il) dont on n'a pas jugé a propos de dire l'age.'—Mais on voit dans le memoire à No. 1. ' *Annum ætatis poſt quadrageſimum tertium.*'

" Monſ. F—— dit que ' je n'ai pas marqué aucune epoque.' Mais à No. 2. du memoire il trouvera ces mots. ' *Quibuſdam abhinc annis.*' J'ai meme detaillé le progrés de la maladie pour trois ans conſecutifs.

" Monſ. F—— obſerve, ' On ne dit point s'il y a des exacerbations dans cette fievre ou non.' Qu'il regarde la lettre B, il verra, ' *Veſpere febris exacerbatur. Calor, inquietudo, anxietas et aſthma per noctem graſſantur.*'

" Monſ. F—— remarque, ' On ne dit point ſi le malade a appetit ou non, s'il touſſe ou non, s'il crache ou non, en un mot on n'entre dans aucun detail ſur ces objets.' Mais on voit toutes ces circonſtances detaillées dans le memoire a lettre A, ' *Irritatio membranæ trachæalis* tuſſim, *initio aridam, ſiliquoſam, deinde vero excretionem copioſam excitat. Sputum albumini ovi ſimili-*

mum. Appetitus raro deeſt. Digeſtio ſegnior ſed ſecura.'

' Monſ. F—— obſerve encore, ' qu'on ne dit pas un mot ſur la toux dans la relation.' Mais j'ai dit encore à No. 3. de memoire, ' *rediit febris hectica; rediit aſthma cum anxietate*, tuſſe, *et dolore lateris lancinante.*'

" Au reſte, je ne puis pas me perſuader qu'il y ait des tubercules au pournon, parce que j'ai ne jamais craché de pus, ni autre choſe que de la pituite qui a beaucoup de reſſemblance au blanc des oeufs. *Sputum albumini ovi ſimillimum.* Il me paroit donc que ma maladie doit ſon origine à la ſuſpenſion de l'exercice du corps, au grand attachement d'eſprit, et à un vie ſedentaire qui a relaché le ſiſteme fibreux; et qu'a preſent on peut l'appeller *tabes pituitaria*, non *tabes purulenta*.—J'eſpere que Monſ. F—— aura la bonté de faire reviſion du memoire, et de m'en dire encore ſon ſentiment."

Conſidering the nature of the caſe, you ſee I could not treat him more civilly. I deſired the ſervant to aſk when he ſhould return for an anſwer, and whether he expected another fee. He deſired him to come next morning, and, as the fellow aſſured me, gave him to underſtand, that, whatever monſieur might ſend, ſhould be for his (the ſervant's) advantage. In all probability he did not expect another gratification, to which indeed he had no title. Monſ. F—— was undoubtedly much mortified to find himſelf detected in ſuch flagrant inſtances of unjuſtifiable negligence, and, like all other perſons in the ſame ungracious dilemma, inſtead of juſtifying himſelf by reaſon or argument, had recourſe to recrimination. In the paper which he ſent me next day, he inſiſted in general that he had carefully peruſed the caſe (which you will perceive was a ſelf-evident untruth); he ſaid the theory it contained was idle; that he was ſure it could not be written by a phyſician; that, with reſpect to the diſorder, he was ſtill of the ſame opinion; and adhered to his former preſcription; but if I had any doubts, I might come to his houſe, and he would reſolve them.

I wrapt up twelve livres in the following note, and ſent it to his houſe.

" C'eſt ne pas ſans raiſon que monſieur F— jouit d'un ſi grande reputation. Je n'ai plus de doutes, graces à Dieu et a monſieur F—e."

To this I received for anſwer: " Monſieur n'a plus de doutes: J'en ſuis charmé. Receu douze livres. F—," &c.

Inſtead of keeping his promiſe to the valet, he put the money in his pocket; and the fellow returned in a rage, exclaiming that he was *un gros cheval de caróſſe*.

I ſhall make no other comment upon the medicines, and the regimen which this great doctor preſcribed, but that he certainly miſtook the caſe: that upon the ſuppoſition that I actually laboured under a purulent diſcharge from the lungs, his remedies ſavour ſtrongly of the old woman; and that there is a total blank with reſpect to the article of exerciſe, which you know is ſo eſſential in all pulmonary diſorders. But, after having peruſed my remarks upon his firſt preſcription, he could not poſſibly ſuppoſe that I had tubercles, and was ſpitting up pus: therefore his perſiſting in recommending the ſame medicines he had preſcribed on that ſuppoſition was a flagrant abſurdity.—If, for example, there was no *vomica* in the lungs, and the buſineſs was to attenuate the lymph, what could be more prepoſterous than to adviſe the chalk of Briançon, coral antihecticum poterii, and the balm of Canada? As for the turtle ſoup, it is a good reſtorative and balſamic; but I apprehend, will tend to thicken rather than attenuate the phlegm. He mentions not a ſyllable of the air, though it is univerſally allowed, that the climate of Montpellier is pernicious to ulcerated lungs; and here I cannot help recounting a ſmall adventure which our doctor had with a ſon of Mr. O—d, merchant in the city of London. I had it from Mrs. St—e who, was on the ſpot. The young gentleman being conſumptive, conſulted Mr. F—, who continued viſiting and preſcribing for him a whole month. At length, perceiving that he grew daily worſe, " Doctor (ſaid he), I take your preſcriptions punctually; but, inſtead of being the better for them, I have now not an hour's remiſſion from the fever in the four-and-twenty.—I cannot conceive the

meaning of it. F—, who perceived he had not long to live, told him the reaſon was very plain: The air of Montpellier was too ſharp for his lungs, which required a ſofter climate. "Then you're a ſordid villain (cried the young man) for allowing me to ſtay here till my conſtitution is irretrievable." He ſet out immediately for Tholouſe, and in a few weeks died in the neighbourhood of that city.

I obſerve that the phyſicians in this country pay no regard to the ſtate of the ſolids in chronical diſorders: That exerciſe and the cold bath are never preſcribed: That they ſeem to think the ſcurvy is entirely an Engliſh diſeaſe; and that, in all appearance, they often confound the ſymptoms of it with thoſe of the venereal diſtemper. Perhaps I may be more particular on this ſubject in a ſubſequent letter. In the mean time, I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Yours ſincerely.

LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, December 6.* 1763.

THE inhabitants of Montpellier are ſociable, gay, and good tempered. They have a ſpirit of commerce, and have erected ſeveral conſiderable manufactures in the neighbourhood of the city. People aſſemble every day to take the air on the eſplanade, where there is a very good walk, juſt without the gate of the citadel: But, on the other ſide of the town, there is another ſtill more agreeable, called the *pierou*, from whence there is a proſpect of the Mediterranean on one ſide, and of the Cevennes on the other. Here is a good equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis XIV. fronting one gate of the city, which is built in the form of a triumphal arch, in honour of the ſame monarch. Immediately under the *pierou* is the phyſic garden, and near it an arcade juſt finiſhed for an

aqueduct, to convey a ſtream of water to the upper parts of the city. Perhaps I ſhould have thought this a neat piece of work, if I had not ſeen the *Pont du Garde:* But, after having viewed the Roman arches, I could not look upon this but with pity, and contempt. It is a wonder how the architect could be ſo fantaſtically modern, having ſuch a noble model, as it were, before his eyes.

There are many Proteſtants at this place, as well as at Niſmes, and they are no longer moleſted on the ſcore of religion. They have their conventicles in the country, where they aſſemble privately for worſhip. Theſe are well known; and detachments are ſent out every Sunday. to intercept them; but the officer has always private directions to take another route. Whether this indulgence comes from the wiſdom and lenity of the government, or is purchaſed with money of the commanding officer, I cannot determine: But certain it is, the laws of France puniſh capitally every Proteſtant miniſter convicted of having performed the functions of his miniſtry in this kingdom; and one was hanged about two years ago, in the neighbourhood of Montauban.

The markets in Montpellier are well ſupplied with fiſh, poultry, butcher's meat, and game, at reaſonable rates. The wine of the country is ſtrong and harſh, and never drank, but when mixed with water. Burgundy is dear, and ſo is the ſweet wine of Frontignan, though made in the neighbourhood of Cette. You know it is famous all over Europe, and ſo are the *liqueurs*, or drams of various ſorts, compounded and diſtilled at Montpellier. Cette is the ſea port, about four leagues from that city: But the canal of Languedoc comes up within a mile of it; and is indeed a great curioſity: a work in all reſpects worthy of a Colbert, under whoſe auſpices it was finiſhed. When I find ſuch a general tribute of reſpect and veneration paid to the memory of that great man, I am aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo few monuments of public utility left by other miniſters. One would imagine, that even the deſire of praiſe would prompt a much greater number to exert themſelves for the glory and advantage of their country; yet, in my opinion, the French have been un-

grateful to Colbert, in the ſame proportion as they have over-rated the character of his maſter. Through all France one meets with ſtatues and triumphal arches erected to Louis XIV. in conſequence of his victories, by which, likewiſe, he acquired the title of Louis le Grand. But how were thoſe victories obtained? Not by any perſonal merit of Louis. It was Colbert who improved his finances, and enabled him to pay his army. It was Louvois that provided all the neceſſaries of war. It was a Condé, a Turenne, a Luxemberg, a Vendome, who fought his battles; and his firſt conqueſts, for which he was deified by the pen of adulation, were obtained almoſt without bloodſhed, over weak, diſpirited, divided, and defenceleſs nations. It was Colbert that improved the marine, inſtituted manufactures, encouraged commerce, undertook works of public utility, and patronized the arts and ſciences. But Louis (you will ſay) had the merit of chooſing and ſupporting thoſe miniſters and thoſe generals. I anſwer, no. He found Colbert and Luvois already choſen: He found Condé and Turenne in the very zenith of military reputation. Luxemberg was Condé's pupil; and Vendome, a prince of the blood, who at firſt obtained the command of armies in conſequence of his high birth, and happened to turn out a man of genius. The ſame Louis had the ſagacity to revoke the edict of Nantz; to intruſt his armies to a Tallard, a Villeroy, and a Marſin. He had the humanity to ravage the country, burn the towns, and maſſacre the people of the Palatinate. He had the patriotiſm to impoveriſh and depopulate his own kingdom, in order to proſecute ſchemes of the moſt lawleſs ambition. He had the conſolation to beg a peace from thoſe he had provoked to war by the moſt outrageous inſolence; and he had the glory to eſpouſe Mrs. Maintenon in her old age, the widow of the buffoon Scarron. Without all doubt, it was from irony he acquired the title *le Grand.*

Having received a favourable anſwer from Mr. B——, the Engliſh conſul at Nice, and recommended the care of my heavy baggage to Mr. Ray, who undertook to ſend it by ſea from Cette to Villefranche, I hired a coach and mules for ſeven Loui'dores, and ſet out from Montpel-

lier on the 13th of November, the weather being agreeable, though the air was cold and frosty. In other respects there were no signs of winter: The olives were now ripe, and appeared on each side of the road as black as sloes; and the corn was already half a foot high. On the second day of our journey, we passed the Rhone on a bridge of boats at buccaire, and lay on the other side at Tarrascone. Next day we put up at a wretched place called Orgon, where, however, we were regaled with an excellent supper; and among other delicacies, with a dish of green pease. Provence is a pleasant country, well cultivated; but the inns are not so good here as in Languedoc, and few of them are provided with a certain convenience which an English traveller can very ill dispense with. Those you find are generally on the tops of houses, exceedingly nasty; and so much exposed to the weather, that a valetudinarian cannot use them without hazard of his life. At Nismes in Languedoc, where we found the temple of Cloacina in a most shocking condition, the servant maid told me her mistress had caused it to be made on purpose for the English travellers; but now she was very sorry for what she had done, as all the French who frequented her house, instead of using the seat, left their offerings on the floor, which she was obliged to have cleaned three or four times a-day. This is a degree of beastliness, which would appear detestable even in the capital of North Britain. On the fourth day of our pilgrimage, we lay in the suburbs of Aix, but did not enter the city, which I had a great curiosity to see. The villainous asthma baulked me of that satisfaction. I was pinched with the cold, and impatient to reach a warmer climate. Our next stage was at a paltry village, where we were poorly entertained. I looked so ill in the morning, that the good woman of the house, who was big with child, took me by the hand at parting, and even shed tears, praying fervently that God would restore me to my health. This was the only instance of sympathy, compassion, or goodness of heart, that I had met with among the publicans of France. Indeed, at Valencia, our landlady, understanding I was travelling to Montpellier for my health, would have dissuad-

ed me from going thither; and exhorted me, in particular, to beware of the phyſicians, who were all a pack of aſſaſſins. She adviſed me to eat fricaſſees of chickens, and white meat, and to take a good *bouillon* every morning.

A *bouillon* is an univerſal remedy among the good people of France; inſomuch, that they have no idea of any perſons dying, after having ſwallowed *un bon bouillon*. One of the Engliſh gentlemen, who were robbed and murdered about thirty years ago, between Calais and Boulogne, being brought to the poſt-houſe of Boulogne, with ſome ſigns of life, this remedy was immediately adminiſtered. "What ſurpriſes me greatly (ſaid the poſtmaſter, ſpeaking of this melancholy ſtory to a friend of mine, two years after it happened), I made an excellent *bouillon*, and poured it down his throat with my own hands, and yet he did not recover." Now, in all probability, this *bouillon* it was that ſtopped his breath. When I was a very young man, I remember to have ſeen a perſon ſuffocated by ſuch impertinent officiouſneſs. A young man of uncommon parts and erudition, very well eſteemed at the univerſity of G——ow, was found early one morning in a ſubterranean vault among the ruins of an old archiepiſcopal palace, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Being conveyed to a public-houſe in the neighbourhood, he made ſigns for pen, ink, and paper, and in all probability would have explained the cauſe of this terrible cataſtrophe, when an old woman, ſeeing the windpipe, which was cut, ſticking out of the wound, and miſtaking it for the gullet, by way of giving him a cordial to ſupport his ſpirits, poured into it, through a ſmall funnel, a glaſs of burnt brandy, which ſtrangled him in the tenth part of a minute. The gaſh was ſo hideous, and formed by ſo many repeated ſtrokes of a razor, that the ſurgeons believed he could not poſſibly be the perpetrator himſelf; nevertheleſs, this was certainly the caſe.

At Brignolles, where we dined, I was obliged to quarrel with the landlady, and threaten to leave her houſe, before ſhe would indulge us with any ſort of fleſh-meat. It was meagre day, and ſhe had made her proviſion accordingly. She even hinted ſome diſſatisfaction at hav-

ing heretics in her houſe: But, as I was not diſpoſed to eat ſtinking fiſh, with ragouts of eggs and onions, I inſiſted upon a leg of mutton, and a brace of fine patridges, which I found in the larder. Next day, when we ſet out in the morning from Luc, it blew a north-weſterly wind, ſo extremely cold and biting, that even a flannel wrapper could not keep me tolerably warm in the coach. Whether the cold had put our coachman in a bad humour, or he had ſome other cauſe of reſentment againſt himſelf, I know not; but we had not gone above a quarter of a mile, when he drove the carriage full againſt the corner of a garden wall, and broke the axle-tree, ſo that we were obliged to return to the inn on foot, and wait a whole day, until a new piece could be made and adjuſted. The wind that blew is called *Maeſtral*, in the provincial dialect, and indeed is the ſevereſt that ever I felt. At this inn, we met with a young French officer, who had been a priſoner in England, and ſpoke our language pretty well. He told me that ſuch a wind did not blow above twice or three times in a winter, and was never of long continuance: That, in general, the weather was very mild and agreeable during the winter months; that living was very cheap in this part of Provence, which afforded great plenty of game. Here, too, I found a young Iriſh recollet, in his way from Rome to his own country. He complained, that he was almoſt ſtarved by the inhoſpitable diſpoſition of the French people; and that the regular clergy, in particular, had treated him with the moſt cruel diſdain. I relieved his neceſſities, and gave him a letter to a gentleman of his own country at Montpellier. When I roſe in the morning, and opened a window that looked into the garden, I thought myſelf either in a dream, or bewitched. All the trees were clothed with ſnow, and all the country covered, at leaſt, a foot thick. "This cannot be the ſouth of France (ſaid I to myſelf), it muſt be the Highlands of Scotland!" At a wretched town called Muy, where we dined, I had a warm diſpute with our landlord, which, however, did not terminate to my ſatisfaction. I ſent on the mules before, to the next ſtage, reſolving to take poſt-horſes, and beſpoke them accordingly of the aubergiſte, who was,

at the ſame time, innkeeper and poſtmaſter. We were uſhered into the common eating-room, and had a very indifferent dinner; after which, I ſent a Loui'dore to be changed, in order to pay the reckoning The landlord, inſtead of giving the full change, deducted three livres a head for dinner, and ſent in the reſt of the money by my ſervant. Provoked more at his ill manners than at his extortion, I ferreted him out of a bed-chamber, where he had concealed himſelf, and obliged him to reſtore the full change, from which I paid him at the rate of two livres a-head. He refuſed to take the money, which I threw down on the table; and the horſes being ready, ſtepped into the coach, ordering the poſtillions to drive on. Here I had certainly reckoned without my hoſt. The fellows declared they would not budge, until I ſhould pay their maſter; and, as I threatened them with manual chaſtiſement, they alighted, and diſappeared in a twinkling. I was now ſo incenſed, that though I could hardly breathe, though the afternoon was far advanced, and the ſtreet covered with wet ſnow, I walked to the conſul of the town, and made my complaint in form. This magiſtrate, who ſeemed to be a tailor, accompanied me to the inn, where, by this time, the whole town was aſſembled, and endeavoured to perſuade me to compromiſe the affair. I ſaid, as he was the magiſtrate, I would ſtand to his award. He anſwered, "that he would not preſume to determine what I was to pay." I have already paid him a reaſonable price for his dinner (ſaid I), and now I demand poſt horſes according to the king's ordonnance. The aubergiſte ſaid the horſes were ready, but the guides were run away; and he could not find others to go in their place. I argued with great vehemence, offering to leave a Loui'dore for the poor of the pariſh, provided the conſul would oblige the raſcal to do his duty. The conſul ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and declared it was not in his power. This was a lie; but I perceived he had no mind to diſoblige the publican. If the mules had not been ſent away, I ſhould certainly have not only paid what I thought proper, but corrected the landlord into the bargain for his inſolence and extortion; but now I was entirely at his mercy, and as

the conſul continued to exhort me in very humble terms to comply with his demands, I thought proper to acquieſce. Then the poſtillions immediately appeared: The crowd ſeemed to exult in the triumph of the aubergiſte: and I was obliged to travel in the night, in very ſevere weather, after all the fatigue and mortification I had undergone.

We lay at Frejus, which was the *Forum Julianum* of the ancients, and ſtill boaſts of ſome remains of antiquity, particularly the ruins of an amphitheatre and an aqueduct. The firſt we paſſed in the dark, and next morning the weather was ſo cold, that I could not walk abroad to ſee it. The town is at preſent very inconſiderable, and indeed in a ruinous condition. Nevertheleſs, we were very well lodged at the poſt-houſe, and treated with more politeneſs than we had met with in any other part of France.

As we had a very high mountain to aſcend in the morning, I ordered the mules on before to the next poſt, and hired ſix horſes for the coach. At the eaſt end of Frejus, we ſaw cloſe to the road, on our left hand, the arcades of the ancient aqueduct, and the ruins of ſome Roman edifices, which ſeemed to have been temples. There was nothing ſtriking in the architecture of the aqueduct. The arches are ſmall and low, without either grace or ornament, and ſeem to have been calculated for mere utility.

The mountain of Eſterelles, which is eight miles over, was formerly frequented by a gang of deſperate banditti, who are now happily exterminated: The road is very good, but in ſome places very ſteep, and bordered by precipices. The mountain is covered with pines, and the *laurus ceraſus*, the fruit of which being now ripe, made a moſt romantic appearance through the ſnow that lay upon the branches. The cherries were ſo large, that I at firſt miſtook them for dwarf oranges. I think they are counted poiſonous in England, but here the people eat them without heſitation. In the middle of the mountain is the poſt houſe, where we dined in a room ſo cold, that the bare remembrance of it makes my teeth chatter. After dinner, I chanced to look into another

chamber that fronted the ſouth, where the ſun ſhone; and opening a window, perceived, within a yard of my hand, a large tree loaded with oranges, many of which were ripe. You may judge what my aſtoniſhment was, to find Winter in all his rigour reigning on one ſide of the houſe, and Summer in all her glory on the other. Certain it is, this middle of the mountain ſeemed to be the boundary of the cold weather. As we proceeded ſlowly in the afternoon, we were quite enchanted. This ſide of the hill is a natural plantation of the moſt agreeable evergreens, pines, firs, laurel, cypreſs, ſweet myrtle, tamariſc, box, and juniper, interſperſed with ſweet marjoram, lavender, thyme, wild thyme, and ſage. On the right hand, the ground ſhoots up into agreeable cones, between which you have delightful viſtas of the Mediterranean, which waſhes the foot of the rock; and between two diviſions of the mountains, there is a bottom watered by a charming ſtream, which greatly adds to the rural beauties of the ſcene.

This night we paſſed at Cannes, a little fiſhing town, agreeably ſituated on the beach of the ſea, and in the ſame place lodged Monſieur Nadeau d'Etreuil, the unfortunate French governor of Guadeloupe, condemned to be impriſoned for life in one of the iſles of Muaguerite, which lie within a mile of this coaſt.

Next day we journeyed by the way of Antibes, a ſmall maritime town, tolerably well fortified; and paſſing the little river Loup, over a ſtone bridge, arrived about noon at the village of St. Laurent, the extremity of France, where we paſſed the Var, after our baggage had undergone examination. From Cannes to this village, the road lies along the ſea-ſide; and ſure nothing can be more delightful. Though in the morning there was a froſt upon the ground, the ſun was as warm as it is in May in England. The ſea was quite ſmooth, and the beach formed of white poliſhed pebbles; on the left hand the country was covered with green olives, and the ſide of the road planted with large trees of ſweet myrtle growing wild like the hawthorns in England. From Antibes we had the firſt view of Nice, lying on the oppoſite ſide of the bay, and making a very agreeable appearance.

The author of the Grand Tour ſays, that from Antibes to Nice the roads are very bad, through rugged mountains bordered with precipices on the left, and by the ſea to the right; whereas, in fact, there is neither precipice nor mountain near it.

The Var, which divides the county of Nice from Provence, is no other than a torrent fed chiefly by the ſnow that melts on the maritime Alps, from which it takes its origin. In the ſummer it is ſwelled to a dangerous height, and this is alſo the caſe after heavy rains: But at preſent the middle of it is quite dry, and the water divided into two or three narrow ſtreams, which however, are both deep and rapid. This river has been abſurdly enough by ſome ſuppoſed the Rubicon, in all probability from the deſcription of that river in the Pharſalia of Lucan, who makes it the boundary betwixt Gaul and Italy—

——et Gallica certus
Limes ab Auſoniis diſterminat arva colonis;

whereas, in fact, the Rubicon, now called Piſatello, runs between Ravenna and Rimini.—But to return to the Var. At the village of St. Laurent, famous for its muſcadine wines, there is a ſet of guides always in attendance to conduct you in your paſſage over the river. Six of thoſe fellows, tucked up above the middle, with long poles in their hands, took charge of our coach, and by many windings, guided it ſafe to the oppoſite ſhore. Indeed there was no occaſion for any; but it is a ſort of a perquiſite, and I did not chooſe to run any riſk, how ſmall ſoever it might be, for the ſake of ſaving half a crown, with which they were ſatisfied. If you do not gratify the ſearchers at St. Laurent with the ſame ſum, they will rummage your trunks, and turn all your clothes topſy turvy. And here, once for all, I would adviſe every traveller, who conſults his own eaſe and convenience, to be liberal of his money to all that ſort of people; and even to wink at the impoſition of aubergiſtes on the road, unleſs it be very flagrant. So ſure as you enter into diſputes with them, you will be put to a great deal of trouble, and fret yourſelf to no manner of purpoſe. I have travelled with economiſts in

England, who declared they would rather give away a crown than allow themſelves to be cheated of a farthing. This is a good maxim, but requires a great ſhare of reſolution and ſelf-denial to put in practice. In one excurſion, my fellow-traveller was in a paſſion, and of conſequence very bad company, from one end of the journey to the other. He was inceſſantly ſcolding either at landlords, landladies, waiters, hoſtlers, or poſtillions. We had bad horſes, and bad chaiſes; ſet out from every ſtage with the curſes of the people; and at this expence I ſaved about ten ſhillings in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. For ſuch a paltry conſideration, he was contented to be miſerable himſelf, and to make every other perſon unhappy with whom he had any concern. When I came laſt from Bath, it rained ſo hard, that the poſtillion who drove the chaiſe was wet to the ſkin before we had gone a couple of miles. When we arrived at the Devizes, I gave him two ſhillings inſtead of one, out of pure compaſſion. The conſequence of this liberality was, that in the next ſtage we ſeemed rather to fly than to travel upon ſolid ground. I continued my bounty to the ſecond driver, and indeed through the whole journey, and found myſelf accommodated in a very different manner from what I had experienced before. I had elegant chaiſes, with excellent horſes; and the poſtillions of their own accord uſed ſuch diligence, that, although the roads were broken by the rain, I travelled at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and my extraordinary expence from Bath to London amounted preciſely to ſix ſhillings.

The river Var falls into the Mediterranean a little below St. Laurent, about four miles to the weſtward of Nice. Within the memory of perſons now living, there have been three wooden bridges thrown over it, and as often deſtroyed, in conſequence of the jealouſy ſubſiſting between the kings of France and Sardinia; this river being the boundary of their dominions on the ſide of Provence. However, this is a conſideration that ought not to interfere with the other advantages that would accrue to both kingdoms from ſuch a convenience. If there was a bridge over the Var, and a poſt-road made

mountains, the moſt extenſive plain of the whole country being this where I now am, in the neighbourhood of Nice. The length of it does not exceed two miles, nor is the breadth of it, in any part, above one. It is bounded by the Mediterranean on the ſouth. From the ſea-ſhore, the Maritime Alps begin with hills of a gentle aſcent, riſing into mountains that form a ſweep or amphitheatre, ending at Montalban, which overhangs the town of Villa Franca. On the weſt ſide of this mountain, and in the eaſtern extremity of the amphitheatre, ſtands the city of Nice, wedged in between a ſteep rock and the little river Paglion, which deſcends from the mountains, and waſhing the town-walls on the weſt ſide, falls into the ſea, after having filled ſome canals for the uſe of the inhabitants. There is a ſtone-bridge of three arches over it, by which thoſe who come from Provence enter the city. The channel of it is very broad, but generally dry in many places; the water (as in the Var) dividing itſelf into ſeveral ſmall ſtreams. The Paglion, being fed by melted ſnow and rain in the mountains, is quite dry in ſummer; but it is ſometimes ſwelled by ſudden rains to a very formidable torrent. This was the caſe in the year 1744, when the French and Spaniſh armies attacked eighteen Piedmonteſe battalions, which were poſted on the ſide of Montalban. The aſſailants were repulſed with the loſs of four thouſand men, ſome hundreds of whom periſhed in repaſſing the Paglion, which had ſwelled to a ſurpriſing degree, during the battle, in conſequence of a heavy continued rain. This rain was of great ſervice to the Piedmonteſe, as it prevented one half of the enemy from paſſing the river to ſuſtain the other. Five hundred were taken priſoners: But the Piedmonteſe, foreſeeing they ſhould be ſurrounded next day by the French, who had penetrated behind them, by a paſs in the mountains, retired in the night. Being received on board the Engliſh fleet, which lay at Villa Franca, they were conveyed to Oneglia. In examining the bodies of thoſe that were killed in the battle, the inhabitants of Nice perceived, that a great number of the Spaniſh ſoldiers were circumciſed; a circumſtance from which they concluded, that a great many Jews en-

gage in the ſervice of his Catholic majeſty. I am of a different opinion. The Jews are the leaſt of any people that I know, addicted to a military life. I rather imagine they were of the Mooriſh race, who have ſubſiſted in Spain ſince the expulſion of their brethren; and though they conform externally to the rites of the Catholic religion, ſtill retain in private their attachment to the law of Mahomet.

The city of Nice is built in form of an irregular iſoſceles triangle, the baſe of which fronts the ſea. On the weſt ſide it is ſurrounded by a wall and rampart; on the eaſt it is overhung by a rock, on which we ſee the ruins of an old caſtle, which, before the invention of artillery, was counted impregnable. It was taken and diſmantled by Mareſchal Catinat, in the time of Victor Amadæus, the father of his Sardinian majeſty. It was afterwards finally demoliſhed by the Duke of Berwick towards the latter end of Queen Anne's war. To repair it would be a very unneceſſary expence, as it is commanded by Montalban, and ſeveral other eminences.

The town of Nice is altogether indefenſible, and therefore without fortifications. There are only two iron guns upon a baſtion that fronts the beach; and here the French had formed a conſiderable battery againſt the Engliſh cruizers, in the war of 1744, when the Mareſchal Duke de Belleiſle had his head quarters at Nice. This little town, ſituated in the bay of Antibes, is almoſt equidiſtant from Marſeilles, Turin, and Genoa, the firſt and laſt being about thirty leagues from hence by ſea, and the capital of Piedmont at the ſame diſtance to the northward, over the mountains. It lies exactly oppoſite to Capo di Ferro, on the coaſt of Barbary; and the iſlands of Sardinia and Corſica are laid down about two degrees to the eaſtward, almoſt exactly in a line with Genoa. This little town, hardly a mile in circumference, is ſaid to contain twelve thouſand inhabitants. The ſtreets are narrow; the houſes are built of ſtone, and the windows in general are fitted with paper inſtead of glaſs. This expedient would not anſwer in a country ſubject to rain and ſtorms; but

here, where there is very little of either, the paper lozenges anſwer tolerably well. The bourgeois, however, begin to have their houſes faſhed with glaſs. Between the town-wall and the ſea, the fiſhermen haul up their boats upon the open beach; but on the other ſide of the rock, where the caſtle ſtood, is the port or harbour of Nice, upon which ſome money has been expended. It is a ſmall baſon, defended to ſeaward by a mole of freeſtone, which is much better contrived than executed; for the ſea has already made three breaches in it; and, in all probability, in another winter, the extremity of it will be carried quite away. It would require the talents of a very ſkilful architect to lay the foundation of a good mole, on an open beach like this, expoſed to the ſwell of the whole Mediterranean, without any iſland or rock in the offing, to break the force of the waves. Beſides, the ſhore is bold, and the bottom foul. There are ſeventeen feet of water in the baſon, ſufficient to float veſſels of one hundred and fifty tons; and this is chiefly ſupplied by a ſmall ſtream of very fine water; another great convenience for ſhipping. On the ſide of the mole, there is a conſtant guard of ſoldiers, and a battery of ſeven cannon, pointing to the ſea. On the other ſide, there is a curious manufacture for twiſting or reeling ſilk, a tavern, a coffee-houſe, and ſeveral other buildings, for the convenience of the ſea-faring people. Without the harbour is a lazarette, where perſons coming from infected places are obliged to perform quarantine. The harbour has been declared a free port; and it is generally full of tartanes, polacres, and other ſmall veſſels, that come from Sardinia, Ivica, Italy, and Spain, loaded with ſalt, wine, and other commodities; but here is no trade of any great conſequence.

The city of Nice is provided with a ſenate, which adminiſters juſtice under the auſpices of an avocat-general, ſent hither by the king. The internal economy of the town is managed by four conſuls; one for the nobleſſe, another for the merchants, a third for the bourgeois, and a fourth for the peaſants. Theſe are choſen annually from the town-council. They keep the

ſtreets and markets in order, and ſuperintend the public works. There is alſo an intendant, who takes care of his majeſty's revenue: But there is a diſcretionary power lodged in the perſon of the commandant, who is always an officer of rank in the ſervice, and has under his immediate command the regiment which is here in garriſon. That which is here now, is a Swiſs battalion, of which the king has five or ſix in his ſervice. There is likewiſe a regiment of militia, which is exerciſed once a-year. But of all theſe particulars, I ſhall ſpeak more fully on another occaſion.

When I ſtand upon the rampart, and look round me, I can ſcarce help thinking myſelf enchanted. The ſmall extent of country which I ſee, is all cultivated like a garden. Indeed, the plain preſents nothing but gardens, full of green trees, loaded with oranges, lemons, citrons, and bergamots, which make a delightful appearance. If you examine them more nearly, you will find plantations of green peaſe ready to gather; all ſorts of ſallading, and pot-herbs in perfection; and plats of roſes, carnations, ranunculas, anemonies, and daffodils, blowing in full glory, with ſuch beauty, vigour, and perfume, as no flower in England ever exhibited.

I muſt tell you, that preſents of carnations are ſent from hence in the winter to Turin and Paris; nay, ſometimes as far as London by the poſt. They are packed up in a wooden box, without any ſort of preparation, one preſſed upon another: The perſon who receives them, cuts off a little bit of the ſtalk, and ſteeps them for two hours in vinegar and water, when they recover their full bloom and beauty. Then he places them in water bottles, in an apartment where they are ſcreened from the ſeverities of the weather; and they will continue freſh and unfaded the beſt part of a month.

Amidſt the plantations in the neighbourhood of Nice, appear a vaſt number of white *baſtides*, or country-houſes, which make a dazzling ſhow. Some few of theſe are good villas, belonging to the nobleſſe of this county; and even ſome of the bourgeois are provided with pretty lodgeable *caſſines*; but, in general, they are the habitations of the peaſants, and contain nothing but

miſery and vermin. They are all built ſquare, and, being whitened with lime or plaſter, contribute greatly to the richneſs of the view. The hills are ſhaded to the tops with olive-trees, which are always green; and thoſe hills are over-topped by more diſtant mountains, covered with ſnow. When I turn myſelf towards the ſea, the view is bounded by the horizon; yet, in a clear morning, one can perceive the high lands of Corſica. On the right hand, it is terminated by Antibes, and the mountain of Eſterelles, which I deſcribed in my laſt. As for the weather, you will conclude, from what I have ſaid of the oranges, flowers, &c., that it muſt be wonderfully mild and ſerene: But of the climate I ſhall ſpeak hereafter. Let me only obſerve, *en paſſant*, that the houſes in general have no chimneys, but in their kitchens; and that many people, even of condition, at Nice, have no fire in their chambers during the whole winter. When the weather happens to be a little more ſharp than uſual, they warm their apartments with a *braſiere* of charcoal.

Though Nice itſelf retains few marks of ancient ſplendour, there are conſiderable monuments of antiquity in its neighbourhood. About two ſhort miles from the town, upon the ſummit of a pretty high hill, we find the ruins of the ancient city Cemenelion, now called Cimia, which was once the metropolis of the Maritime Alps, and the ſeat of a Roman preſident. With reſpect to ſituation, nothing could be more agreeable or ſalubrious. It ſtood upon the gentle aſcent and ſummit of a hill fronting the Mediterranean, from the ſhore of which it is diſtant about half a league; and, on the other ſide, it overlooked a bottom, or narrow vale, through which the Paglion (anciently called Paulo) runs towards the walls of Nice. It was inhabited by a people, whom Ptolemy and Pliny call the *Vedantij*: But theſe were undoubtedly mixed with a Roman colony, as appears by the monuments which ſtill remain; I mean the ruins of an amphitheatre, a temple of Apollo, baths, aqueducts, ſepulchral and other ſtones, with inſcriptions, and a great number of medals, which the peaſants have found by accident, in digging and labour-

ing the vineyards and corn-fields, which now cover the ground where the city ſtood. Touching this city, very little is to be learned from the ancient hiſtorians: But that it was the ſeat of a Roman preſes, is proved by the two following inſcriptions, which are ſtill extant.

P. AELIO. SEVERINO.
V. E. P.
PRAESIDI. OPTIMO.
ORDO. CEMEN.
PATRONO.

This is now in the poſſeſſion of the count de Gubernatis, who has a country-houſe upon the ſpot. The other, found near the ſame place, is in praiſe of the preſes Marcus Aurelius Maſculus.

M. AVRELIO. MASCVLO.
V. E.
OB. EXIMIAM. PRAESIDATVS.
EIVS. INTEGRITATEM. ET
EGREGIAM. AD OMNES HOMINES
MANSVETVDINEM. ET. VRGENTIS
ANNONAE. SINCERAM. PRAEBITIONEM.
AC. MVNIFICENTIAM. ET. QVOD. AQVAE.
VSVM. VETVSTATE. LAPSVM. REQVI-
SITVM. AC. REPERTVM. SAECVLI
FELICITATE. CVRSVI. PRISTINO
REDDIDERIT.
COLLEG. III.
QVIB. EX. SCC. P. EST,
PATRONO. DIGNISS.

This preſident well deſerved ſuch a mark of reſpect from a people whom he had aſſiſted in two ſuch eſſential articles, as their corn and their water. You know, the preſes of a Roman province had the *jus figendi clavi*, the privilege of wearing the *latus clavus*, the *gladius*, *infula*, *prætexta*, *purpura et annulus aureus*: He had his *vaſa*, *vehicula*, *apparitores*, *ſcipio* [illegible] *rulis*.

I ſhall give you one more [illegible] marble, which is now plac

belonging to the convent of St. Pont, a venerable building, which ſtands at the bottom of the hill, fronting the north ſide of the town of Nice. This St. Pont, or Pontius, was a Roman convert to Chriſtianity, who ſuffered martyrdom at Cemenelion in the year 261, during the reigns of the Emperors Valerian and Gallienus. The legends recount ſome ridiculous miracles wrought in favour of this ſaint, both before and after his death. Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain, cauſed this monaſtery to be built on the ſpot where Pontius ſuffered decapitation. But, to return to the inſcription; it appears in theſe words—

M. M. A.
FLAVIAE. BASILLAE. CONIVG. CARISSIM.
DOM. ROMA. MIRAE. ERGA. MARITVM. AMORIS.
ADQ. CASTITAT. FAEMINAE. QVAE VIXIT
ANN. XXXV. M. III. DIEB. XII. AVRELIVS
RHODISMANVS. AVG. LIB. COMMEM. ALP.
MART. ET. AVRELIA. ROMVLA. FILIA.
IMPATIENTISSIM. DOLOR. EIVS. ADFLICTI
ADQ. DESOLATI. CARISSIM. AC MERENT. FERET.
FEC. ET. DED.

The amphitheatre of Cemenelion is but very ſmall compared to that of Niſmes. The arena is ploughed up, and bears corn: Some of the ſeats remain, and part of two oppoſite porticos; but all the columns and the external façade of the building are taken away; ſo that it is impoſſible to judge of the architecture: All that we can perceive is, that it was built in an oval form. About one hundred paces from the amphitheatre ſtood an ancient temple, ſuppoſed to have been dedicated to Apollo. The original roof is demoliſhed, as well as the portico; the veſtiges of which may ſtill be traced. The part called the Baſilica, and about one half of the Cella Sanctior, remain, and are converted into the dwelling-houſe and ſtable of the peaſant who takes care of the Count de Gubernatis's garden, in which this monument ſtands. In the Cella Sanctior, I found a lean cow, a he-goat, and a jack-aſs; the very ſame conjunction of animals which I had ſeen drawing a plough in Burgundy. Several mu-

tilated ſtatues have been dug up from the ruins of this temple; and a great number of medals have been found in the different vineyards which now occupy the ſpace upon which ſtood the ancient city of Cemenelion. Theſe were of gold, ſilver, and braſs.—Many of them were preſented to Charles Emanuel I. Duke of Savoy. The prince of Monaco has a good number of them in his collection; and the reſt are in private hands. The peaſants, in digging, have likewiſe found many urns, lachrymatories, and ſepulchral ſtones, with epitaphs, which are now diſperſed among different convents and private houſes. All this ground is a rich mine of antiquities, which, if properly worked, would produce a great number of valuable curioſities. Juſt by the temple of Apollo were the ruins of a bath, compoſed of great blocks of marble, which have been taken away for the purpoſes of modern building. In all probability many other noble monuments of this city have been dilapidated by the ſame barbarous economy. There are ſome ſubterranean vaults, through which the water was conducted to this bath, ſtill extant in the garden of the Count de Gubernatis. Of the aqueduct that conveyed water to the town, I can ſay very little, but that it was ſcooped through a mountain: That this ſubterranean paſſage was diſcovered ſome years ago, by removing the rubbiſh which choked it up: That the people penetrating a conſiderable way, by the help of lighted torches, found a very plentiful ſtream of water flowing in an aqueduct, as high as an ordinary man, arched over head, and lined with a ſort of cement. They could not, however, trace this ſtream to its ſource; and it is again ſtopped up with earth and rubbiſh. There is not a ſoul in this country who has either ſpirit or underſtanding to conduct an inquiry of this kind. Hard by the amphitheatre is a convent of recollets, built in a very romantic ſituation, on the brink of a precipice. On one ſide of their garden, they aſcend to a kind of eſplanade, which they ſay was part of the citadel of Cemenelion. They have planted it with cypreſs-trees and flowering ſhrubs. One of the monks told me, that it is vaulted below, as they can plainly perceive by the ſound of their inſtruments uſed

in hoeing the ground. A very ſmall expence would bring the ſecrets of this cavern to light. They have nothing to do but to make a breach in the wall, which appears uncovered towards the garden.

The city of Cemenelion was firſt ſacked by the Longobards, who made an irruption into Provence, under their king Alboinus, about the middle of the ſixth century. It was afterwards totally deſtroyed by the Saracens, who at different times ravaged this whole coaſt. The remains of the people are ſuppoſed to have changed their habitation, and formed a coalition with the inhabitants of Nice.

What further I have to ſay of Nice, you ſhall know in good time; at preſent I have nothing to add, but what you very well know, that I am always your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, Jan.* 20. 1764.

LAST Sunday I croſſed Montalban on horſeback with ſome Swiſs officers, on a viſit to our conſul Mr. B——d, who lives at Ville Franche, about half a league from Nice. It is a ſmall town, built upon the ſide of a rock, at the bottom of the harbour, which is a fine baſon, ſurrounded with hills on every ſide, except to the ſouth, where it lies open to the ſea. If there was a ſmall iſland in the mouth of it, to break off the force of the waves, when the wind is ſoutherly, it would be one of the fineſt harbours in the world; for the ground is exceeding good for anchorage: There is a ſufficient depth of water, and room enough for the whole navy of England. On the right hand, as you enter the port, there is an elegant fanal or light-houſe, kept in good repair: But in all the charts of this coaſt which I have ſeen, this lanthorn is laid down to the weſtward of the harbour; an error equally abſurd and dangerous, as it may miſlead the navigator, and induce him to run his ſhip [illegible]

the rocks to the eaſtward of the light-houſe, where it would undoubtedly periſh. Oppoſite to the mouth of the harbour is the fort, which can be of no ſervice but in defending the ſhipping and the town by ſea; for, by land, it is commanded by Montalban, and all the hills in the neighbourhood. In the war of 1744, it was taken and retaken. At preſent it is in tolerable good repair. On the left of the fort is the baſon for the galleys, with a kind of dock, in which they are built, and occaſionally laid up to be refitted. This baſon is formed by a pretty ſtone mole; and here his Sardinian majeſty's two galleys lie perfectly ſecure, moored with their ſterns cloſe to the jetté. I went on board one of theſe veſſels, and ſaw about two hundred miſerable wretches chained to the banks on which they ſit and row when the galley is at ſea. This is a ſight which a Britiſh ſubject, ſenſible of the bleſſing he enjoys, cannot behold without horror and compaſſion. Not but that if we conſider the nature of the caſe with coolneſs and deliberation, we muſt acknowledge the juſtice and even ſagacity of employing for the ſervice of the public thoſe malefactors who have forfeited their title to the privileges of the community. Among the ſlaves at Ville Franche is a Piedmonteſe count, condemned to the galleys for life, in conſequence of having been convicted of forgery.

He is permitted to live on ſhore; and gets money by employing the other ſlaves to knit ſtockings for ſale.—He appears always in the Turkiſh habit, and is in a fair way of raiſing a better fortune than that which he has forfeited. It is a great pity, however, and a manifeſt outrage againſt the law of nations, as well as of humanity, to mix with thoſe banditti, the Mooriſh and Turkiſh priſoners who are taken in the proſecution of open war. It is certainly no juſtification of this barbarous practice, that the Chriſtian priſoners are treated as cruelly at Tunis and Algiers. It would be for the honour of Chriſtendom, to ſet an example of generoſity to the Turks; and if they would not follow it, to join their naval forces, and extirpate at once thoſe neſts of pirates who have ſo long infeſted the Mediterranean. Certainly nothing can be mo[illegible] than the treaties which

The galleys go to ſea only in the ſummer. In tempeſtuous weather, they could not live out of port. Indeed, they are good for nothing but in ſmooth water, during a calm, when, by dint of rowing, they make good way. The king of Sardinia is ſo ſenſible of their inutility, that he intends to let his galleys rot; and, in lieu of them, has purchaſed two large frigates in England, one of fifty, and another of thirty guns, which are now in the harbour of Ville Franche. He has alſo procured an Engliſh officer, one Mr. A———, who is ſecond in command on board of one of them, and has the title of captain *conſulteur*, that is, inſtructor to the firſt captain, the Marquis de M———i, who knows as little of ſeamanſhip as I do of Arabic.

The king, it is ſaid, intends to have two or three more frigates, and then he will be more than a match for the Barbary corſairs, provided care be taken to man his fleet in a proper manner: But this will never be done, unleſs he invites foreigners into his ſervice, officers as well as ſeamen; for his own dominions produce neither at preſent. If he is really determined to make the moſt of the maritime ſituation of his dominions, as well as of his alliance with Great Britain, he ought to ſupply his ſhips with Engliſh mariners, and put a Britiſh commander at the head of his fleet. He ought to erect magazines and docks at Villa Franca; or if there is not conveniency for building, he may at leaſt have pits and wharfs for heaving down and careening; and theſe ought to be under the direction of Engliſhmen, who beſt underſtand all the particulars of marine economy. Without all doubt, he will not be able to engage foreigners, without giving them liberal appointments; and their being engaged in his ſervice will give umbrage to his own ſubjects: But when the buſineſs is to eſtabliſh a maritime power, theſe conſiderations ought to be ſacrificed to reaſons of public utility. Nothing can be more abſurd and unreaſonable, than the murmurs of the Piedmonteſe officers at the preferment of foreigners, who execute thoſe things for the advantage of their country, of which they know themſelves incapable. When Mr. P———n was firſt promoted in the ſervice of his Sardi-

nian Majeſty, he met with great oppoſition, and numberleſs mortifications, from the jealouſy of the Piedmonteſe officers, and was obliged to hazard his life in many rencounters with them, before they would be quiet. Being a man of uncommon ſpirit, he never ſuffered the leaſt inſult or affront to paſs unchaſtiſed. He had repeated opportunities of ſignalizing his valour againſt the Turks: And, by dint of extraordinary merit, and long ſervices, not only attained the chief command of the galleys, with the rank of lieutenant-general, but alſo acquired a very conſiderable ſhare of the king's favour, and was appointed commandant of Nice. His Sardinian majeſty found his account more ways than one, in thus promoting Mr. P———n. He made the acquiſition of an excellent officer, of tried courage and fidelity, by whoſe advice he conducted his marine affairs. This gentleman was perfectly well eſteemed at the court of London. In the war of 1744, he lived in the utmoſt harmony with the Britiſh admirals who commanded our fleet in the Mediterranean. In conſequence of this good underſtanding, a thouſand occaſional ſervices were performed by the Engliſh ſhips, for the benefit of his maſter, which otherwiſe could not have been done, without a formal application to our miniſtry; in which caſe, the opportunities would have been loſt. I know our admirals had general orders and inſtructions to co-operate in all things with his Sardinian majeſty; but I know alſo, by experience, how little theſe general inſtructions avail, when the admiral is not cordially intereſted in the ſervice. Were the king of Sardinia at preſent engaged with England in a new war againſt France, and a Britiſh ſquadron ſtationed upon this coaſt, as formerly, he would find a great difference in this particular. He ſhould therefore carefully avoid having at Nice a Savoyard commandant, utterly ignorant of ſea affairs; unacquainted with the true intereſt of his maſter, proud and arbitrary; reſerved to ſtrangers, from a prejudice of national jealouſy; and particularly averſe to the Engliſh.

With reſpect to the ancient name of Villa Franca, there is a diſpute among antiquarians. It is not at all mentioned in the *Itinerarium* of Antoninus, unleſs it is

meant as the port of Nice. But it is more ſurpriſing, that the accurate Strabo, in deſcribing this coaſt, mentions no ſuch harbour. Some people imagine it is the Portus Herculis Monæci. But this is undoubtedly what is now called Monaco; the harbour of which exactly tallies with what Strabo ſays of the Portus Monæci—— *neque magnas, neque multas capit naves.*—Ptolemy, indeed, ſeems to mention it under the name of Herculis Portus, different from the Portus Monæci. His words are theſe:—*Poſt Vari oſtium ad liguſtrium mare, Maſſilienſium ſunt* Nicæa, *Herculis Portus, Trophæa Auguſti, Monæci Portus.* In that caſe, Hercules was worſhipped both here and at Monaco, and gave his name to both places. But on this ſubject, I ſhall perhaps ſpeak more fully in another letter, after I have ſeen the *Trophæa Auguſti*, now called Tourbia, and the town of Monaco, which laſt is about three leagues from Nice. Here I cannot help taking notice of the following elegant deſcription from the Pharſalia, which ſeems to have been intended for this very harbour.

Finis et Heſperiæ promoto milite varus,
Quaque ſub Herculeo ſacratus numine Portus
Urget rupe cava Pelagus, non Corus in illum
Jus habet, aut Zephirus, ſolus ſua littora turbat
Circius, et tuta prohibet ſtatione Monæci.

The preſent town of Villa Franca was built and ſettled in the thirteenth century, by order of Charles II. king of the Sicilies, and count of Provence, in order to defend the harbour from the deſcents of the Saracens, who, at that time, infeſted the coaſt. The inhabitants were removed hither from another town, ſituated on the top of a mountain in the neighbourhood, which thoſe pirates had deſtroyed. Some ruins of the old town are ſtill extant. In order to ſecure the harbour ſtill more effectually, Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, built the fort in the beginning of the laſt century, together with the mole where the galleys are moored. As I ſaid before, Villa Franca is built on the face of a barren rock, waſhed by the ſea; and there is not an acre of plain ground within a mile of it. In ſummer, the reflection of the ſun from the rocks muſt make it intolerably hot;

for even at this time of the year, I walked myſelf into a profuſe ſweat, by going about a quarter of a mile to ſee the galleys.

Pray, remember me to our friends at A——'s, and believe me to be ever yours.

LETTER XV.

MADAM, *Nice, January* 3. 1764.

IN your favour which I received by Mr. M——l, you remind me of my promiſe, to communicate the remarks I have ſtill to make on the French nation; and at the ſame time you ſignify your opinion, that I am too ſevere in my former obſervations. You even hint a ſuſpicion, that this ſeverity is owing to ſome perſonal cauſe of reſentment; but, I proteſt, I have no particular cauſe of animoſity againſt an individual of that country. I have neither obligation to, nor quarrel with, any ſubject of France; and when I meet with a Frenchman worthy of my eſteem, I can receive him into my friendſhip with as much cordiality, as I could feel for any fellow citizen of the ſame merit. I even reſpect the nation for the number of great men it has produced in all arts and ſciences. I reſpect the French officers, in particular, for their gallantry and valour; and eſpecially for that generous humanity which they exerciſe towards their enemies, even amidſt the horrors of war. This liberal ſpirit is the only circumſtance of ancient chivalry, which I think was worth preſerving. It had formerly flouriſhed in England, but was almoſt extinguiſhed in a ſucceſſion of civil wars, which are always productive of cruelty and rancour. It was Henry IV. of France (a real knight-errant) who revived it in Europe. He poſſeſſed that greatneſs of mind which can forgive injuries of the deepeſt dye: And as he had alſo the faculty of diſtinguiſhing characters, he found his account in favouring with his friendſhip and confidence ſome of thoſe who had oppoſed him in the field with the moſt inveterate perſeverance. I know not

whether he did more ſervice to mankind in general, by reviving the practice of treating his priſoners with generoſity, than he prejudiced his own country by patronizing the abſurd and pernicious cuſtom of duelling, and eſtabliſhing a *punto*, founded in diametrical oppoſition to common ſenſe and humanity.

I have often heard it obſerved, that a French officer is generally an agreeable companion when he is turned of fifty. Without all doubt, by that time, the fire of his vivacity, which makes him ſo troubleſome in his youth, will be conſiderably abated, and in other reſpects, he muſt be improved by his experience. But there is a fundamental error in the firſt principles of his education, which time rather confirms than removes. Early prejudices are for the moſt part converted into habits of thinking; and accordingly you will find the old officers in the French ſervice more bigotted than their juniors to the punctilios of falſe honour.

A lad of a good family no ſooner enters into the ſervice than he thinks it incumbent upon him to ſhow his courage in a rencounter. His natural vivacity prompts him to hazard in company every thing that comes uppermoſt, without any reſpect to his ſeniors or betters; and ten to one but he ſays ſomething which he finds it neceſſary to maintain with his ſword. The old officer, inſtead of checking his petulance, either by rebuke or ſilent diſapprobation, ſeems to be pleaſed with his impertinence, and encourages every ſally of his preſumption. Should a quarrel enſue, and the parties go out, he makes no efforts to compromiſe the diſpute; but ſits with a pleaſing expectation to learn the iſſue of the rencounter. If the young man is wounded, he kiſſes him with tranſport, extols his bravery, puts him into the hands of the ſurgeon, and viſits him with great tenderneſs every day, until he is cured. If he is killed on the ſpot, he ſhrugs up his ſhoulders—ſays, *Quelle dommage! c'étoit un aimable enfant! ah, patience!* and in three hours the defunct is forgotten. You know, in France, duels are forbid, on pain of death: But this law is eaſily evaded. The perſon inſulted walks out; the antagoniſt underſtands the hint, and follows him into the ſtreet,

where they juſtle as if by accident, draw their ſwords, and one of them is either killed or diſabled, before any effectual means can be uſed to part them. Whatever may be the iſſue of the combat, the magiſtrate takes no cognizance of it; at leaſt, it is interpreted into an accidental rencounter, and no penalty is incurred on either ſide. Thus, the purpoſe of the law is entirely defeated, by a moſt ridiculous and cruel connivance. The mereſt trifles in converſation, a raſh word, a diſtant hint, even a look or ſmile of contempt, is ſufficient to produce one of theſe combats; but injuries of a deeper dye, ſuch as terms of reproach, the lie direct, a blow, or even the menace of a blow, muſt be diſcuſſed with more formality. In any of theſe caſes, the parties agree to meet in the dominions of another prince, where they can murder each other, without fear of puniſhment. An officer who is ſtruck, or even threatened with a blow, muſt not be quiet, until he either kills his antagoniſt, or loſes his own life. A friend of mine (a Niſſard), who was in the ſervice of France, told me, that, ſome years ago, one of their captains, in the heat of paſſion, ſtruck his lieutenant. They fought immediately: The lieutenant was wounded and diſarmed. As it was an affront that could not be made up, he no ſooner recovered of his wounds, than he called out the captain a ſecond time. In a word, they fought five times before the combat proved deciſive; at laſt, the lieutenant was left dead on the ſpot. This was an event that ſufficiently proved the abſurdity of the punctilio which gave riſe to it. The poor gentleman who was inſulted, and outraged by the brutality of the aggreſſor, found himſelf under the neceſſity of giving him a further occaſion to take away his life. Another adventure of the ſame kind happened a few years ago in this place. A French officer having threatened to ſtrike another, a formal challenge enſued; and it being agreed that they ſhould fight until one of them dropped, each provided himſelf with a couple of pioneers to dig his grave on the ſpot. They engaged juſt without one of the gates of Nice, in preſence of a great number of ſpectators, and fought with ſurpriſing fury, until the ground was drenched with their blood,

At length one of them ſtumbled, and fell; upon which the other, who found himſelf mortally wounded, advancing, and dropping his point, ſaid, "*Je te donne ce que tu m'as oté.*" "I give thee that which thou haſt taken from me." So ſaying he dropped dead upon the field. The other, who had been the perſon inſulted, was ſo dangerouſly wounded, that he could not riſe. Some of the ſpectators carried him forthwith to the beach, and putting him into a boat, conveyed him by ſea to Antibes. The body of his antagoniſt was denied Chriſtian burial, as he died without abſolution, and every body allowed that his ſoul went to hell: But the gentlemen of the army declared, that he died like a man of honour. Should a man be never ſo well inclined to make atonement in a peaceable manner, for an inſult given in the heat of paſſion, or in the fury of intoxication, it cannot be received. Even an involuntary treſpaſs from ignorance or abſence of mind, muſt be cleanſed with blood. A certain noble lord of our country, when he was yet a commoner, on his travels, involved himſelf in a dilemma of this ſort, at the court of Lorrain. He had been riding out, and ſtrolling along a public walk, in a brown ſtudy, with his horſe-whip in his hand, perceived a caterpillar crawling on the back of a marquis, who chanced to be before him. He never thought of the *petit maitre;* but lifting up his whip, in order to kill the inſect, laid it acroſs his ſhoulders with a crack, that alarmed all the company in the walk. The marquis's ſword was produced in a moment, and the aggreſſor in great hazard of his life, as he had no weapon of defence. He was no ſoonor waked from his reverie than he begged pardon, and offered to make all proper conceſſions for what he had done through mere inadvertency. The marquis would have admitted his excuſes, had there been any precedent of ſuch an affront waſhed away without blood. A conclave of honour was immediately aſſembled; and, after long diſputes, they agreed, that an involuntary offence, eſpecially from *ſuch a kind of man, d'un tel homme,* might be atoned by conceſſions. That you may have ſome idea of the ſmall beginning from which many gigantic quarrels ariſe, I ſhall recount

one that lately happened at Lyons, as I had it from the mouth of a perſon who was an ear and eye witneſs of the tranſaction. Two Frenchmen, at a public ordinary, ſtunned the reſt of the company with their loquacity. At length one of them, with a ſupercilious air, aſked the other's name. "I never tell my name (ſaid he), but in a whiſper." "You may have very good reaſons for keeping it ſecret," replied the firſt. "I will tell you," reſumed the other: With theſe words, he roſe; and going round to him, pronounced, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "*Je m'apelle Pierre Paſan; et vous etes un impertinent.*" So ſaying, he walked out: The interrogator followed him into the ſtreet, where they juſtled, drew their ſwords, and engaged. He who aſked the queſtion was run through the body; but his relations were ſo powerful, that the victor was obliged to fly his country. He was tried and condemned in his abſence; his goods were confiſcated; his wife broke her heart; his children were reduced to beggary; and he himſelf is now ſtarving in exile. In England, we have not yet adopted all the implacability of the punctilio. A gentleman may be inſulted even with a blow, and ſurvive, after having once hazarded his life againſt the aggreſſor. The laws of honour in our country do not oblige him either to ſlay the perſon from whom he received the injury, or even to fight to the laſt drop of his blood. One finds no examples of duels among the Romans, who were certainly as brave and as delicate in their notions of honour as the French. Cornelius Nepos tells us, that a famous Athenian general, having a diſpute with his colleague, who was of Sparta, a man of a fiery diſpoſition, this laſt lifted up his cane to ſtrike him. Had this happened to a French *petit maitre*, death muſt have enſued: But mark what followed—The Athenian, far from reſenting the outrage in what is now called a gentleman-like manner, ſaid, "Do, ſtrike if you pleaſe; but hear me." He never dreamed of cutting the Lacedemonian's throat; but bore with his paſſionate temper, as the infirmity of a friend who had a thouſand good qualities to overbalance that defect.

I need not expatiate upon the folly and the miſchief

which are countenanced and promoted by the modern practice of duelling. I need not give examples of friends who have murdered each other, in obedience to this ſavage cuſtom, even while their hearts were melting with mutual tenderneſs; nor will I particularize the inſtances which I myſelf know, of whole families ruined, of women and children made widows and orphans, of parents deprived of only ſons, and of valuable lives loſt to the community, by duels, which had been produced by one unguarded expreſſion, uttered without intention of offence, in the heat of diſpute and altercation. I ſhall not inſiſt upon the hardſhip of a worthy man's being obliged to devote himſelf to death, becauſe it is his misfortune to be inſulted by a brute, a bully, a drunkard, or a madman: Neither will I enlarge upon this ſide of the abſurdity, which, indeed, amounts to a contradiction in terms; I mean the dilemma to which a gentleman in the army is reduced, when he receives an affront: If he does not challenge and fight his antagoniſt, he is broke with infamy by a court-martial; if he fights and kills him, he is tried by the civil power, convicted of murder, and, if the royal mercy does not interpoſe, he is infallibly hanged: All this, excluſive of the riſk of his own life in the duel, and his conſcience being burdened with the blood of a man whom, perhaps, he has ſacrificed to a falſe punctilio, even contrary to his own judgment. Theſe are reflections which I know your own good ſenſe will ſuggeſt; but I will make bold to propoſe a remedy for this gigantic evil, which ſeems to gain ground every day: Let a court be inſtituted for taking cognizance of all breaches of honour, with power to puniſh by fine, pillory, ſentence of infamy, outlawry, and exile, by virtue of an act of parliament made for this purpoſe; and all perſons inſulted ſhall have recourſe to this tribunal: Let every man who ſeeks perſonal reparation with ſword, piſtol, or other inſtrument of death, be declared infamous, and baniſhed the kingdom: Let every man convicted of having uſed a ſword or piſtol, or other mortal weapon, againſt another, either in duel or rencounter, occaſioned by any previous quarrel, be ſubject to the ſame penalties: If any man is

killed in a duel, let his body be hanged upon a public gibbet for a certain time, and then given to the ſurgeons: Let his antagoniſt be hanged as a murderer, and diſſected alſo; and ſome mark of infamy be ſet on the memory of both. I apprehend ſuch regulations would put an effectual ſtop to the practice of duelling, which nothing but the fear of infamy can ſupport; for I am perſuaded, that no being capable of reflection would proſecute the trade of aſſaſſination at the riſk of his own life, if this hazard was at the ſame time reinforced by the certain proſpect of infamy and ruin. Every perſon of ſentiment would, in that caſe, allow, that an officer, who in a duel robs a deſerving woman of her huſband, a number of children of their father, a family of its ſupport, and the community of a fellow-citizen, has as little merit to plead from expoſing his own perſon, as a highwayman or houſebreaker, who every day riſks his life to rob or plunder that which is not of half the importance to ſociety. I think it was from the Buccaneers of America, that the Engliſh have learned to aboliſh one ſoleciſm in the practice of duelling: Thoſe adventurers decided their perſonal quarrels with piſtols; and this improvement has been adopted in Great Britain with good ſucceſs; though in France, and other parts of the continent, it is looked upon as a proof of their barbarity. It is, however, the only circumſtance of duelling which favours of common ſenſe, as it puts all mankind upon a level, the old with the young, the weak with the ſtrong, the unwieldy with the nimble, and the man who knows not how to hold a ſword with the *ſpadaſſin*, who has practiſed fencing from the cradle.—What glory is there in a man's vanquiſhing an adverſary over whom he has a manifeſt advantage? To abide the iſſue of a combat in this caſe, does not even require that moderate ſhare of reſolution which nature has indulged to her common children. Accordingly, we have ſeen many inſtances of a coward's provoking a man of honour to battle. In the reign of our ſecond Charles, when duels flouriſhed in all their abſurdity, and the ſeconds fought while their principals were engaged, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, not content with having de-

bauched the counteſs of Shrewſbury, and publiſhing her ſhame, took all opportunities of provoking the earl to ſingle combat, hoping he ſhould have an eaſy conqueſt, his lordſhip being a puny little creature, quiet, inoffenſive, and every way unfit for ſuch perſonal conteſts. He ridiculed him on all occaſions; and at laſt declared in public company, that there was no glory in cuckolding Shrewſbury, who had not ſpirit to reſent the injury. This was an inſult which could not be overlooked. The earl ſent him a challenge; and they agreed to fight, at Barns Elms, in preſence of two gentlemen, whom they choſe for their ſeconds. All the four engaged at the ſame time: The firſt thruſt was fatal to the earl of Shrewſbury; and his friend killed the duke's ſecond at the ſame inſtant. Buckingham, elated with his exploit, ſet out immediately for the earl's ſeat at Cliefden, where he lay with his wife, after having boaſted of the murder of her huſband, whoſe blood he ſhowed her upon his ſword, as a trophy of his proweſs. But this very Duke of Buckingham was little better than a poltroon at bottom. When the gallant Earl of Oſſory challenged him to fight in Chelſea-fields, he croſſed the water to Batterſea, where he pretended to wait for his lordſhip; and then complained to the Houſe of Lords, that Oſſory had given him the rendezvous, and did not keep his appointment. He knew the Houſe would interpoſe in the quarrel, and he was not diſappointed. Their lordſhips obliged them both to give their word of honour, that their quarrel ſhould have no other conſequences.

I ought to make an apology for having troubled a lady with ſo many obſervations on a ſubject ſo unſuitable to the ſoftneſs of the fair ſex; but I know you cannot be indifferent to any thing that ſo nearly affects the intereſts of humanity, which I can ſafely aver have alone ſuggeſted every thing which has been ſaid by,

Madam,

Your very humble ſervant.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, May* 2. 1764.

A FEW days ago, I rode out with two gentlemen of this country, to ſee a ſtream of water which was formerly conveyed in an aqueduct to the ancient city of Cemenelion, from whence this place is diſtant about a mile, though ſeparated by abrupt rocks and deep hollows, which laſt are here honoured with the name of valleys. The water, which is exquiſitely cool, and light, and pure, guſhes from the middle of a rock by a hole which leads to a ſubterranean aqueduct carried through the middle of the mountain. This is a Roman work, and the more I conſidered it, appeared the more ſtupendous. A peaſant who lives upon the ſpot, told us, he had entered by this hole at eight in the morning, and advanced ſo far, that it was four in the afternoon before he came out. He ſaid he walked in the water, through a regular canal formed of a hard ſtone, lined with a kind of cement, and vaulted over head; but ſo high in moſt parts, he could ſtand upright; yet, in others, the bed of the canal was ſo filled with earth and ſtones, that he was obliged to ſtoop in paſſing. He ſaid that there were air-holes at certain diſtances (and, indeed, I ſaw one of theſe not far from the preſent iſſue); that there were ſome openings and ſtone ſeats on the ſides, and here and there figures of men formed of ſtone, with hammers and working tools in their hands. I am apt to believe the fellow romanced a little, in order to render his adventure the more marvellous; but I am certainly informed, that ſeveral perſons have entered this paſſage, and proceeded a conſiderable way by the light of torches, without arriving at the ſource, which (if we may believe the tradition of the country) is at the diſtance of eight leagues from this opening; but this is altogether incredible. The ſtream is now called *La Fontain de Muraille*, and is carefully conducted by different branches into the adjacent vineyards and gardens, for watering the ground. On the ſide of the ſame moun-

tain, more ſoutherly, at the diſtance of half a mile, there is another ſtill more copious diſcharge of the ſame kind of water, called *La Source du Temple*. It was conveyed through the ſame kind of paſſage, and put to the ſame uſe as the other; and I ſhould imagine they are both from the ſame ſource, which, though hitherto undiſcovered, muſt be at a conſiderable diſtance, as the mountain is continued for ſeveral leagues to the weſtward, without exhibiting the leaſt ſigns of water in any other part. But, excluſive of the ſubterranean conduits, both theſe ſtreams muſt have been conveyed through aqueducts extending from hence to Cemenelion over ſteep rocks and deep ravines, at a prodigious expence. The water from this *Source du Temple* iſſues from a ſtone building which covers the paſſage in the rock. It ſerves to turn ſeveral olive, corn, and paper mills, being conveyed through a modern aqueduct, raiſed upon a paltry arcade, at the expence of the public, and afterwards is branched off in very ſmall ſtreams, for the benefit of this parched and barren country. The Romans were ſo uſed to bathing, that they could not exiſt without a great quantity of water; and this, I imagine, is one reaſon that induced them to ſpare no labour and expence in bringing it from a diſtance, when they had not plenty of it at home. But, beſides this motive, they had another: They were ſo nice and delicate in their taſte of water, that they took great pains to ſupply themſelves with the pureſt and lighteſt from afar, for drinking and culinary uſes, even while they had plenty of an inferior ſort for their baths, and other domeſtic purpoſes. There are ſprings of good water on the ſpot where Cemenelion ſtood; but there is a hardneſs in all well-water, which quality is depoſited in running a long courſe, eſpecially if expoſed to the influence of the ſun and air. The Romans, therefore, had good reaſon to ſoften and meliorate this element, by conveying it a good length of way in open aqueducts. What was uſed in the baths of Cemenelion they probably brought in leaden pipes, ſome of which have been dug up very lately by accident.—You muſt know, I made a ſecond excurſion to theſe ancient ruins, and meaſured the arena of the amphitheatre with

packthread. It is an oval figure; the longeſt diameter extending to about one hundred and thirteen feet, and the ſhorteſt to eighty-eight; but I will not anſwer for the exactneſs of the meaſurement. In the centre of it, there was a ſquare ſtone with an iron ring, to which I ſuppoſe the wild beaſts were tied, to prevent their ſpringing upon the ſpectators. Some of the ſeats remain, with two oppoſite entrances, conſiſting each of one large gate, and two lateral ſmaller doors, arched: There is alſo a conſiderable portion of the external wall; but no columns or other ornaments of architecture. Hard by, in the garden of the Count de Gubernatis, I ſaw the remains of a bath, fronting the portal of the temple, which I have deſcribed in a former letter; and here were ſome ſhafts of marble pillars, particularly a capital of the Corinthian order, beautifully cut, of white alabaſter. Here the count found a large quantity of fine marble, which he has converted to various uſes; and ſome mutilated ſtatues, bronze as well as marble. The peaſant ſhowed me ſome braſs and ſilver medals which he has picked up at different times in labouring the ground; together with ſeveral oblong beads of coloured glaſs, which were uſed as ear-rings by the Roman ladies; and a ſmall ſeal of agate, very much defaced. Two of the medals were of Maximian and Gallienus; the reſt were ſo conſumed, that I could not read the legend. You know, that on public occaſions, ſuch as games, and certain ſacrifices, handfuls of medals were thrown among the people; a practice which accounts for the great number which have been already found in this diſtrict. I ſaw ſome ſubterranean paſſages which ſeemed to have been common-ſewers; and a great number of old walls ſtill ſtanding along the brink of a precipice, which overhangs the Paglion. The peaſants tell me, that they never dig above a yard in depth, without finding vaults or cavities. All the vineyards and garden-grounds, for a conſiderable extent, are vaulted underneath; and all the ground that produces their grapes, fruit, and garden-ſtuff, is no more than the crumbled lime and rubbiſh of old Roman buildings, mixed with manure brought from Nice. This ancient town commanded a moſt noble pro-

ſpect of the ſea; but is altogether inacceſſible by any kind of wheel carriage. If you make ſhift to climb to it on horſeback, you cannot deſcend to the plain again, without running the riſk of breaking your neck.

About ſeven or eight miles on the other ſide of Nice, are the remains of another Roman monument, which has greatly ſuffered from the barbarity of ſucceſſive ages. It was a trophy erected by the ſenate of Rome, in honour of Auguſtus Cæſar, when he had totally ſubdued all the ferocious nations of theſe maritime Alps; ſuch as the Trumpilini Camuni, Vennonetes, Iſnarci, Breuni, &c. It ſtands upon the top of a mountain which overlooks the town of Monaco, and now exhibits the appearance of an old ruined tower. There is a deſcription of what it was, in an Italian manuſcript, by which it appears to have been a beautiful edifice of two ſtories, adorned with columns and trophies in alto relievo, with a ſtatue of Auguſtus Cæſar on the top. On one of the ſides was an inſciption, ſome words of which are ſtill legible, upon the fragment of a marble found cloſe to the old building; but the whole is preſerved in Pliny, who gives it in theſe words, lib. iii. cap. 20.

IMPERATORI CÆSARI DIVI. F. AVG. PONT.
MAX. IMP. XIV. TRIBVNIC. POTEST. XVIII.
S. P. Q. R.
QVOD EIVS DVCTV, AVSPICIISQ. GENTES ALPINÆ
OMNES, QVE A MARI SVPERO AD INFERUM PERTI-
-NEBANT, SVB IMPERIVM PO. RO. SVNT REDAC.
GENTES ALPINÆ DEVICTÆ TRUMPILINI CAMV-
-NI, VENNONETES, ISNARCI, BREVNI, NAVNES,
FOCVNATES, VINDELICORVM GENTES QVATVOR,
CONSVANETES, VIRVCINATES, LICATES, CATE-
-NATES, ABISONTES, RVGVSCI, SVANETES, CA-
-LVCONES, BRIXENTES, LEPONTII, VIBERI, NAM-
TVATES, SEDVNI, VERAGRI, SALASSI, ACITAVONES,
MEDVLLI, VICINI, CATVRIGES, BRIGIANI, SOGI-
-VNTII, EBRODVNTII, NEMALONES, EDENETES,
ESVBIANI, VEAMINI, GALLITÆ, TRIULLATI,
ECTINI, VERGVNNI, EGVITVRI, NEMENTVRI,
ORATELLI, NERUSCI, VELAVNI, SVETRI.

Pliny, however, is miſtaken in placing this inſcription on a trophy near the *Auguſta prætoria*, now called *Aoſta*, in Piedmont; where, indeed, there is a triumphal arch, but no inſcription. This noble monument of antiquity was firſt of all deſtroyed by fire; and afterwards, in Gothic times, converted into a kind of fortification. The marbles belonging to it were either employed in adorning the church of the adjoining village*, which is called Turbia, a corruption of Trophæa; or converted into tomb-ſtones, or carried off to be preſerved in one or two churches of Nice. At preſent, the work has the appearance of a ruinous watch-tower, with Gothic battlements; and as ſuch ſtands undiſtinguiſhed by thoſe who travel by ſea from hence to Genoa and other ports of Italy. I think I have now deſcribed all the antiquities in the neighbourhood of Nice, except ſome cataeombs or caverns, dug in a rock at St Hoſpice, which Buſching, in his Geography, has deſcribed as a ſtrong town and ſea-port, though, in fact, there is not the leaſt veſtige either of town or village. It is a point of land almoſt oppoſite to the tower of Turbia, with the mountains of which it forms a bay, where there is a great and curious fiſhery of the tunny fiſh, farmed of the king of Sardinia. Upon this point there is a watch-tower ſtill kept in repair, to give notice to the people in the neighbourhood, in caſe any Barbary corſairs ſhould appear on the coaſt. The catacombs were in all probability dug, in former times, as places of retreat for the inhabitants upon ſudden deſcents of the Saracens, who greatly infeſted theſe ſeas for ſeveral ſucceſſive centuries. Many curious perſons have entered them, and proceeded a conſiderable way by torch

* This was formerly a conſiderable town called Villa Martis, and pretends to the honour of having given birth to Aulus Helvius, who ſucceeded Commodus as emperor of Rome, by the name of Pertinax, which he acquired from his obſtinate refuſal of that dignity, when it was forced upon him by the ſenate. You know, this man, though of very low birth, poſſeſſed many excellent qualities, and was baſely murdered by the prætorian guards, at the inſtigation of Didius Julianus. For my part, I could never read without emotion that celebrated eulogium of the ſenate, who exclaimed after his death, *Pertinace imperante, ſecuri viximus, neminem timuimus, patre pio, patre ſenatus, patre omnium bonorum.*

light without arriving at the further extremity; and the tradition of the country is, that they reach as far as the ancient city of Cemenelion; but this is an idle ſuppoſition, almoſt as ridiculous as that which aſcribes them to the labour and ingenuity of the fairies: They conſiſt of narrow ſubterranean paſſages, vaulted with ſtone and lined with cement. Here and there one finds detached apartments like ſmall chambers, where I ſuppoſe the people remained concealed till the danger was over. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that the ancient inhabitants of this country uſually lived under ground. "*Ligurus in terrâ cubant ut plurimum; plures ad cava ſaxa ſpeluncaſque ab natura factas, ubi tegantur corpora, divertunt.*" This was likewiſe the cuſtom of the Troglodytæ, a people bordering upon Æthiopia, who, according to Ælian, lived in ſubterranean caverns; from whence, indeed, they took their name, τρωγλη ſignifying a cavern. And Virgil, in his Georgics, deſcribes them thus:

> Ipſi in defoſſis ſpecubus, ſecura ſub alta
> Ocia agunt terra.——

Theſe are dry ſubjects; but ſuch as the country affords. If we have not white paper, we muſt ſnow with brown. Even that which I am now ſcrawling may be uſeful, if not entertaining: It is therefore the more confidently offered by,

Dear Sir,

Yours affectionately.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, July* 2. 1764.

NICE was originally a colony from Marſeilles. You know the Phocians (if we may believe Juſtin and Polybius) ſettled in Gaul, and built Marſeilles, during the reign of Tarquinius Priſcus at Rome. This city flouriſhed to ſuch a degree, that, long before the Ro-

mans were in a condition to extend their dominions, it ſent forth colonies and eſtabliſhed them along the coaſt of Liguria. Of theſe, Nice, or Nicæa, was one of the moſt remarkable; ſo called, in all probability, from the Greek word Νικὴ, ſignifying *Victoria*, in conſequence of ſome important victory obtained over the Salii and Ligures, who were the ancient inhabitants of this country. Nice, with its mother city, being in the ſequel ſubdued by the Romans, fell afterwards ſucceſſively under the dominion of the Goths, Burgundians, and Franks, the kings of Arles, and the kings of Naples, as counts of Provence. In the year one thouſand three hundred and eighty-eight, the city and county of Nice being but ill protected by the family of Durazzo, voluntarily ſurrendered themſelves to Amadæus, ſurnamed the Red, duke of Savoy; and ſince that period they have continued as part of that potentate's dominions, except at ſuch times as they have been over-run and poſſeſſed by the power of France, which hath always been a troubleſome neighbour to this country. The caſtle was begun by the Arragonian counts of Provence, and afterwards enlarged by ſeveral ſucceſſive dukes of Savoy, ſo as to be deemed impregnable, until the modern method of beſieging began to take place. A fruitleſs attempt was made upon it in the year one thouſand five hundred and forty-three, by the French and Turks in conjunction: But it was reduced ſeveral times after that period, and is now in ruins. The celebrated engineer Vauban, being commanded by Louis XIV. to give in a plan for fortifying Nice, propoſed that the river Paglion ſhould be turned into a new channel, ſo as to ſurround the town to the north, and fall into the harbour; that where the Paglion now runs to the weſtward of the city walls, there ſhould be a deep ditch to be filled with ſea-water; and that the fortreſs ſhould be built to the weſtward of this foſſe. Theſe particulars might be executed at no very great expence; but, I apprehend, they would be ineffectual, as the town is commanded by every hill in the neighbourhood; and the exhalations from ſtagnating ſea-water would infallibly render the air unwholeſome. Notwithſtanding the undoubted antiquity of Nice, very

few monuments of that antiquity now remain. The inhabitants ſay, they were either deſtroyed by the Saracens in their ſucceſſive deſcents upon the coaſt, by the barbarous nations in their repeated incurſions, or uſed in fortifying the caſtle, as well as in building other edifices. The city of Cemenelion, however, was ſubject to the ſame diſaſters, and even entirely ruined; nevertheleſs, we ſtill find remains of its ancient ſplendour. There have been likewiſe a few ſtones found at Nice, with ancient inſcriptions; but there is nothing of this kind ſtanding, unleſs we give the name of antiquity to a marble croſs on the road to Provence, about half a mile from the city. It ſtands upon a pretty high pedeſtal with ſteps, under a pretty ſtone cupola or dome, ſupported by four Ionic pillars, on the ſpot where Charles V. emperor of Germany, Francis I. of France, and Pope Paul II. agreed to have a conference, in order to determine all their diſputes. The emperor came hither by ſea, with a powerful fleet, and the French king by land, at the head of a numerous army. All the endeavours of his Holineſs, however, could not effect a peace; but they agreed to a truce of ten years. Mezerai affirms, that theſe two great princes never ſaw one another on this occaſion; and that this ſhyneſs was owing to the management of the pope, whoſe private deſigns might have been fruſtrated, had they come to a perſonal interview. In the front of the colonade, there is a ſmall ſtone, with an inſcription in Latin, which is ſo high, and ſo much defaced, that I cannot read it.

In the ſixteenth century there was a college erected at Nice, by Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, for granting degrees to ſtudents of law; and in the year one thouſand ſix hundred and fourteen, Charles Emanuel I. inſtituted the ſenate of Nice; conſiſting of a preſident, and a certain number of ſenators, who are diſtinguiſhed by their purple robes, and other enſigns of authority. They adminiſter juſtice, having the power of life and death, not only through the whole county of Nice, but cauſes are evoked from Oneglia, and ſome other places, to their tribunal, which is the *dernier reſort*, from whence there is no appeal. The commandant, however, by vir-

tue of his military power and unreſtricted authority, takes upon him to puniſh individuals by impriſonment, corporal pains, and baniſhment, without conſulting the ſenate, or indeed obſerving any form of trial. The only redreſs againſt any unjuſt exerciſe of this abſolute power, is by complaint to the king; and you know what chance a poor man has for being redreſſed in this manner.

With reſpect to religion, I may ſafely ſay, that here ſuperſtition reigns under the darkeſt ſhades of ignorance and prejudice. I think there are ten convents and three nunneries within and without the walls of Nice; and among them all I never could hear of one man who had made any tolerable advances in any kind of human learning. All eccleſiaſtics are exempted from any exertion of civil power, being under the immediate protection and authority of the biſhop, or his vicar. The biſhop of Nice is ſuffragan of the archbiſhop of Ambrun in France: and the revenues of the ſee amount to between five and ſix hundred pounds Sterling. We have likewiſe an office of the inquiſition, though I do not hear that it preſumes to execute any acts of juriſdiction without the king's ſpecial permiſſion. All the churches are ſanctuaries for all kinds of criminals, except thoſe guilty of high treaſon; and the prieſts are extremely jealous of their privileges in this particular. They receive, with open arms, murderers, robbers, ſmugglers, fraudulent bankrupts, and felons of every denomination; and never give them up, until after having ſtipulated for their lives and liberty. I need not enlarge upon the pernicious conſequences of this infamous prerogative, calculated to raiſe and extend the power and influence of the Roman church, on the ruins of morality and good order. I ſaw a fellow, who had three days before murdered his wife in the laſt month of pregnancy, taking the air with great compoſure and ſerenity on the ſteps of a church in Florence; and nothing is more common, than to ſee the moſt execrable villains diverting themſelves in the cloiſters of ſome convents at Rome.

Nice abounds with nobleſſe, marquiſſes, counts, and barons. Of theſe, three or four families are really re-

ſpectable: The reſt are *novi homines*, ſprung from Bourgeois, who have ſaved a little money by their different occupations, and raiſed themſelves to the rank of nobleſſe by purchaſe. One is deſcended from an avocat; another from an apothecary; a third from a retailer of wine; a fourth from a dealer in anchovies; and, I am told, there is actually a count at Ville Franche, whoſe father ſold macaroni in the ſtreets. A man in this country may buy a marquiſite, or a county, for the value of three or four hundred pounds Sterling, and the title follows the fief: But he may purchaſe *lettres de nobleſſe* for about thirty or forty guineas. In Savoy, there are ſix hundred families of nobleſſe; the greater part of which have not above one hundred crowns a-year to maintain their dignity. In the mountains of Piedmont, and even in this county of Nice, there are ſome repreſentatives of very ancient and noble families, reduced to the condition of common peaſants; but they ſtill retain the ancient pride of their houſes, and boaſt of the noble blood that runs in their veins. A gentleman told me, that, in travelling through the mountains, he was obliged to paſs a night in the cottage of one of theſe ruſticated nobles, who called to his ſon in the evening, "*Chevalier, as tu donné a manger aux cochons.*" This, however, is not the caſe with the nobleſſe of Nice. Two or three of them have about four or five hundred a-year; the reſt, in general, may have about one hundred piſtoles, ariſing from the ſilk, oil, wine, and oranges, produced in their ſmall plantations, where they have alſo country houſes. Some few of theſe are well built, commodious, and agreeably ſituated; but, for the moſt part, they are miſerable enough. Our nobleſſe, notwithſtanding their origin, and the cheap rate at which their titles have been obtained, are nevertheleſs extremely tenacious of their privileges, very delicate in maintaining the *etiquette* and keep at a very ſtately diſtance from the Bourgeoiſie. How they live in their families, I do not chooſe to inquire; but, in public, Madame appears in her robe of gold, or ſilver ſtuff, with her powder and friſure, her perfumes, her paint, and her patches; while Monſieur le Comte ſtruts

out in his lace and embroidery. Ruge and fard are ore peculiarly neceſſary in this country, where the mplexion and ſkin are naturally ſwarthy and yellow. have likewiſe obſerved, that moſt of the females are t-bellied; a circumſtance owing, I believe, to the eat quantity of vegetable traſh which they eat. All e horſes, mules, aſſes, and cattle, which feed upon aſs, have the ſame diſtention. This kind of food pro-ces ſuch acid juices in the ſtomach, as excite a perpe-al ſenſe of hunger. I have been often amazed at the racious appetites of theſe people. You muſt not ex-ct that I ſhould deſcribe the tables and the hoſpitality our Niſſard gentry. Our conſul, who is a very ho-ſt man, told me, he had lived four-and-thirty years in e country, without having once eat or drank in any of eir houſes.

The nobleſſe of Nice cannot leave the country with-t expreſs leave from the king; and this leave, when tained, is for a limited time, which they dare not ex-ed, on pain of incurring his majeſty's diſpleaſure. hey muſt, therefore, endeavour to find amuſements at me; and this, I apprehend, would be no eaſy taſk for ople of an active ſpirit or reſtleſs diſpoſition. True it , the religion of the country ſupplies a never-failing nd of paſtime to thoſe who have any reliſh for devo-on; and this is here a prevailing taſte. We have had anſient viſits of a puppet-ſhow, ſtrolling muſicians, and ope-dancers; but they did not like their quarters, and ecamped without beat of drum. In the ſummer, about ight or nine at night, part of the nobleſſe may be ſeen ſſembled in a place called the Parc; which is, indeed, ſort of a ſtreet formed by a row of very paltry houſes on ne ſide, and on the other, by part of the town-wall, which ſcreens it from a proſpect of the ſea, the only ob-ject that could render it agreeable. Here you may per-ceive the nobleſſe ſtretched in pairs upon logs of wood, like ſo many ſeals upon the rocks by moon-light, each dame with her *cicisbeo*: For, you muſt underſtand, this Italian faſhion prevails at Nice among all ranks of peo-ple; and there is not ſuch a paſſion as jealouſy known. The huſband and the *cicisbeo* live together as ſworn

brothers; and the wife and the miſtreſs embrace each other with marks of the warmeſt affection. I do not chooſe to enter into particulars. I cannot open the ſcandalous chronicle of Nice without hazard of contamination. With reſpect to delicacy and decorum, you may peruſe Dean Swift's deſcription of the Yahoos, and then you will have ſome idea of the *ſporcherie* that diſtinguiſhes the gallantry of Nice. But the Parc is not the only place of public reſort for our nobleſſe in a ſummer's evening. Juſt without one of our gates, you will find them ſeated in ditches on the highway ſide, ſerenaded with the croaking of frogs, and the bells and braying of mules and aſſes continually paſſing in a perpetual cloud of duſt. Beſides theſe amuſements, there is a public *converſazione* every evening at the commandant's houſe, called the Government, where thoſe noble perſonages play at cards for farthings. In carnival time, there is alſo at this ſame government a ball twice or thrice a-week, carried on by ſubſcription. At this aſſembly every perſon, without diſtinction, is permitted to dance in maſquerade; but after dancing, they are obliged to unmaſk, and if Bourgeois, to retire. No individual can give a ball, without obtaining a permiſſion and guard of the commandant; and then his houſe is open to all maſks, without diſtinction, who are provided with tickets, which tickets are ſold by the commandant's ſecretary, at five ſols a-piece, and delivered to the guard at the door. If I have a mind to entertain my particular friends, I cannot have more than a couple of violins; and, in that caſe, it is called a *converſazione*.

Though the king of Sardinia takes all opportunities to diſtinguiſh the ſubjects of Great Britain with particular marks of reſpect, I have ſeen enough to be convinced, that our nation is looked upon with an evil eye by the people of Nice; and this ariſes partly from religious prejudices, and partly from envy, occaſioned by a ridiculous notion of our ſuperior wealth. For my own part, I owe them nothing on the ſcore of civilities; and therefore I ſhall ſay nothing more on the ſubject, leſt I ſhould be tempted to deviate from that temperance and

impartiality, which I would fain hope have hitherto characteriſed the remarks of,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble ſervant.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, May* 2. 1764.

I WROTE in May to Mr. B——— at Geneva, and gave him what information he deſired to have touching the conveniencies of Nice. I ſhall now enter into the ſame details for the benefit of ſuch of your friends or patients as may have occaſion to try this climate.

The journey from Calais to Nice, of four perſons in a coach, or two poſt chaiſes, with a ſervant on horſeback, travelling poſt, may be performed with eaſe for about one hundred and twenty pounds, including every expence. Either at Calais, or at Paris, you will always find a travelling coach or berline, which you may buy for thirty or forty guineas, and this will ſerve very well to reconvey you to your own country.

In the town of Nice you will find no ready furniſhed lodgings for a whole family. Juſt without one of the gates, there are two houſes to be let ready furniſhed, for about five Loui'dores per month. As for the country houſes in this neighbourhood, they are damp in winter, and generally without chimneys; and, in ſummer, they are rendered uninhabitable by the heat and the vermin. If you hire a tenement in Nice, you muſt take it for a year certain; and this will coſt you about twenty pounds Sterling. For this price I have a ground floor paved with brick, conſiſting of a kitchen, two large halls, a couple of good rooms with chimneys, three large cloſets that ſerve for bed-chambers, and dreſſing rooms, a butler's room, and three apartments for ſervants lumber or ſtores, to which we aſcend by narrow wooden ſtairs. I have likewiſe too ſmall gardens, well ſtocked with oranges, lemons, peaches, figs, grapes, co-

rinths, ſallad, and pot-herbs. It is ſupplied with a draw-well of good water, and there is another in the veſtibule of the houſe, which is cool, large, and magnificent. You may hire furniture for ſuch a tenement for about two guineas a month; but I choſe rather to buy what was neceſſary; and this coſt me about ſixty pounds. I ſuppoſe it will fetch me about half the money when I leave the place. It is very difficult to find a tolerable cook at Nice. A common maid, who ſerves the people of the country, for three or four livres a month, will not live with an Engliſh family under eight or ten. They are all ſlovenly, ſlothful, and unconſcionable cheats. The markets at Nice are tolerably well ſupplied. Their beef, which comes from Piedmont, is pretty good, and we have it all the year. In the winter, we have likewiſe excellent pork, and delicate lamb; but the mutton is indifferent. Piedmont alſo affords us delicious capons, fed with maize; and this country produces excellent turkeys, but very few geeſe. Chickens and pullets are extremely meagre. I have tried to fatten them, without ſucceſs. In ſummer they are ſubject to the pip, and die in great numbers. Autumn and winter are the ſeaſons for game; hares, partridges, quails, wild pigeons, woodcocks, ſnipes, thruſhes, beccaficas, and ortolans. Wild boar is ſometimes found in the mountains: It has a delicious taſte, not unlike that of the wild hog in Jamaica; and would make an excellent barbecue, about the beginning of winter, when it is in good caſe: But, when meagre, the head only is preſented at tables. Pheaſants are very ſcarce. As for the heath game, I never ſaw but one cock, which my ſervant bought in the market, and brought home; but the commandant's cook came into my kitchen, and carried it off, after it was half plucked, ſaying, his maſter had company to dinner. The hares are large, plump, and juicy. The partridges are generally of the red ſort; large as pullets, and of a good flavour: There are alſo ſome gray partridges in the mountains; and another ſort of a white colour, that weigh four or five pounds each. Beccaficas are ſmaller than ſparrows, but very fat, and they are generally eaten half raw. The beſt way of dreſſing them is to ſtuff them in-

to a roll, ſcooped of its crum; to baſte them well with butter, and roaſt them, until they are brown and criſp. The ortolans are kept in cages, and crammed, until they die of fat, then eaten as dainties. The thruſh is preſented with the trail, becauſe the bird feeds on olives. They may as well eat the trail of a ſheep, becauſe it feeds on the aromatic herbs of the mountain. In the ſummer we have beef, veal, and mutton, chicken and ducks; which laſt are very fat and very flabby. All the meat is tough in this ſeaſon, becauſe the exceſſive heat and great number of flies will not admit of its being kept any time after it is killed. Butter and milk, though not very delicate, we have all the year. Our tea and fine ſugar come from Marſeilles, at a very reaſonable price.

Nice is not without variety of fiſh; though they are not counted ſo good in their kinds as thoſe of the ocean. Soals, and flat fiſh in general, are ſcarce. Here are ſome mullets, both gray and red. We ſometimes ſee the dory, which is called *St. Pietro;* with rock fiſh, bonita, and mackarel. The gurnard appears pretty often; and there is plenty of a kind of large whiting, which eats pretty well; but has not the delicacy of that which is caught on our coaſt. One of the beſt fiſh of this country is called *le loup*, about two or three pounds in weight; white, firm, and well-flavoured. Another, no way inferior to it, is the *mouſtel*, about the ſame ſize, of a dark-gray colour, and ſhort blunt ſnout, growing thinner and flatter from the ſhoulder downwards, ſo as to reſemble a ſoal at the tail. This cannot be the *muſtela* of the ancients, which is ſuppoſed to be the ſea lamprey. Here too are found the *vyvre*, or, as we call it, weaver; remarkable for its long ſharp ſpines, ſo dangerous to the fingers of the fiſhermen. We have abundance of the *ſæpie*, or cuttle fiſh, of which the people in this country make a delicate ragout; as alſo of the *polype de mer*, which is an ugly animal, with long feelers, like tails, which they often wind about the legs of the fiſhermen. They are ſtewed with onions, and eat ſomething like cow heel. The market ſometimes affords the *ecriviſſe de mer*, which is a lobſter without claws, of a ſweetiſh taſte; and there are a few rock

oyſters, very ſmall, and very rank. Sometimes the fiſhermen find under water, pieces of a very hard cement, like plaſter of Paris, which contain a kind of muſſel, called *la datte*, from its reſemblance to a date. Theſe petrefactions are commonly of a triangular form, and may weigh about twelve or fifteen pounds each, and one of them may contain a dozen of theſe muſſels, which have nothing extraordinary in the taſte or flavour, though extremely curious, as found alive and juicy, in the heart of a rock, almoſt as hard as marble, without any viſible communication with the air or water. I take it for granted, however, that the encloſing cement is porous, and admits the finer parts of the ſurrounding fluid. In order to reach the muſſels, this cement muſt be broke with large hammers; and it may be truly ſaid, the kernel is not worth the trouble of cracking the ſhell. Among the fiſh of this country, there is a very ugly animal of the eel ſpecies, which might paſs for a ſerpent: It is of a duſky black colour, marked with ſpots of yellow, about eighteen inches or two feet long. The Italians call it *murena;* but whether it is the fiſh which had the ſame name among the ancient Romans, I cannot pretend to determine. The ancient murena was counted a great delicacy, and was kept in ponds for extraordinary occaſions. Julius Cæſar borrowed ſix thouſand for one entertainment: But I imagine this was the river lamprey. The murena of this country is in no eſteem, and only eaten by the poor people. Crawfiſh and trout are rarely found in the rivers among the mountains. The ſword fiſh is much eſteemed in Nice, and called *l'empereur*, about ſix or ſeven feet long; but I have never ſeen it *. They are very ſcarce; and when taken are generally concealed; becauſe the head belongs to the commandant, who has likewiſe the privilege of buying the beſt fiſh at a very low price. For which reaſon the choice pieces are concealed by the fiſhermen, and ſent privately to Piedmont or Genoa. But the chief fiſheries on this coaſt are of the ſardines,

* Since I wrote the above letter, I have eaten ſeveral times of this fiſh, which is as white as the fineſt veal, and extremely delicate. The emperor aſſociates with the tunny fiſh, and is always taken in their company.

anchovies, and tunny. Theſe are taken in ſmall quantities all the year: But ſpring and ſummer is the ſeaſon when they moſtly abound. In June and July, a fleet of about fifty fiſhing-boats put to ſea every evening about eight o'clock, and catch anchovies in immenſe quantities. One ſmall boat ſometimes takes in one night twenty-five rup, amounting to ſix hundred weight; but it muſt be obſerved, that the pound here, as well as in other parts of Italy, conſiſts but of twelve ounces. Anchovies, beſides their making a conſiderable article in the commerce of Nice, are a great reſource in all families. The nobleſſe and bourgeois ſup on ſallad and anchovies, which are eaten on all their meagre days. The fiſhermen and mariners all along this coaſt have ſcarce any other food but dry bread, with a few pickled anchovies; and when the fiſh is eaten, they rub their cruſts with the brine. Nothing can be more delicious than freſh anchovies fried in oil: I prefer them to the ſmelts of the Thames. I need not mention, that the ſardines and anchovies are caught in nets; ſalted, barrelled, and exported into all the different kingdoms and ſtates of Europe. The ſardines, however, are largeſt and fatteſt in the month of September. A company of adventurers have farmed the tunny fiſhery of the king, for ſix years; a monopoly for which they pay about three thouſand pounds Sterling. They are at a very conſiderable expence for nets, boats, and attendance. Their nets are diſpoſed in a very curious manner acroſs the ſmall bay of St. Hoſpice, in this neighbourhood, where the fiſh chiefly reſort. They are never removed, except in the winter, and when they want repair: But there are avenues for the fiſh to enter and paſs from one encloſure to another. There is a man in a boat, who conſtantly keeps watch. When he perceives they are fairly entered, he has a method of ſhutting all the paſſes, and confining the fiſh to one apartment of the net, which is lifted up into the boat, until the priſoners are taken and ſecured. The tunny fiſh generally runs from fifty to one hundred weight; but ſome of them are much larger. They are immediately gutted, boiled, and cut in ſlices. The guts and head afford oil: The ſlices are partly dried, to be eaten occaſionally with

oil and vinegar, or barrelled up in oil, to be exported. It is counted a delicacy in Italy and Piedmont, and taſtes not unlike ſturgeon. The famous pickle of the ancients called garum, was made of the gilſs and blood of the tunny, or thynnus. There is a much more conſiderable fiſhery of it in Sardinia, where it is ſaid to employ four hundred perſons; but this belongs to the Duc de St. Pierre. In the neighbourhood of Villa Franca, there are people always employed in fiſhing for coral and ſponge, which grow adhering to the rocks under water. Their methods do not ſavour much of ingenuity. For the coral, they lower down a ſwab, compoſed of what is called ſpun yarn on board our ſhips of war, hanging in diſtinct threads, and ſunk by means of a great weight, which ſtriking againſt the coral in its deſcent, diſengages it from the rocks; and ſome of the pieces being entangled among the threads of the ſwab, are brought up with it above water. The ſponge is got by means of a croſs ſtick, fitted with hooks, which being lowered down, faſtens upon it, and tears it from the rocks. In ſome parts of the Adriatic and Archipelago, theſe ſubſtances are gathered by divers, who can remain five minutes below water. But I will not detain you one minute longer; though I muſt obſerve that there is plenty of fine ſamphire growing along all theſe rocks, neglected and unknown. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, October* 10. 1764.

BEFORE I tell you the price of proviſions at Nice, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of the money. The gold coin of Sardinia conſiſts of the doppia di Savoia, value twenty-four livres Piedmonteſe, about the ſize of a Loui'dore; and the mezzo doppia, or piece of twelve livres. In ſilver, there is the ſcudo of ſix livres, the mezzo ſcudo of three; and the quarto or pezza di trenta ſoldi: But all theſe are very ſcarce. We ſeldom ſee any gold and ſilver coin, but the Loui'dore, and the ſix

and three livre pieces of France; a ſure ſign that the French ſuffer by their contraband commerce with the Niſſards. The coin chiefly uſed at market is a piece of copper ſilvered, that paſſes for ſeven ſols and a half; another of the ſame ſort, value two ſols and a half. They have on one ſide the impreſſion of the king's head; and on the other, the arms of Savoy, with a ducal crown, inſcribed with his name and titles. There are of genuine copper pieces of one ſol, ſtamped on one ſide with a croſs fleuree; and on the reverſe with the king's cypher and crown, inſcribed as the others: Finally, there is another ſmall copper piece called piccalon, the ſixth part of a ſol, with a plain croſs, and, on the reverſe, a ſlip-knot ſurmounted with a crown; the legend as above. The impreſſion and legend on the gold and ſilver coins are the ſame as thoſe on the pieces of ſeven ſols and a half. The livre of Piedmont conſiſts of twenty ſols, and is very near of the ſame value as an Engliſh ſhilling: Ten ſols therefore are equal to ſixpence Sterling. Butcher's meat in general ſells at Nice for three ſols a pound; and veal is ſomething dearer; but then there are but twelve ounces in the pound, which being allowed for, ſixteen ounces come for ſomething leſs than twopence halfpenny Engliſh. Fiſh commonly ſells for four ſols the twelve ounces, or five for the Engliſh pound; and theſe five are equivalent to threepence of our money: But ſometimes we are obliged to pay five and even ſix ſols for the Piedmonteſe pound of fiſh. A turkey that would ſell for five or ſix ſhillings at the London market, coſts me but three at Nice. I can buy a good capon for thirty ſols, or eighteen pence; and the ſame price I pay for a brace of partridges, or a good hare. I can have a woodcock for twenty-four ſols; but the pigeons are dearer than in London. Rabbits are very rare; and there is ſcarce a gooſe to be ſeen in the whole county of Nice. Wild ducks and teal are ſometimes to be had in the winter; and now I am ſpeaking of ſea-fowl, it may not be amiſs to tell you what I know of the halcyon or king's fiſher. It is a bird, though very rare in this country, about the ſize of a pigeon; the body brown, and the belly white: By a wonderful inſtinct it makes its neſt upon the ſurface

of the ſea, and lays its eggs in the month of November, when the Mediterranean is always calm and ſmooth as a mill-pond. The people here call them martinets, becauſe they begin to hatch about Martinmas. Their neſts are ſometimes ſeen floating near the ſhore, and generally become the prize of the boys, who are very alert in catching them.

You know all ſea-birds are allowed by the church of Rome to be eaten on meagre days, as a kind of fiſh; and the monks eſpecially do not fail to make uſe of this permiſſion. Sea-turtle, or tortoiſes, are often found at ſea by the mariners, in theſe latitudes: But they are not the green ſort, ſo much in requeſt among the aldermen of London. All the Mediterranean turtle are of the kind called loggerhead, which in the Weſt-Indies are eaten by none but hungry ſeamen, negroes, and the loweſt claſs of people. One of theſe, weighing about two hundred pounds, was lately brought on ſhore by the fiſhermen of Nice, who found it floating aſleep on the ſurface of the ſea. The whole town was alarmed at ſight of ſuch a monſter, the nature of which they could not comprehend. However, the monks, called *minims*, of St. Franciſco di Paolo, guided by a ſure inſtinct, marked it as their prey, and ſurrounded it accordingly. The friars of other convents, not quite ſo hungry, crowding down to the beach, declared it ſhould not be eaten; dropped ſome hints about the poſſibility of its being ſomething preternatural and diabolical, and even propoſed exorciſms and aſperſions with holy water. The populace were divided according to their attachment to this or that convent; a mighty clamour aroſe; and the police, in order to remove the cauſe of their contention, ordered the tortoiſe to be recommitted to the waves: A ſentence which the Franciſcans ſaw executed, not without ſighs and lamentation. The land-turtle, or terrapin, is much better known at Nice, as being a native of this county; yet the beſt are brought from the iſland of Sardinia. The ſoup, or *bouillon* of this animal, is always preſcribed here as a great reſtorative to conſumptive patients. The bread of Nice is very indifferent, and, I am perſuaded, very unwhole-

ſome. The flour is generally muſty, and not quite free of ſand. This is either owing to the particles of the mill-ſtone rubbed off in grinding, or to what adheres to the corn itſelf in being threſhed upon the common ground; for there are no threſhing-floors in this country. I ſhall not take notice of the vegetables of Nice. In the winter, we have green peaſe, aſparagus, artichokes, cauliflower, beans, French beans, celery, and endive; cabbage, coleworts, radiſhes, turnips, carrots, betteraves, ſorrel, lettuce, onions, garlic, and chalot. We have potatoes from the mountains, muſhrooms, champignons, and truffles. Piedmont affords white truffles, counted the moſt delicious in the world; they ſell for about three livres the pound. The fruits of this ſeaſon are pickled olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, citronelles, dried figs, grapes, apples, pears, almonds, cheſnuts, walnuts, filberts, medlars, pomegranates, and a fruit called azerolles, about the ſize of a nutmeg, of an oblong ſhape, red colour, and agreeable acid taſte. I might likewiſe add the cherry of the *laurus ceraſus*, which is ſold in the market; very beautiful to the eye, but inſipid to the palate. In ſummer, we have all thoſe vegetables in perfection. There is alſo a kind of ſmall courge, or gourd, of which the people of the country make a very ſavoury ragout, with the help of eggs, cheeſe, and freſh anchovies. Another is made of the badenjean, which the Spaniards call berengena: It is much eaten in Spain and the Levant, as well as by the Moors in Barbary. It is about the ſize and ſhape of a hen's egg, encloſed in a cup like an acorn; when ripe, of a faint purple colour. It grows on a ſtalk about a foot high, with long ſpines or prickles. The people here have different ways of ſlicing and dreſſing it, by broiling, boiling, and ſtewing, with other ingredients: But it is at beſt an inſipid diſh. There are ſome caper buſhes in this neighbourhood, which grow wild in holes of garden walls, and require no ſort of cultivation: In one or two gardens, there are palm-trees; but the dates never ripen. In my regiſter of the weather, I have marked the ſeaſons of the principal fruits in this country. In May we have ſtrawberries, which continue in

ſeaſon two or three months. Theſe are of the wood kind; very grateful, and of a good flavour; but the ſcarlets and houtboys are not known at Nice. In the beginning of June, and even ſooner, the cherries begin to be ripe. They are a kind of bleeding hearts; large, fleſhy, and high flavoured, though rather too lucious. I have likewiſe ſeen a few of thoſe we call Kentiſh cherries, which are much more cool, acid, and agreeable, eſpecially in this hot climate. The cherries are ſucceeded by the apricots and peaches, which are all ſtandards, and of conſequence better flavoured than what we call wall-fruit. The trees, as well as almonds, grow and bear without care and cultivation, and may be ſeen in the open fields about Nice: But without proper culture, the fruit degenerates. The beſt peaches I have ſeen at Nice are the almberges, of a yellow hue, and oblong ſhape, about the ſize of a ſmall lemon. Their conſiſtence is much more ſolid than that of our Engliſh peaches, and their taſte more delicious. Several trees of this kind I have in my own garden. Here is likewiſe plenty of other ſorts; but no nectarines. We have little choice of plumbs. Neither do I admire the pears or apples of this country: But the moſt agreeable apples I ever taſted come from Final, and are called pomi carli. The greateſt fault I find with moſt fruits in this climate, is, that they are too ſweet and lucious, and want that agreeable acid which is ſo cooling and ſo grateful in a hot country. This, too, is the caſe with our grapes, of which there is great plenty and variety, plump and juicy, and large as plumbs. Nature, however, has not neglected to provide other agreeable vegetable juices to cool the human body. During the whole ſummer, we have plenty of muſk melons. I can buy one as large as my head for the value of an Engliſh penny: But one of the beſt and largeſt, weighing ten or twelve pounds, I can have for twelve ſols, or about eight pence Sterling. From Antibes and Sardinia, we have another fruit called a water-melon, which is well known in Jamaica, and ſome of our other colonies. Thoſe from Antibes are about the ſize of an ordinary bomb-ſhell: But the Sardinian and Jamaica

water-melons are four times as large. The ſkin is green, ſmooth, and thin. The inſide is a purple pulp, ſtudded with broad, flat, black ſeeds, and impregnated with a juice the moſt cool, delicate, and refreſhing, that can well be conceived. One would imagine the pulp itſelf diſſolved in the ſtomach; for you may eat of it until you are filled up to the tongue, without feeling the leaſt inconvenience. It is ſo friendly to the conſtitution, that, in ardent inflammatory fevers, it is drank as the beſt emulſion. At Genoa, Florence, and Rome, it is ſold in the ſtreets, ready cut in ſlices; and the porters, ſweating under their burdens, buy and eat them as they paſs. A porter of London quenches his thirſt with a draught of ſtrong beer: A porter of Rome, or Naples, refreſhes himſelf with a ſlice of water-melon, or a glaſs of iced-water. The one coſts three halfpence; the laſt, half a farthing—which of them is moſt effectual? I am ſure the men are equally pleaſed. It is commonly remarked, that beer ſtrengthens as well as refreſhes. But the porters of Conſtantinople, who never drink any thing ſtronger than water, and eat very little animal food, will lift and carry heavier burdens than any other porters in the known world. If we may believe the moſt reſpectable travellers, a Turk will carry a load of ſeven hundred weight, which is more (I believe) than any Engliſh porter ever attempted to raiſe.

Among the refreſhments of theſe warm countries, I ought not to forget mentioning the ſorbettes, which are ſold in coffee-houſes and places of public reſort. They are iced froth, made with juice of oranges, apricots, or peaches; very agreeable to the palate, and ſo extremely cold, that I was afraid to ſwallow them in this hot country, until I found, from information and experience, that they may be taken in moderation without any bad conſequence.

Another conſiderable article in houſe-keeping, is wine, which we have here good and reaſonable. The wine of Tavelle in Languedoc is very near as good as Burgundy, and may be had at Nice at the rate of ſixpence a bottle. The ſweet wine of St. Laurent, counted equal to

that of Frontignan, coſts about eight or ninepence a quart: Pretty good Malaga may be had for half the money. Thoſe who make their own wine chooſe the grapes from different vineyards, and have them picked, preſſed, and fermented at home. That which is made by the peaſants, both red and white, is generally genuine: But the wine merchants of Nice brew and balderdaſh, and even mix it with pigeons dung and quick-lime. It cannot be ſuppoſed, that a ſtranger and ſojourner ſhould buy his own grapes, and make his own proviſion of wine: But he may buy it, by recommendation from the peaſants, for about eighteen or twenty livres the charge, conſiſting of eleven rup five pounds; in other words, of two hundred and eighty pounds of this country, ſo as to bring it for ſomething leſs than threepence a quart. The Nice wine, when mixed with water, makes an agreeable beverage. There is an inferior ſort for ſervants, drank by the common people, which in the cabaret does not coſt above a penny a bottle. The people here are not ſo nice as the Engliſh, in the management of their wine. It is kept in flacons, or large flaſks, without corks, having a little oil at top. It is not deemed the worſe for having been opened a day or two before; and they expoſe it to the hot ſun, and all kinds of weather, without heſitation. Certain it is, this treatment has little or no effect upon its taſte, flavour and tranſparency.

The brandy of Nice is very indifferent; and the *liqueurs* are ſo ſweetened with coarſe ſugar, that they ſcarce retain the taſte or flavour of any other ingredient.

The laſt article of domeſtic economy which I ſhall mention, is fuel, or wood for firing, which I buy for eleven ſols (a little more than ſixpence halfpenny) a quintal, conſiſting of one hundred and fifty pound Nice weight. The beſt, which is of oak, comes from Sardinia. The common ſort is olive, which being cut with the ſap in it, ought to be laid in during the ſummer; otherwiſe it will make a very uncomfortable fire. In my kitchen and two chambers, I burned fifteen thouſand weight of wood in four weeks, excluſive of charcoal for the kitchen ſtoves, and of pine-tops for lighting

the fires. Theſe laſt are as large as pine-apples, which they greatly reſemble in ſhape, and to which, indeed, they give their name; and being full of turpentine, make a wonderful blaze. For the ſame purpoſe, the people of theſe countries uſe the ſarments, or cuttings of the vines, which they ſell made up in ſmall faſcines. This great conſumption of wood is owing to the large fires uſed in roaſting pieces of beef, and joints, in the Engliſh manner. The roaſts of this country ſeldom exceed two or three pounds of meat; and their other plats are made over ſtove holes. But it is now high time to conduct you from the kitchen, where you have been too long detained by

Your humble ſervant.

P. S. I have mentioned the prices of almoſt all the articles in houſe-keeping, as they are paid by the Engliſh: But, excluſive of butcher's meat, I am certain the natives do not pay ſo much by thirty per cent. Their impoſition on us, is not only a proof of their own villany and hatred, but a ſcandal on their government, which ought to interfere in favour of the ſubjects of a nation to which they are ſo much bound in point of policy as well as gratitude.

LETTER XX.

SIR, *Nice, October* 22. 1764.

As I have nothing elſe to do, but to ſatisfy my own curioſity, and that of my friends, I obey your injunctions with pleaſure; though not without ſome apprehenſion that my inquiries will afford you very little entertainment. The place where I am is of very little importance or conſequence as a ſtate or community; neither is there any thing curious or intereſting in the character or economy of its inhabitants.

There are ſome few merchants in Nice ſaid to be in good circumſtances. I know one of them who deals to a conſiderable extent, and goes twice a-year to London

to attend the ſales of the Eaſt-India Company. He buys up a very large quantity of muſlins and other India goods, and freights a ſhip in the River to tranſport them to Villa Franca. Some of theſe are ſent to Swiſſerland; but, I believe, the greater part is ſmuggled into France by virtue of counterfeit ſtamps, which are here uſed without any ceremony. Indeed, the chief commerce of this place is a contraband traffic carried on to the diſadvantage of France; and I am told that the farmers of the Levant Company in that kingdom find their account in conniving at it. Certain it is, a great quantity of merchandiſe is brought hither every week by mules from Turin and other parts in Piedmont, and afterwards conveyed to the other ſide of the Var either by land or water. The mules of Piedmont are exceeding ſtrong and hardy. One of them will carry a burden of near ſix hundred weight. They are eaſily nouriſhed, and require no other reſpite from their labour but the night's repoſe. They are the only carriage that can be uſed in croſſing the mountains, being very ſure-footed; and it is obſerved, that in chooſing their ſteps they always march upon the brink of the precipice. You muſt let them take their own way, otherwiſe you will be in danger of loſing your life; for they are obſtinate even to deſperation. It is very dangerous to meet thoſe animals on horſeback: They have ſuch an averſion to horſes, that they will attack them with incredible fury, ſo as even to tear them and their riders in pieces; and the beſt method for avoiding this fate is to clap ſpurs to your beaſt, and ſeek your ſafety in flight. I have been more than once obliged to fly before them. They always give you warning, by raiſing a hideous braying as ſoon as they perceive the horſe at a diſtance. The mules of Provence are not ſo miſchievous, becauſe they are more uſed to the ſight and ſociety of horſes; but thoſe of Piedmont are by far the largeſt and the ſtrongeſt I have ſeen.

Some very feaſible ſchemes for improving the commerce of Nice have been preſented to the miniſtry of Turin; but hitherto without ſucceſs. The Engliſh import annually between two and three thouſand bales of

raw ſilk, the growth of Piedmont; and this is embarked either at Genoa or Leghorn. We likewiſe take a conſiderable quantity of fruit and oil at Oneglia, St. Remo, and other places in this neighbourhood. All theſe commodities might be embarked at a ſmaller expence at Nice, which is a free port where no duties are paid by the exporter. Beſides, the county of Nice itſelf produces a conſiderable quantity of hemp, oranges, lemons, and very good oil and anchovies, with ſome ſilk and wine, which laſt is better than that of Languedoc, and far excels the port drank in England. This wine is of a ſtrong body, a good flavour, keeps very well, and improves by ſea-carriage. I am told that ſome of the wine merchants here tranſport French wine from Languedoc and Provence, and enter it in England as the produce of Nice or Italy. If the merchants of Nice would eſtabliſh magazines of raw ſilk, oil, wine, &c. at Nice, and their correſpondents at London ſend hither ſhips at ſtated periods, laden with India goods, hard-ware, and other manufactures of England, which would find a vent in this country, in Piedmont, Savoy, Swiſſerland, and Provence, then the commerce of this town would flouriſh, more eſpecially if the king would lay out the neceſſary expence for rendering the harbour more commodious and ſecure. But this is not a matter of very great conſequence, as there is an excellent harbour at Ville Franche, which is not more than a mile and a half from that of Nice. But the great objection to the improvement of commerce at Nice, is the want of money, induſtry, and character. The natives themſelves are in general ſuch dirty knaves, that no foreigners will truſt them in the way of trade. They have been known to fill their oil-caſks half full of water, and their anchovy-barrels with ſtinking heads of that fiſh, in order to cheat their correſpondents.

The ſhopkeepers of this place are generally poor, greedy, and over-reaching. Many of them are bankrupts of Marſeilles, Genoa, and other countries, who have fled from their creditors to Nice; which being a free port, affords an aſylum to foreign cheats and ſharpers of every denomination. Here is likewiſe a pretty

conſiderable number of Jews, who live together in a ſtreet appropriated for their uſe, which is ſhut up every night. They act as brokers; but are generally poor, and deal in frippery, remnants, old clothes, and old houſehold furniture. There is another branch of traffic engroſſed by the monks. Some convents have ſuch a number of maſſes bequeathed to them, that they find it impoſſible to execute the will of the donors. In this caſe, they agree by the lump with the friars of poorer convents, who ſay the maſſes for leſs money than has been allowed by the defunct, and their employers pocket the difference: For example, my grandfather bequeaths a ſum of money to a certain convent, to have ſuch a number of maſſes ſaid for the repoſe of his ſoul, at the price of ten ſols each; and this convent not having time to perform them, bargains with the friars of another to ſay them for ſix ſols a-piece, ſo that they gain four ſols upon every maſs; for it matters not to the ſoul of the deceaſed where they are ſaid, ſo they be properly authenticated. A poor gentleman of Nice, who piques himſelf much on the noble blood that runs in his veins, though he has not a pair of whole breeches to wear, complained to me that his great-grandmother had founded a perpetual maſs for the repoſe of her own ſoul, at the rate of fifteen ſols (ninepence Engliſh) a day; which indeed was all that now remained of the family eſtate. He ſaid, what made the hardſhip the greater on him, ſhe had been dead above fifty years, and in all probability her ſoul had got out of purgatory long ago; therefore the continuance of the maſs was an unneceſſary expence. I told him, I thought, in ſuch a caſe, the defunct ſhould appear before the civil magiſtrate, and make affidavit of her being at peace, for the advantage of the family. He muſed a little, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, replied, that where the intereſt of the church was at ſtake, he did not believe a ſpirit's declaration would be held legal evidence. In ſome parts of France, the curé of the pariſh, on All Soul's day, which is called *le jour des morts*, ſays a *libera domine* for two ſols, at every grave in the burying-ground, for the releaſe of the ſoul whoſe body is there interred.

The artiſans of Nice are very lazy and very needy, very awkward, and void of all ingenuity. The price of their labour is very near as high as at London or Paris. Rather than work for moderate profit, ariſing from conſtant employment, which would comfortably maintain them and their families, they chooſe to ſtarve at home, to lounge about the ramparts, baſk themſelves in the ſun, or play at bowls in the ſtreets from morning till night.

The loweſt claſs of people conſiſts of fiſhermen, day-labourers, porters, and peaſants: Theſe laſt are diſtributed chiefly in the ſmall caſſines in the neighbourhood of the city, and are ſaid to amount to twelve thouſand. They are employed in labouring the ground, and have all the outward ſigns of extreme miſery. They are all diminutive, meagre, withered, dirty, and half naked; in their complexions, not barely ſwarthy, but as black as Moors; and I believe in my conſcience many of them are deſcendents of that people. They are very hard favoured; and their women in general have the coarſeſt features I have ever ſeen: It muſt be owned, however, they have the fineſt teeth in the world. The nouriſhment of thoſe poor creatures conſiſts of the refuſe of the garden, very coarſe bread, a kind of meal called polenta, made of Indian corn, which is very nouriſhing and agreeable, and a little oil: But even in theſe particulars they ſeem to be ſtinted to very ſcanty meals. I have known a peaſant feed his family with the ſkins of boiled beans. Their hogs are much better fed than their children. 'Tis pity they have no cows, which would yield milk, butter, and cheeſe, for the ſuſtenance of their families. With all this wretchedneſs, one of theſe peaſants will not work in your garden for leſs than eighteen ſols, about eleven pence Sterling, *per diem*; and then he does not half the work of an Engliſh labourer. If there is fruit in it, or any thing he can convey, he will infallibly ſteal it, if you do not keep a very watchful eye over him. All the common people are thieves and beggars; and I believe this is always the caſe with people who are extremely indigent and miſerable. In other reſpects, they are ſeldom guilty of exceſſes. They

are remarkably reſpectful and ſubmiſſive to their ſuperiors. The populace of Nice are very quiet and orderly. They are little addicted to drunkenneſs. I have never heard of one riot ſince I lived among them; and murder and robbery are altogether unknown. A man may walk alone over the county of Nice, at midnight, without danger of inſult. The police is very well regulated. No man is permitted to wear a piſtol or dagger, on pain of being ſent to the galleys. I am informed, that both murder and robbery are very frequent in ſome parts of Piedmont. Even here, when the peaſants quarrel in their cups (which very ſeldom happens), they draw their knives, and the one infallibly ſtabs the other. To ſuch extremities, however, they never proceed, except when there is a woman in the caſe; and mutual jealouſy cooperates with the liquor they have drank, to inflame their paſſions. In Nice, the common people retire to their lodgings at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in ſummer. Every perſon found in the ſtreets after theſe hours is apprehended by the patrole; and, if he cannot give a good account of himſelf, ſent to priſon. At nine in winter, and ten in ſummer, there is a curfew-bell rung, warning the people to put out their lights, and go to bed. This is a very neceſſary precaution in towns ſubject to conflagrations; but of ſmall uſe in Nice, where there is very little combuſtible in the houſes.

The puniſhments inflicted upon malefactors and delinquents at Nice are, hanging for capital crimes; ſlavery on board the galleys for a limited term, or for life, according to the nature of the tranſgreſſion; flagellation, and the ſtrappado. This laſt is performed, by hoiſting up the criminal by his hands tied behind his back, on a pulley about two ſtories high; from whence the rope being ſuddenly ſlackened, he falls to within a yard or two of the ground, where he is ſtopped with a violent ſhock, ariſing from the weight of his body, and the velocity of his decent, which generally diſlocates his ſhoulders, with incredible pain. This dreadful execution is ſometimes repeated in a few minutes on the ſame delinquent; ſo that the very ligaments are tore from his joints, and his arms are rendered uſeleſs for life.

The poverty of the people in this country, as well as in the ſouth of France, may be conjectured from the appearance of their domeſtic animals. The draught horſes, mules, and aſſes of the peaſants, are ſo meagre, as to excite compaſſion. There is not a dog to be ſeen in tolerable caſe; and the cats are ſo many emblems of famine, frightfully thin, and dangerouſly rapacious. I wonder the dogs and they do not devour young children. Another proof of that indigence which reigns among the common people, is this: You may paſs through the whole ſouth of France, as well as the county of Nice, where there is no want of groves, woods, and plantations, without hearing the ſong of blackbird, thruſh, linnet, goldfinch, or any other bird whatſoever. All is ſilent and ſolitary. The poor birds are deſtroyed or driven for refuge into other countries by the ſavage perſecution of the people, who ſpare no pains to kill and catch them for their own ſubſiſtence. Scarce a ſparrow, red-breaſt, tom-tit, or wren, can eſcape the guns and ſnares of thoſe indefatigable fowlers. Even the nobleſſe makes parties to go *à la chaſſe*; that is, to kill thoſe little birds, which they eat as *gibier*.

The great poverty of the people here is owing to their religion. Half of their time is loſt in obſerving the great number of feſtivals; and half of their ſubſtance is given to mendicant friars and pariſh prieſts. But if the church occaſions their indigence, it likewiſe in ſome meaſure alleviates the horrors of it, by amuſing them with ſhows, proceſſions, and even thoſe very feaſts which afford a receſs from labour in a country where the climate diſpoſes them to idleneſs. If the peaſants in the neighbourhood of any chapel, dedicated to a ſaint whoſe day is to be celebrated, have a mind to make a *feſtin*, in other words, a fair, they apply to the commandant of Nice for a licence, which coſts them about a French crown. This being obtained, they aſſemble after ſervice, men and women in their beſt apparel, and dance to the muſic of fiddles, and pipe and tabor, or rather pipe and drum. There are huckſters ſtands, with pedlary ware and knick-knacks for preſents; cakes and bread, *liqueurs* and wine; and thither generally re-

ſort all the company of Nice. I have ſeen our whole nobleſſe at one of theſe *feſtins*, kept on the highway in ſummer, mingled with an immenſe crowd of peaſants, mules, and aſſes, covered with duſt, and ſweating at every pore with the exceſſive heat of the weather. I ſhould be much puzzled to tell whence their enjoyment ariſes on ſuch occaſions; or to explain their motives for going thither, unleſs they are preſcribed it for penance, as a foretaſte to purgatory.

Now I am ſpeaking of religious inſtitutions, I cannot help obſerving, that the ancient Romans were ſtill more ſuperſtitious than the modern Italians; and that the number of their religious feaſts, ſacrifices, faſts, and holidays, was even greater than thoſe of the Chriſtian church of Rome. They had their *feſti* and *profeſti*; their *feriæ ſtativæ*, and *conceptivæ*, their fixed and moveable feaſts; their *eſcuriales* or faſting days, and their *precidaneæ* or vigils. The *agonales* were celebrated in January; the *carmentales*, in January and February; the *lupercales* and *matronales*, in March; the *floralia*, in May; the *ſaturnalia*, *robigalia*, *venalia*, *vertumnalia*, *fornacalia*, *palila*, and *laralia*. They had their *latinæ*, their *paganales*, their *ſementinæ*, their *compitales*, and their *imperativæ*, ſuch as the *novemdalia*, inſtituted by the ſenate, on account of a ſuppoſed ſhower of ſtones. Beſides, every private family had a number of *feriæ*, kept either by way of rejoicing for ſome benefit, or mourning for ſome calamity. Every time it thundered, the day was kept holy. Every ninth day was a holiday, thence called *nundinæ*, *quaſi*, *novendinæ*. There was the *dies denominalis*, which was the fourth of the kalends, nones, and ides of every month, over and above the anniverſary of every great defeat which the republic had ſuſtained, particularly the *dies allienſis*, or fifteenth of the kalends of December, on which the Romans were totally defeated by the Gauls and Veientes; as Lucan ſays—*et damnata diu Romanis allia faſtis*. The vaſt variety of their deities, ſaid to amount to thirty thouſand, with their reſpective rights of adoration, could not fail to introduce ſuch a number of ceremonies, ſhows, ſacrifices, luſtrations, and public

proceſſions, as muſt have employed the people almoſt conſtantly from one end of the year to the other. This continual diſſipation muſt have been a great enemy to induſtry; and the people muſt have been idle and effeminate. I think it would be no difficult matter to prove, that there is very little difference, in point of character, between the ancient and modern inhabitants of Rome; and that the great figure which this empire made of old, was not ſo much owing to the intrinſic virtue of its citizens, as to the barbariſm, ignorance, and imbecility of the nations they ſubdued. Inſtances of public and private virtue I find as frequent and as ſtriking in the hiſtory of other nations, as in the annals of ancient Rome; and now that the kingdoms and ſtates of Europe are pretty equally enlightened, and balanced in the ſcale of political power, I am of opinion, that if the moſt fortunate generals of the Roman commonwealth were again placed at the head of the very armies they once commanded, inſtead of extending their conqueſts over all Europe and Aſia, they would hardly be able to ſubdue and retain under their dominion all the petty republics that ſubſiſt in Italy.

But I am tired with writing; and I believe you will be tired with reading this long letter, notwithſtanding all your prepoſſeſſion in favour of

Your very humble ſervant.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, Nov.* 10. 1764.

IN my inquires about the revenues of Nice, I am obliged to truſt to the information of the inhabitants, who are much given to exaggerate. They tell me, the revenues of this town amount to one hundred thouſand livres, or five thouſand pounds Sterling; of which I would ſtrike off at leaſt one fourth, as an addition of their own vanity: Perhaps, if we deduct a third, it will be nearer the truth. For I cannot find out any other

funds they have, but the butchery and the bakery, which they farm at ſo much a-year to the beſt bidder; and the *droits d'entrée*, or duties upon proviſion brought into the city; but theſe are very ſmall. The king is ſaid to draw from Nice one hundred thouſand livres annually, ariſing from a free gift, amounting to ſeven hundred pounds Sterling, in lieu of the taille, from which this town and country are exempted; an inconſiderable duty upon wine ſold in public-houſes; and the *droits du port*. Theſe laſt conſiſt of anchorage, paid by all veſſels in proportion to their tonnage, when they enter the harbour of Nice and Villa Franca. Beſides, all foreign veſſels, under a certain ſtipulated burden, that paſs between the iſland of Sardinia and this coaſt, are obliged, in going to the eaſtward, to enter and pay a certain regulated impoſition, on pain of being taken and made prize. The prince of Monaco exacts a talliage of the ſame kind; and both he and the king of Sardinia maintain armed cruiſers to aſſert this prerogative; from which, however, the Engliſh and French are exempted by treaty, in conſequence of having paid a ſum of money at once. In all probability, it was originally given as a conſideration for maintaining lights on the ſhore, for the benefit of navigators, like the toll paid for paſſing the Sound in the Baltic. The fanal or lanthorn, to the eaſtward of Villa Franca, is kept in good repair, and ſtill lighted in the winter. The toll, however, is a very troubleſome tax upon feluccas, and other ſmall craft, which are greatly retarded in their voyages, and often loſe the benefit of a fair wind, by being obliged to run on ſhore, and enter thoſe harbours. The tobacco, which is moſtly from the Levant, the king manufactures at his own expence, and ſells for his own profit, at a very high price; and every perſon convicted of ſelling this commodity in ſecret is ſent to the galleys for life. The ſalt comes chiefly from Sardinia, and is ſtored up in the king's magazine; from whence it is exported to Piedmont, and other parts of his inland dominions. And here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that Sardinia produces very good horſes, well ſhaped, though ſmall; ſtrong, hardy, full of mettle, and eaſily

ſed. The whole county of Nice is ſaid to yield the king half a million of livres, about twenty-five thouſand pounds Sterling, ariſing from a ſmall donative made by every town and village; for the lands pay no tax, or impoſition, but the tithes to the church. His revenue then flows from the *gabelle* on ſalt and wine, and theſe free gifts; ſo that we may ſtrike off one fifth of the ſum at which the whole is eſtimated; and conclude, that the king draws from the county of Nice about four hundred thouſand livres, or twenty thouſand pounds Sterling. That his revenues from Nice are not great, appears from the ſmallneſs of the appointment allowed to his officers. The preſident has about three hundred pounds per annum; and the intendant about two. The pay of the commandant does not exceed three hundred and fifty pounds: But he has certain privileges called the *tour du baton*, ſome of which a man of ſpirit would not inſiſt upon. He who commands at preſent, having no eſtate of his own, enjoys a ſmall commandery, which being added to his appointments at Nice, make the whole amount to about five hundred pounds Sterling.

If we may believe the politicians of Nice, the king of Sardinia's whole revenue does not fall ſhort of twenty millions of Piedmonteſe livres, being about one million of our money. It muſt be owned, that there is no country in Chriſtendom leſs taxed than that of Nice; and as the ſoil produces the neceſſaries of life, the inhabitants, with a little induſtry, might renew the golden age in this happy climate, among their groves, woods, and mountains, beautified with fountains, brooks, rivers, torrents, and caſcades. In the midſt of theſe paſtoral advantages, the peaſants are poor and miſerable. They have no ſtock to begin the world with. They have no leaſes of the lands they cultivate; but entirely depend from year to year on the pleaſure of the arbitrary landholder, who may turn them out at a minute's warning; and they are oppreſſed by the mendicant friars and pariſh prieſts, who rob them of the beſt fruits of their labour: After all, the grounds is too ſcanty for the number of families which are crowded on it.

You deſire to know the ſtate of the arts and ſciences

at Nice, which indeed is almoſt a total blank. I know not what men of talents this place may have formerly produced; but, at preſent, it ſeems to be conſecrated to the reign of dulneſs and ſuperſtition. It is very ſurpriſing to ſee a people eſtabliſhed between two enlightened nations, ſo devoid of taſte and literature. Here are no tolerable pictures, buſts, ſtatues, nor edifices: The very ornaments of the churches are wretchedly conceived, and worſe executed. They have no public nor private libraries that afford any thing worth peruſing. There is not even a bookſeller in Nice. Though they value themſelves upon their being natives of Italy, they are unacquainted with muſic. The few that play upon inſtruments attend only to the execution. They have no genius nor taſte, nor any knowledge of harmony and compoſition. Among the French, a Niſſard piques himſelf on being Provençal; but in Florence, Milan or Rome, he claims the honour of being born a native of Italy. The people of condition here ſpeak both languages equally well; or rather equally ill; for they uſe a low uncouth phraſeology; and their pronunciation is extremely vicious. Their vernacular tongue is what they call *Patois;* though, in ſo calling it, they do it unjuſtice.—*Patois*, from the Latin word *patavinitas*, means no more than a provincial accent or dialect. It takes its name from *Patavium*, or Padua, which was the birth-place of Livy, who, with all his merit as a writer, has admitted into his hiſtory ſome provincial expreſſions of his own country. The *Patois*, or native tongue of Nice, is no other than the ancient Provinçal, from which the Italian, Spaniſh, and French languages have been formed. This is the language that roſe upon the ruins of the Latin tongue, after the irruptions of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Burgundians, by whom the Roman empire was deſtroyed. It was ſpoke all over Italy, Spain, and the ſouthern parts of France, until the thirteenth century, when the Italians began to poliſh it into the language which they now call their own. The Spaniards and French likewiſe improved it into their reſpective tongues. From its great affinity to the Latin, it was called *Romance*, a name which the

Spaniards ſtill give to their own language. As the firſt legends of knight-errantry were written in Provençal, all ſubſequent performances of the ſame kind have derived from it the name of romance; and, as thoſe annals of chivalry contained extravagant adventures of knights, giants, and necromancers, every improbable ſtory or fiction is to this day called a romance. Mr. Walpole, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, has produced two ſonnets in the ancient Provençal, written by our King Richard I. ſirnamed *Cœur de Lion*; and Voltaire, in his Hiſtorical Tracts, has favoured the world with ſome ſpecimens of the ſame language. The *Patois* of Nice muſt, without doubt, have undergone changes and corruptions in the courſe of ſo many ages, eſpecially as no pains have been taken to preſerve its original purity, either in orthography or pronunciation. It is neglected as the language of the vulgar; and ſcarce any body here knows either its origin or conſtitution. I have, in vain, endeavoured to procure ſome pieces in the ancient Provençal, that I might compare them with the modern *Patois*: But I can find no perſon to give me the leaſt information on the ſubject. The ſhades of ignorance, ſloth, and ſtupidity, are impenetrable. Almoſt every word of the *Patois* may ſtill be found in the Italian, Spaniſh, and French languages, with a ſmall change in the pronunciation. *Cavallo*, ſignifying a *horſe* in Italian and Spaniſh, is called *cavao*; *maiſon*, the French word for a *houſe*, is changed into *maion*; *agua*, which means *water* in Spaniſh, the Niſſards call *daigua*. To expreſs *what a ſtop is here!* they ſay *acco fa lac aqui*, which is a ſentence compoſed of two Italian words, one French and one Spaniſh. This is nearly the proportion in which theſe three languages will be found mingled in the *Patois* of Nice; which, with ſome variation, extends over all Provence, Languedoc, and Gaſcony. I will now treat you with two or three ſtanzas of a *canzon*, or hymn in this language, to the Virgin Mary, which was lately printed at Nice.

I.	I.
Vierge, maire de Deiu,	Virgin, mother of God,
Nuoſtro buono avocado,	Our good advocate,

Embel car uvoſtre fieu,	With your dear ſon,
En Feneſtro † adourado,	In Feneſtro adored,
Jeu vous ſaludi,	I ſalute you,
E demandi en ſocours;	And aſk his aſſiſtance;
E ſenſo autre preludi,	And without further prelude,
Canti lous uvoſtre honours.	I ſing your honours.
2.	2.
Qu' ario de Paradis!	What air of Paradiſe!
Que maeſta divino!	What majeſty divine!
Salamon es d'advis,	Solomon is of opinion,
Giugiar de uvoſtro mino;	To judge of your appearance;
Vous dis plus bello:	Says you are the faireſt:
E lou dis ben ſoven	And it is often ſaid
De toutoi lei femello,	Of all females,
E non s'engano ren.	And we are not at all deceived.
3.	3.
Qu' ario de Paradis!	What air of Paradiſe!
Que maeſta divino!	What majeſty divine!
La bellezzo eblovis;	The beauty dazzles;
La bonta l'ueigl raffino.	The goodneſs purifies the eye:
Sias couronado:	You are crowned:
Tenes lou monde en man:	You hold the world in your hand:
Sus del trono aſſettado,	Seated on the throne,
Riges lou uvoſtre enfan.	You ſupport your child.

You ſee I have not choſen this *canzon* for the beauty and elegance of thought and expreſſion; but give it you as the only printed ſpecimen I could find of the modern Provinçal. If you have any curioſity to be further acquainted with the *Patois*, I will endeavour to procure you ſatisfaction. Meanwhile, I am, in plain Engliſh,

Dear Sir,

Ever yours.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, Nov.* 10. 1764.

I HAD once thoughts of writing a complete natural hiſtory of this town and county: But I found myſelf altogether unequal to the taſk. I have neither health,

† Feneſtro is the name of a place in this neighbourhood, where there is a ſuppoſed miraculous ſanctuary or chapel of the Virgin Mary.

ſtrength, nor opportunity, to make proper collections of the mineral, vegetable, and animal productions. I am not much converſant with theſe branches of natural philoſophy. I have no books to direct my inquiries. I can find no perſon capable of giving me the leaſt information or aſſiſtance; and I am ſtrangely puzzled by the barbarous names they give to many different ſpecies, the deſcriptions of which I have read under other appellations; and which, as I have never ſeen them before, I cannot pretend to diſtinguiſh by the eye. You muſt, therefore, be contented with ſuch imperfect intelligence as my opportunities can afford.

The uſeful arts practiſed at Nice are theſe—gardening and agriculture, with their conſequences, the making of wine, oil, and cordage; the rearing of ſilk-worms, with the ſubſequent management and manufacture of that production; and the fiſhing, which I have already deſcribed.

Nothing can be more unpromiſing than the natural ſoil of this territory, except in a very few narrow bottoms, where there is a ſtiff clay, which, when carefully watered, yields tolerable paſturage. In every other part, the ſoil conſiſts of a light ſand mingled with pebbles, which ſerves well enough for the culture of vines and olives; but the ground laid out for the kitchen herbs as well as for other fruit, muſt be manured with great care and attention. They have no black cattle to afford ſuch compoſt as our farmers uſe in England. The dung of mules and aſſes, which are their only beaſts of burden, is of very little value for this purpoſe; and the natural ſterility of their ground requires ſomething highly impregnated with nitre and volatile ſalts. They have recourſe, therefore, to pigeons dung and ordure, which fully anſwer their expectations. Every peaſant opens, at one corner of his wall, a public houſe of office for the reception of paſſengers; and, in the town of Nice, every tenement is provided with one of theſe receptacles, the contents of which are carefully preſerved for ſale. The peaſant comes with his aſſes and caſks to carry it off before day, and pays for it according to its quality, which he examines and inveſtigates by the

taſte and flavour. The jakes of a Proteſtant family, who eat *gras* every day, bears a much higher price than the privy of a good Catholic, who lives *maigre* one half of the year. The vaults belonging to the convent of Minims are not worth emptying.

The ground here is not delved with ſpades as in England, but laboured with a broad ſharp hoe, with a ſhort horizontal handle; and the climate is ſo hot and dry in the ſummer, that the plants muſt be watered every morning and evening, eſpecially where it is not ſhaded by trees. It is ſurpriſing to ſee how the productions of the earth are crowded together. One would imagine they would rob one another of nouriſhment; and moreover be ſtifled for want of air; and, doubtleſs, this is the caſe. Olive, and other fruit-trees, are planted in rows, very cloſe to each other. Theſe are connected by vines, and the interſtices between the rows are filled with corn. The gardens that ſupply the town with ſallad and pot-herbs lie all on the ſide of Provence by the highway. They are ſurrounded with high ſtone walls or ditches, planted with a kind of cane or large reed, which anſwers many purpoſes in this country.—The leaves of it afford ſuſtenance to the aſſes, and the canes not only ſerve as fences to the encloſures, but are uſed to prop the vines and peaſe: They are formed into arbours, and wore as walking-ſtaves. All theſe gardens are watered by little rills that come from the mountains, particularly by the ſmall branches of the two ſources which I have deſcribed in a former letter, as iſſuing from the two ſides of a mountain, under the names of *Fontaine de Mauraille* and *Fontaine du Temple*.

In the neighbourhood of Nice, they raiſe a conſiderable quantity of hemp, the largeſt and ſtrongeſt I ever ſaw. Part of this, when dreſſed, is exported to other countries; and part is manufactured into cordage. However profitable it may be to the grower, it is certainly a great nuiſance in the ſummer. When taken out of the pits where it has been put to rot, the ſtench it raiſes is quite inſupportable, and muſt undoubtedly be unwholeſome.

There is ſuch a want of land in this neighbourhood,

that terraces are built over one another with looſe ſtones on the faces of bare rocks, and theſe being covered with earth, and manured, are planted with olives, vines, and corn. The ſame ſhift was practiſed all over Paleſtine, which was rocky and barren, and much more populous than the county of Nice.

Notwithſtanding the ſmall extent of this territory, there are ſome pleaſant meadows in the ſkirts of Nice, that produce excellent clover; and the corn which is ſown in open fields, where it has the full benefit of the ſoil, ſun, and air, grows to a ſurpriſing height. I have ſeen rye ſeven or eight feet high. All vegetables have a wonderful growth in this climate. Beſides wheat, rye, barley, and oats, this country produces a good deal of Meliga, or Turkiſh wheat, which is what we call Indian corn. I have, in a former letter, obſerved, that the meal of this grain goes by the name of *Polenta*, and makes excellent haſty-pudding, being very nouriſhing, and counted an admirable pectoral. The pods and ſtalks are uſed for fuel; and the leaves are much preferable to common ſtraw for making *paillaſſes*.

The peaſe and beans in the garden appear in the winter like beautiful plantations of young trees in bloſſom, and perfume the air. Myrtle, ſweet-briar, ſweet-marjoram, ſage, thyme, lavender, roſemary, with many other aromatic herbs and flowers, which with us require the moſt careful cultivation, are here found wild in the mountains.

It is not many years ſince the Niſſards learned the culture of ſilk worms, of their neighbours the Piedmonteſe; and hitherto the progreſs they have made is not very conſiderable: The whole county of Nice produces about one hundred and thirty-three bales of three hundred pounds each, amounting in value to four hundred thouſand livres.

In the beginning of April, when the mulberry leaves begin to put forth, the eggs or grains that produce the ſilk worm are hatched. The grains are waſhed in wine, and thoſe that ſwim on the top are thrown away as good for nothing. The reſt being depoſited in ſmall

bags of linen, are worn by women in their boſoms, until the worms begin to appear: Then they are placed in ſhallow wooden boxes, covered with a piece of white paper, cut into little holes, through which the worms aſcend as they are hatched, to feed on the young mulberry leaves, of which there is a layer above the paper. Theſe boxes are kept for warmth between two matreſſes, and viſited every day. Freſh leaves are laid in, and the worms that feed are removed ſucceſſively to the other place prepared for their reception. This is an habitation conſiſting of two or three ſtories, about twenty inches from each other, raiſed upon four wooden poſts. The floors are made of canes, and ſtrewed with freſh mulberry leaves: The corner poſts, and other occaſional props, for ſuſtaining the different floors, are covered with a coat of looſe heath, which is twiſted round the wood. The worms when hatched are laid upon the floors; and here you may ſee them in all the different ſtages of moulting or caſting the ſlough, a change which they undergo three times ſucceſſively before they begin to work. The ſilk-worm is an animal of ſuch acute and delicate ſenſations, that too much care cannot be taken to keep its habitation clean, and to refreſh it from time to time with pure air. I have ſeen them languiſh and die in ſcores, in conſequence of an accidental bad ſmell. The ſoiled leaves and the filth which they neceſſarily produce, ſhould be carefully ſhifted every day; and it would not be amiſs to purify the air ſometimes with fumes of vinegar, roſe, or orange-flower water. Theſe niceties, however, are but little obſerved. They commonly lie in heaps as thick as ſhrimps in a plate, ſome feeding on the leaves, ſome new hatched, ſome entranced in the agonies of caſting their ſkin, ſome languiſhing, and ſome actually dead, with a litter of half eaten faded leaves about them, in a cloſe room, crowded with women and children, not at all remarkable for their cleanlineſs. I am aſſured by ſome perſons of credit, that, if they are touched, or even approached, by a woman in her catamenia, they infallibly expire. This, however, muſt be underſtood of thoſe females whoſe ſkins have naturally a very rank flavour, which is ge-

nerally heightened at ſuch peroids. The mulberry-leaves uſed in this country are of the tree which bears a ſmall white fruit not larger than a damaſcene. They are planted on purpoſe, and the leaves are ſold at ſo much a pound. By the middle of June, all the mulberry trees are ſtripped; but new leaves ſucceed, and in a few weeks they are clothed again with freſh verdure. In about ten days after the laſt moulting, the ſilk worm climbs upon the props of his houſe, and, chooſing a ſituation among the heath, begins to ſpin in a moſt curious manner, until he is quite encloſed, and the cocon or pod of ſilk, about the ſize of a pigeon's egg, which he has produced, remains ſuſpended by ſeveral filaments. It is not unuſual to ſee double cocons, ſpun by two worms included under a common cover. There muſt be an infinite number of worms to yield any conſiderable quantity of ſilk. One ounce of eggs or grains produces four rup, or one hundred Nice pounds of cocons; and one rup, or twenty-five pounds of cocons, if they are rich, gives three pounds of raw ſilk; that is, twelve pounds of ſilk are got from one ounce of grains, which ounce of grains is produced by as many worms as are incloſed in one pound, or twelve ounces of cocons. In preſerving the cocons for breed, you muſt chooſe an equal number of males and females; and theſe are very eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the ſhape of the cocons; that which contains the male is ſharp, and the other obtuſe, at the two ends. In ten or twelve days after the cocon is finiſhed, the worm makes its way through it, in the form of a very ugly, unwieldy, awkward butterfly, and as the different ſexes are placed by one another on paper or linen, they immediately engender. The female lays her eggs, which are carefully preſerved; but neither ſhe nor her mate takes any nouriſhment, and, in eight or ten days after they quit the cocons, they generally die. The ſilk of theſe cocons cannot be wound, becauſe the animals, in piercing through them, have deſtroyed the continuity of the filaments. It is, therefore, firſt boiled, and then picked and carded like wool, and being afterwards ſpun, is uſed in the coarſer ſtuffs of the ſilk manufacture. The other cocons, which yield

the beſt ſilk, are managed in a different manner. Before the encloſed worm has time to penetrate, the ſilk is reeled off with equal care and ingenuity. A handful of the cocons are thrown into a kettle of boiling water, which not only kills the animal, but diſſolves the glutinous ſubſtance by which the fine filaments of the ſilk cohere or ſtick together, ſo that they are eaſily wound off without breaking. Six or ſeven of theſe ſmall filaments being joined together, are paſſed over a kind of twiſting iron, and fixed to the wheel, which one girl turns, while another, with her hands in the boiling water, diſentangles the threads, joins them when they chance to break, and ſupplies freſh cocons with admirable dexterity and diſpatch. There is a manufacture of this kind juſt without one of the gates of Nice, where forty or fifty of theſe wheels are worked together, and give employment for ſome weeks to double the number of young women. Thoſe who manage the pods that float in the boiling water muſt be very alert, otherwiſe they will ſcald their fingers. The ſmell that comes from the boiling cocons is extremely offenſive. Hard by the harbour, there is a very curious mill for twiſting the ſilk, which goes by water. There is in the town of Nice a well regulated hoſpital for poor orphans of both ſexes, where above one hundred of them are employed in dreſſing, dying, ſpinning, and weaving the ſilk. In the villages of Provence, you ſee the poor women in the ſtreets ſpinning raw ſilk upon diſtaves; but here the ſame inſtrument is only uſed for ſpinning hemp and flax; which laſt, however, is not of the growth of Nice.—But, leſt I ſhould ſpin this letter to a tedious length, I will now wind up my bottom, and bid you heartily farewell.

LETTER XXIII.

SIR, *Nice, December* 19. 1764.

IN my laſt, I gave you a ſuccinct account of the ſilk-worm, and the management of that curious inſect in

this country. I ſhall now proceed to deſcribe the methods of making wine and oil.

The vintage begins in September. The grapes being choſen and carefully picked, are put into a large vat, where they are preſſed by a man's naked feet, and the juices drawn off by a cock below. When no more is procured by this operation, the bruiſed grapes are put into the preſs, and yield ſtill more liquor. The juice obtained by this double preſſure being put in caſks, with their bungs open, begins to ferment and diſcharge its impurities at the openings. The waſte occaſioned by this diſcharge is conſtantly ſupplied with freſh wine; ſo that the caſks are always full. The fermentation continues for twelve, fifteen, or twenty days, according to the ſtrength and vigour of the grape. In about a month the wine is fit for drinking. When the grapes are of a bad meagre kind, the wine dealers mix the juice with pigeons dung or quick lime, in order to give it a ſpirit which nature has denied; but this is a very miſchievous adulteration.

The proceſs for oil making is equally ſimple. The beſt olives are thoſe that grow wild; but the quantity of them is very inconſiderable. Olives begin to ripen and drop in the beginning of November: But ſome remain on the trees till February, and even till April, and theſe are accounted the moſt valuable. When the olives are gathered, they muſt be manufactured immediately, before they fade and grow wrinkled, otherwiſe they will produce bad oil. They are firſt of all ground into a paſte by a mill-ſtone ſet edge-ways in a circular ſtone trough, and turned by water. This paſte is put into circular caſes made of graſs woven, having a round hole at top and bottom; when filled, they reſemble in ſhape our Cheſhire cheeſes. A number of theſe placed one upon another, are put in a preſs, and being ſqueezed, the oil, with all its impurities, runs into a receptacle below, fixed in the ground. From hence it is laded into a wooden vat, half filled with water. The ſordes or dirt falls to the bottom; the oil ſwims a-top; and being ſkimmed off, is barrelled up in ſmall oblong caſks. What remains in the vat is thrown into a large ſtone ciſtern

with water, and after being often ſtirred, and ſtanding twelve or fourteen days, yields a coarſer oil uſed for lamps and manufactures. After theſe proceſſes, they extract an oil ſtill more coarſe and fetid from the refuſe of the whole. Sometimes, in order to make the olives grind the more eaſily into a paſte, and part with more oil, they are mixed with a little hot water: But the oil thus procured is apt to grow rancid. The very fineſt, called virgin oil, is made chiefly of green olives, and ſold at a very high price, becauſe a great quantity is required to produce a very little oil. Even the ſtuff that is left after all theſe operations, conſiſting of the dried pulp, is ſold for fuel, and uſed in *braſieres*, for warming apartments which have no chimney.

I have now ſpecified all the manufactures of Nice which are worth mentioning. True it is, there is ſome coarſe paper made in this neighbourhood; there are alſo people here who dreſs ſkins and make leather for the uſe of the inhabitants: But this buſineſs is very ill performed. The gloves and ſhoes are generally rotten as they come from the hands of the maker. Carpenters, joiners, and blackſmiths work, is very coarſely and clumſily done. There are no chairs to be had at Nice, but crazy things made of a few ſticks, with ruſh bottoms, which are ſold for twelve livres a dozen. Nothing can be more contemptible than the hard-ware made in this place; ſuch as knives, ſciſſars, and candle-ſnuffers. All utenſils in braſs and copper are very ill made and finiſhed. The ſilverſmiths make nothing but ſpoons, forks, paltry rings, and croſſes for the necks of the women.

The houſes are built of a ragged ſtone dug from the mountains, and the interſtices are filled with rubble; ſo that the walls would appear very ugly, if they were not covered with plaſter, which has a good effect. They generally conſiſt of three ſtories, and are covered with tiles. The apartments of the better ſort are large and lofty, the floors payed with brick, the roof covered with a thick coat of ſtucco, and the walls white-waſhed. People of diſtinction hang their chambers with damaſk, ſtriped ſilk, painted cloths, tapeſtry, or printed linen,

All the doors, as well as the windows, conſiſt of folding leaves. As there is no wainſcot in the rooms, which are divided by ſtone partitions, and the floors and cieling are covered with brick and ſtucco, fires are of much leſs dreadful conſequences here than in our country. Wainſcot would afford harbour for bugs: Beſides, white walls have a better effect in this hot climate. The beds commonly uſed in this place, and all over Italy, conſiſt of a *paillaſſe*, with one or two matreſſes, laid upon planks, ſupported by two wooden benches. Inſtead of curtains, there is a *couxiniere*, or moſquito net, made of a kind of gauze, that opens and contracts occaſionally, and encloſes the place where you lie: Perſons of condition, however, have alſo bedſteads and curtains; but theſe laſt are never uſed in the ſummer.

In theſe countries people of all ranks dine exactly at noon; and this is the time I ſeize in winter for making my daily tour of the ſtreets and ramparts, which, at all other hours of the day, are crowded with men, women, children, and beaſts of burden. The rampart is the common road for carriages of all kinds. I think there are two private coaches in Nice, beſides that of the commandant: But there are ſedan chairs, which may be had at a reaſonable rate. When I bathed in the ſummer, I paid thirty ſols, equal to eighteen pence, for being carried to and from the bathing place, which was a mile from my own houſe. Now I am ſpeaking of bathing, it may not be amiſs to inform you, that, though there is a fine open beach, extending ſeveral miles to the weſtward of Nice, thoſe who cannot ſwim ought to bathe with great precaution, as the ſea is very deep, and the deſcent very abrupt, from within a yard or two of the water's edge. The people here were much ſurpriſed when I began to bathe in the beginning of May. They thought it very ſtrange that a man, ſeemingly conſumptive, ſhould plunge into the ſea, eſpecially when the weather was ſo cold; and ſome of the doctors prognoſticated immediate death. But when it was perceived that I grew better in conſequence of the bath, ſome of the Swiſs officers tried the ſame experiment, and, in a few days, our example was followed by ſeveral inhabi-

tants of Nice. There is, however, no convenience for this operation, from the benefit of which the fair ſex muſt be entirely excluded, unleſs they lay aſide all regard to decorum; for the ſhore is always lined with fiſhing boats, and crowded with people. If a lady ſhould be at the expence of having a tent pitched on the beach, where ſhe might put on and off her bathing dreſs, ſhe could not pretend to go into the ſea, without proper attendants; nor could ſhe poſſibly plunge headlong into the water, which is the moſt effectual and leaſt dangerous way of bathing. All that ſhe can do is, to have the ſea-water brought into her houſe, and make uſe of a bathing-tub, which may be made according to her own or phyſician's direction.

What further I have to ſay of this climate and country, you ſhall have in my next; and then you will be releaſed from a ſubject, which I am afraid has been but too circumſtantially handled by,

Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, Jan. 4. 1765.*

THE conſtitution of this climate may be pretty well aſcertained, from the encloſed regiſter of the weather, which I kept with all poſſible care and attention. From a peruſal of it, you will ſee there is leſs wind and rain at Nice than in any other part of the world that I know; and ſuch is the ſerenity of the air, that you ſee nothing above your head for ſeveral months together, but a charming blue expanſe, without cloud or ſpeck. Whatever clouds may be formed by evaporation from the ſea, they ſeldom or never hover over this ſmall territory; but, in all probability, are attracted by the mountains that ſurround it, and there fall in rain or ſnow: As for thoſe that gather from other quarters, I ſuppoſe their progreſs hitherward is obſtructed by thoſe

very Alps which riſe one over another, to an extent of many leagues. This air being dry, pure, heavy, and elaſtic, muſt be agreeable to the conſtitution of thoſe who labour under diſorders ariſing from weak nerves, obſtructed perſpiration, relaxed fibres, a viſcidity of lymph, and a languid circulation. In other reſpects, it encourages the ſcurvy, the atmoſphere being undoubtedly impregnated with ſea ſalt. Ever ſince my arrival at Nice, I have had a ſcorbutical eruption on my right hand, which diminiſhes and increaſes according to the ſtate of my health. One day laſt ſummer, when there was a ſtrong breeze from the ſea, the ſurface of our bodies was covered with a ſalt brine, very perceptible to the taſte; my gums, as well as thoſe of another perſon in my family, began to ſwell, and grow painful, though this had never happened before; and I was ſeized with violent pains in the joints of my knees. I was then at a country-houſe fronting the ſea, and particularly expoſed to the marine air. The ſwelling of our gums ſubſided as the wind fell; but, what was very remarkable, the ſcurvy ſpot on my hand diſappeared, and did not return for a whole month. It is affirmed, that ſea-ſalt will diſſolve and render the blood ſo fluid, that it will exude through the coats of the veſſels. Perhaps the ſea-ſcurvy is a partial diſſolution of it, by that mineral abſorbed from the air by the lymphatics on the ſurface of the body, and by thoſe of the lungs in reſpiration. Certain it is, in the laſt ſtages of the ſea-ſcurvy, the blood often burſts from the pores: And this phenomenon is imputed to a high degree of putrefaction; ſure enough it is attended with putrefaction. We know that a certain quantity of ſalt is required to preſerve the animal juices from growing putrid: But how a greater quantity ſhould produce putrefaction, I leave to wiſer heads to explain. Many people here have ſcorbutical complaints, though their teeth are not [illegible] They are ſubject to eruptions on the ſkin, putt[illegible] pains in the bones, laſſitude, indigeſtion, and lo[illegible] but the reigning diſtemper is a *maraſmus*, or [illegible] tion, which proceeds gradually, without any pu[illegible] complaint, the complexion growing more and

florid, till the very laſt ſcene of the tragedy. This I would impute to the effects of a very dry, ſaline atmoſphere, upon a thin habit, in which there is an extraordinary waſte by perſpiration. The air is remarkably ſalt in this diſtrict, becauſe the mountains that hem it in prevent its communication with the circumambient atmoſphere, in which the ſaline particles would otherwiſe be diffuſed; and there is no rain, nor dew, to precipitate or diſſolve them. Such an air as I have deſcribed ſhould have no bad effect upon a moiſt phlegmatic conſtitution, ſuch as mine; and yet it muſt be owned, I have been viſibly waſting ſince I came hither, though this decay I conſidered as the progreſs of the *tabes* which began in England. But the air of Nice has had a ſtill more ſenſible effect upon Mr. Sc—z, who laboured under nervous complaints to ſuch a degree, that life was a burden to him. He had alſo a fixed pain in his breaſt, for which complaint he had formerly tried the air of Naples, where he reſided ſome conſiderable time, and in a great meaſure recovered; but this returning with weakneſs, faintneſs, low ſpirits, and entire loſs of appetite, he was adviſed to come hither; and the ſucceſs of his journey has greatly exceeded his expectation. Though the weather has been remarkably bad for this climate, he has enjoyed perfect health. Since he arrived at Nice, the pain in his breaſt vaniſhed; he eats heartily, ſleeps well, is in high ſpirits, and ſo ſtrong, that he is never off his legs in the day-time. He can walk to the Var, and back again before dinner; and he has climbed to the tops of all the mountains in this neighbourhood. I never ſaw before ſuch ſudden and happy effects from the change of air. I muſt alſo acknowledge, that ever ſince my arrival at Nice, I have breathed more freely than I had done for ſome years, and my ſpirits have been more alert. The father of my *œconome*, who was a dancing-maſter, had been ſo afflicted with an aſthmatic diſorder, that he could not live in France, Spain, or Italy; but found the air of Nice ſo agreeable to his lungs, that he was enabled to exerciſe his profeſſion for above twenty years, and died laſt ſpring turned of ſeventy. Another advantage I have reaped

from this climate, is my being, in a great meaſure, delivered from a ſlow fever which uſed to hang about me, and render life a burden. Neither am I ſo apt to catch cold as I uſed to be in England and France; and the colds I do catch are not of the ſame continuance and conſequence, as thoſe to which I was formerly ſubject. The air of Nice is ſo dry, that in ſummer, and even in winter (except in wet weather), you may paſs the evening, and indeed the whole night, *ſub Dio*, without feeling the leaſt dew or moiſture; and as for fogs, they are never ſeen in this diſtrict. In ſummer, the air is cooled by a regular ſea-breeze blowing from the eaſt, like that of the Weſt Indies. It begins in the forenoon, and increaſes with the heat of the day. It dies away about ſix or ſeven; and, immediately after ſun-ſet, is ſucceeded by an agreeable land-breeze from the mountains. The ſea-breeze from the eaſtward, however, is not ſo conſtant here as in the Weſt Indies, between the tropics, becauſe the ſun, which produces it, is not ſo powerful. This country lies nearer the region of variable winds, and is ſurrounded by mountains, capes, and ſtraits, which often influence the conſtitution and current of the air. About the winter ſolſtice, the people of Nice expect wind and rain, which generally laſts, with intervals, till the beginning of February: But even during this, their worſt weather, the ſun breaks out occaſionally, and you may take the air either a-foot or on horſeback every day; for the moiſture is immediately abſorbed by the earth, which is naturally dry. They likewiſe lay their account with being viſited by ſhowers of rain and guſts of wind in April. A week's rain in the middle of Auguſt makes them happy. It not only refreſhes the parched ground, and plumps up the grapes and other fruit, but it cools the air and aſſuages the heats, which then begin to grow very troubleſome; but the rainy ſeaſon is about the autumnal equinox, or rather ſomething later. It continues about twelve days or a fortnight, and is extremely welcome to the natives of this country. This rainy ſeaſon is often delayed till the latter end of November, and ſometimes till the month of December: In which caſe, the reſt of the winter is

generally dry. The heavy rains in this country generally come with a ſouth-weſt wind, which was the *creberque procellis Africus* of the ancients. It is here called *Lebeche*, a corruption of *Lybicus*; it generally blows high for a day or two, and rolls the Mediterranean before it in huge waves, that often enter the town of Nice. It likewiſe drives before it all the clouds which had been formed above the ſurface of the Mediterranean. Theſe being expended in rain, fair weather naturally enſues. For this reaſon, the Niſſards obſerve *le Lebeche raccommode le tems*. During the rains of this ſeaſon, however, the winds have been variable. From the ſixteenth of November till the fourth of January, we have had two-and-twenty days of heavy rain: A very extraordinary viſitation in this country: But the ſeaſons ſeem to be more irregular than formerly, all over Europe. In the month of July, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer roſe to eighty-four at Rome; the higheſt degree at which it was ever known in that country; and the very next day, the Sabine mountains were covered with ſnow. The ſame phenomenon happened on the eleventh of Auguſt, and the thirtieth of September. The conſequence of theſe ſudden variations of weather was this: Putrid fevers were leſs frequent than uſual; but the ſudden check of perſpiration, from the cold, produced colds, inflammatory ſore throats, and the rheumatiſm. I know inſtances of ſome Engliſh valetudinarians, who have paſſed the winter at Aix, on the ſuppoſition that there was little or no difference between that air and the climate of Nice: But this is a very great miſtake, which may be attended with fatal conſequences. Aix is altogether expoſed to the north and north-weſt winds, which blow as cold in Provence as ever I felt them on the mountains of Scotland: Whereas Nice is entirely ſcreened from theſe winds by the Maritime Alps, which form an amphitheatre to the land-ſide, around this little territory: But another inconteſtible proof of the mildneſs of this climate is deduced from the oranges, lemons, citrons, roſes, narciſſuſes, july-flowers, and jonquils, which ripen and blow in the middle of winter.

I have deſcribed the agreeable ſide of this climate;

and now I will point out its inconveniences. In the winter, but eſpecially in the ſpring, the ſun is ſo hot, that one can hardly take exerciſe of any ſort abroad, without being thrown into a breathing ſweat; and the wind at this ſeaſon is ſo cold and piercing, that it often produces a miſchievous effect on the pores thus opened. If the heat rarefies the blood and juices, while the cold air conſtringes the fibres, and obſtructs the perſpiration, inflammatory diſorders muſt enſue. Accordingly, the people are then ſubject to colds, pleuriſies, peripneumonies, and ardent fevers. An old count adviſed me to ſtay within doors in March, *car alors les humeurs commencent a ſe remuer*. During the heats of ſummer, ſome few perſons of groſs habits have, in conſequence of violent exerciſe and exceſs, been ſeized with putrid fevers, attended with exanthemata, eriſipelatous, and milliary eruptions, which commonly prove fatal; but the people in general are healthy, even thoſe that take very little exerciſe: A ſtrong preſumption in favour of the climate! As to medicine I know nothing of the practice of the Nice phyſicians. Here are eleven in all; but four or five make ſhift to live by the profeſſion. They receive by way of fee, ten ſols (an Engliſh ſixpence) a viſit, and this but ill paid; ſo you may gueſs whether they are in a condition to ſupport the dignity of phyſic; and whether any man of a liberal education would bury himſelf at Nice on ſuch terms. I am acquainted with an Italian phyſician ſettled at Villa Franca, a very good ſort of a man, who practices for a certain ſalary, raiſed by annual contribution among the better ſort of people; and an allowance from the king for viſiting the ſick belonging to the garriſon and the galleys. The whole may amount to near thirty pounds.

Among the inconveniencies of this climate, the vermin form no inconſiderable article. Vipers and ſnakes are found in the mountains. Our gardens ſwarm with lizards, and there are ſome few ſcorpions; but as yet I have ſeen but one of this ſpecies. In ſummer, notwithſtanding all the care and precautions we can take, we are peſtered with incredible ſwarms of flies, fleas, and bugs; but the gnats, or *cousins*, are more intolerable

than all the reſt. In the day-time, it is impoſſible to keep the flies out of your mouth, noſtrils, eyes, and ears. They crowd into your milk, tea, chocolate, ſoup, wine, and water; they ſoil your ſugar, contaminate your victuals, and devour your fruit; they cover and defile your furniture, floors, cielings, and indeed your whole body. As ſoon as candles are lighted, the *couzins* begin to buz about your ears in myriads, and torment you with their ſtings; ſo that you have no reſt nor reſpite till you get into bed, where you are ſecured by your muſquito net. This encloſure is very diſagreeable in hot weather, and very inconvenient to thoſe, who like me, are ſubject to a cough and ſpitting. It is moreover ineffectual; for ſome of thoſe curſed inſects inſinuate themſelves within it almoſt every night, and half a dozen of them are ſufficient to diſturb you till morning. This is a plague that continues all the year; but in ſummer it is intolerable. During this ſeaſon, likewiſe, the moths are ſo miſchievous, that it requires the utmoſt care to preſerve woollen cloths from being deſtroyed. From the month of May, till the beginning of October, the heat is ſo violent, that you cannot ſtir abroad after ſix in the morning till eight at night, ſo that you are entirely deprived of the benefit of exerciſe. There is no ſhaded walk in or near the town; and there is neither coach nor chaiſe to hire, unleſs you travel poſt. Indeed, there is no road fit for any wheel carriage but the common highway to the Var, in which you are ſcorched by the reflection of the ſun from the ſand and ſtones, and at the ſame time half ſtifled with duſt. If you ride out in the cool of the evening, you will have the diſadvantage of returning in the dark.

Among the demerits of Nice, I muſt alſo mention the water which is uſed in the city. It is drawn from wells; and for the moſt part ſo hard that it curdles with ſoap. There are many fountains and ſtreams in the neighbourhood that afford excellent water, which at no great charge might be conveyed into the town, ſo as to form conduits in all the public ſtreets; but the inhabitants are either deſtitute of public ſpirit, or cannot afford the expence. I have a draw-well in my porch, and another in my

garden, which ſupply tolerable water for culinary uſes; but what we drink is fetched from a well belonging to a convent of Dominicans in this neighbourhood. Our linen is waſhed in the river Paglion; and when that is dry, in the brook called Limpia, which runs into the harbour.

In mentioning the water of this neighbourhood, I ought not to omit the baths of Rocabiliare, a ſmall town among the mountains, about five and twenty miles from Nice. There are three ſources, each warmer than the other; the warmeſt being nearly equal to the heat of the king's bath at Bath in Somerſetſhire, as far as I can judge from information. I have peruſed a Latin manuſcript which treats of theſe baths at Rocabiliare, written by the duke of Savoy's firſt phyſician, about ſixty years ago. He talks much of the ſulphur and the nitre which they contain; but I apprehend their efficacy is owing to the ſame volatile vitriolic principle which characterizes the waters at Bath. They are attenuating and deobſtruent, conſequently of ſervice in diſorders ariſing from a languid circulation, a viſcidity of the juices, a lax fibre, and obſtructed viſcera. The road from hence to Rocabiliare is in ſome parts very dangerous, lying along the brink of precipices, impaſſable to any other carriage but a mule. The town itſelf affords bad lodging and accommodation, and little or no ſociety. The waters are at the diſtance of a mile and a half from the town: There are no baths nor ſhelter, nor any ſort of convenience for thoſe that drink them; and the beſt part of their efficacy is loſt unleſs they are drank at the fountain-head. If theſe objections were in ſome meaſure removed, I would adviſe valetudinarians who come hither for the benefit of this climate, to paſs the heats of ſummer at Rocabiliare, which being ſituated among mountains, enjoys a cool temperate air all the ſummer. This would be a ſalutary reſpite from the ſalt air of Nice, to thoſe who labour under ſcorbutical complaints; and they would return with freſh vigour and ſpirits, to paſs the winter in this place, where no ſeverity of weather is known. Laſt June, when I found myſelf ſo ill at my *caſſine*, I had determined to go to Rocabiliare, and even to erect a hut at

the ſpring for my own convenience. A gentleman of Nice undertook to procure me a tolerable lodging in the houſe of the curé, who was his relation. He aſſured me there was no want of freſh butter, good poultry, excellent veal, and delicate trout; and that the articles of living might be had at Rocabiliare for half the price we paid at Nice: But finding myſelf grow better immediately on my return from the *caſſine* to my own houſe, I would not put myſelf to the trouble and expence of a further removal.

I think I have now communicated all the particulars relating to Nice that are worth knowing, and perhaps many more than you deſired to know; but in ſuch caſes I would rather be thought prolix and unentertaining, than deficient in that regard and attention with which I am very ſincerely,

Your friend and ſervant.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, Jan.* 1. 1765.

IT was in deference to your opinion, reinforced by my own inclination, and the repeated advice of other friends, that I reſolved upon my late excurſion to Italy. I could plainly perceive from the anxious ſolicitude and preſſing exhortations contained in all the letters I had lately received from my correſpondents in Britain, that you had all deſpaired of my recovery. You adviſed me to make a pilgrimage among the Alps, and the advice was good. In ſcrambling among thoſe mountains, I ſhould have benefited by the exerciſe, and at the ſame time have breathed a cool, pure, ſalubrious air, which, in all probability would have expelled the ſlow fever ariſing in a great meaſure from the heat of this climate. But I wanted a companion and fellow-traveller, whoſe converſation and ſociety could alleviate the horrors of ſolitude. Beſides, I was not ſtrong enough to encounter the want of conveniencies, and even of neceſſaries to

which I muſt have been expoſed in the courſe of ſuch an expedition. My worthy friend Dr. A——, earneſtly entreated me to try the effect of a ſea-voyage, which you know has been found of wonderful efficacy in conſumptive caſes. After ſome deliberation, I reſolved upon the ſcheme, which I have now happily executed. I had a moſt eager curioſity to ſee the antiquities of Florence and Rome: I longed impatiently to view thoſe wonderful edifices, ſtatues, and pictures, which I had ſo often admired in prints and deſcriptions. I felt an enthuſiaſtic ardour to tread that very claſſical ground which had been the ſcene of ſo many great achievements; and I could not bear the thought of returning to England from the very ſkirts of Italy, without having penetrated to the capital of that renowned country. With regard to my health, I knew I could manage matters ſo as to enjoy all the benefits that could be expected from the united energy of a voyage by ſea, a journey by land, and a change of climate.

Rome is betwixt four and five hundred miles diſtant from Nice, and one half of the way I was reſolved to travel by water. Indeed, there is no other way of going from hence to Genoa, unleſs you take a mule, and clamber along the mountains at the rate of two miles an hour, and at the riſk of breaking your neck every minute. The Appennine mountains, which are no other than a continuation of the Maritime Alps, form an almoſt continued precipice from Ville Franche to Leric, which is almoſt forty-five miles on the other ſide of Genoa; and as they are generally waſhed by the ſea, there is no beach or ſhore, conſequently the road is carried along the face of the rocks, except at certain ſmall intervals, which are occupied by towns and villages. But as there is a road for mules and foot paſſengers, it might certainly be enlarged and improved ſo as to render it practicable by chaiſes and other wheel-carriages, and a toll might be exacted, which, in a little time, would defray the expence: For certainly no perſon who travels to Italy, from England, Holland, France, or Spain, would make a troubleſome circuit to paſs the Alps by the way of Savoy and Piedmont, if he could

have the convenience of going poſt by the way of Aix, Antibes, and Nice, along the ſide of the Mediterranean, and through the Riviera of Genoa, which, from the ſea, affords the moſt agreeable and amazing proſpect I ever beheld. What pity it is they cannot reſtore the celebrated *Via Aurelia*, mentioned in the Itinerarium of Antonius, which extended from Rome by the way of Genoa, and through this country as far as Arles upon the Rhone. It was ſaid to have been made by the emperor Marcus Aurelius; and ſome of the veſtiges of it are ſtill to be ſeen in Provence. The truth is, the nobility of Genoa, who are all merchants, from a low, ſelfiſh, and abſurd policy, take all methods to keep their ſubjects of the Riviera in poverty and dependence. With this view, they carefully avoid all ſteps towards rendering that country acceſſible by land; and at the ſame time diſcourage their trade by ſea, leſt it ſhould interfere with the commerce of their capital, in which they themſelves are perſonally concerned.

Thoſe who either will not or cannot bear the ſea, and are equally averſe to riding, may be carried in a common chair, provided with a foot-board, on men's ſhoulders: this is the way of travelling practiſed by the ladies of Nice, in croſſing the mountains to Turin; but it is very tedious and expenſive, as the men muſt be often relieved.

The moſt agreeable carriage from hence to Genoa, is a feluca, or open boat, rowed by ten or twelve ſtout mariners. Though none of theſe boats belong to Nice, they are to be found every day in our harbour waiting for a fare to Genoa; and they are ſeen paſſing and repaſſing continually, with merchandiſe or paſſengers between Marſeilles, Antibes, and the Genoeſe territories. A feluca is large enough to take in a poſt-chaiſe; and there is a tilt over the ſtern ſheets where the paſſengers ſit, to protect them from the rain: Between the ſeats one perſon may lie commodiouſly upon a matreſs, which is commonly ſupplied by the patron. A man in good health may put up with any thing; but I would adviſe every valetudinarian who travels this way, to provide his own chaiſe, matreſs, and bed-linen, otherwiſe he

will paſs his time very uncomfortably. If you go as a ſimple paſſenger in a feluca, you pay about a Loui'dore for your place, and you muſt be entirely under the direction of the patron, who, while he can bear the ſea, will proſecute his voyage by night as well as by day, and expoſe you to many other inconveniencies: But for eight zequines, or four Loui'dores, you can have a whole feluca to yourſelf, from Nice to Genoa, and the maſter ſhall be obliged to put a-ſhore every evening. If you would have it ſtill more at your command, you may hire it at ſo much per day; and in that caſe go on ſhore as often, and ſtay as long as you pleaſe. This is the method I ſhould take were I to make the voyage again; for I am perſuaded I ſhould find it very near as cheap, and much more agreeable than any other.

The diſtance between this place and Genoa, when meaſured on the carte, does not exceed ninety miles; but the people of the felucas inſiſt upon its being one hundred and twenty. If they creep along ſhore round the bottoms of all the bays, this computation may be true; but except when the ſea is rough, they ſtretch directly from one head-land to another, and even when the wind is contrary, provided the gale is not freſh, they perform the voyage in two days and a half, by dint of rowing: When the wind is favourable, they will ſail it eaſily in fourteen hours.

A man who has nothing but expedition in view, may go with the courier, who has always a light boat well manned, and will be glad to accommodate a traveller for a reaſonable gratification. I know an Engliſh gentleman who always travels with the courier in Italy, both by ſea and land. In poſting by land, he is always ſure of having part of a good calaſh, and the beſt horſes that can be found; and as the expence of both is defrayed by the public, it coſts him nothing but a preſent to his companion, which does not amount to one fourth part of the expence he would incur by travelling alone. Theſe opportunities may be had every week in all the towns of Italy.

For my own part, I hired a gondola from hence to Genoa. This is a boat ſmaller than a feluca, rowed by

four men, and ſteered by the patron; but the price was nine zequines, rather more than I ſhould have paid for a feluca of ten oars. I was aſſured that, being very light, it would make great way; and the maſter was particularly recommended to me as an honeſt man and an able mariner. I was accompanied in this voyage by my wife and Miſs C—, together with one Mr. R——, a native of Nice, whom I treated with the jaunt, in hopes that, as he was acquainted with the cuſtoms of the country, and the different ways of travelling in it, he would ſave us much trouble, and ſome expence: But I was much diſappointed. Some perſons at Nice offered to lay wagers that he would return by himſelf from Italy; but they were alſo diſappointed.

We embarked in the beginning of September, attended by one ſervant. The heats, which render travelling dangerous in Italy, begin to abate at this ſeaſon. The weather was extremely agreeable; and if I had poſtponed my voyage a little longer, I foreſaw that I ſhould not be able to return before winter; in which caſe I might have found the ſea too rough, and the weather too cold, for a voyage of one hundred and thirty-five miles in an open boat.

Having therefore provided myſelf with a proper paſs, ſigned and ſealed by our conſul, as well as with letters of recommendation from him to the Engliſh conſuls at Genoa and Leghorn, a precaution which I would adviſe all travellers to take, in caſe of meeting with accidents on the road, we went on board about ten in the morning, ſtopped about half an hour at a friend's country-houſe in the bay of St. Hoſpice, and about noon entered the harbour of Monaco, where the patron was obliged to pay toll, according to the regulation which I have explained in a former letter. This ſmall town, containing about eight or nine hundred ſouls, beſides the garriſon, is built on a rock, which projects into the ſea, and makes a very romantic appearance. The prince's palace ſtands in the moſt conſpicuous part, with a walk of trees before it. The apartments are elegantly furniſhed, and adorned with ſome good pictures. The fortifications are in good repair, and the place is garriſon-

ed by two French battalions. The preſent prince of Monaco is a Frenchman, ſon of the duke de Matignon, who married the heireſs of Monaco, whoſe name was Grimaldi. The harbour is well ſheltered from the wind; but has not water ſufficient to admit veſſels of any great burden. Towards the north, the king of Sardinia's territories extend to within a mile of the gate; but the prince of Monaco can go upon his own ground along ſhore about five or ſix miles to the eaſtward, as far as Menton, another ſmall town, which alſo belongs to him, and is ſituated on the ſea-ſide. His revenues are computed at a million of French livres, amounting to ſomething more than forty thouſand pounds Sterling: But the principality of Monaco, conſiſting of three ſmall towns, and an inconſiderable tract of barren rock, is not worth above ſeven thouſand a year; the reſt ariſes from his French eſtate. This conſiſts partly of the duchy of Matignon, and partly of the duchy of Valentinois, which laſt was given to the anceſtors of this prince of Monaco, in the year 1640, by the French king, to make up the loſs of ſome lands in the kingdom of Naples, which were confiſcated when he expelled the Spaniſh garriſon from Monaco, and threw himſelf into the arms of France: So that he is duke of Valentinois as well as of Matignon, in that kingdom. He lives almoſt conſtantly in France; and has taken the name and arms of Grimaldi.

The Genoeſe territories begin at Ventimiglia, another town lying on the coaſt, at the diſtance of twenty miles from Nice, a circumſtance from which it borrows the name. Having paſſed the towns of Monaco, Menton, Ventimiglia, and ſeveral other places of leſs conſequence that lie along this coaſt, we turned the point of St. Martin with a favourable breeze, and might have proceeded twenty miles further before night: But the women began to be ſick, as well as afraid at the roughneſs of the water; Mr. R—— was ſo diſcompoſed, that he privately deſired the patron to put aſhore at St. Remo, on pretence that we ſhould not find a tolerable auberge in any other place between this and Noli, which was at the diſtance of forty miles. We accordingly

landed, and were conducted to the poſte, which our gondeliere aſſured us was the beſt auberge in the whole Riviera of Genoa. We aſcended by a dark, narrow, ſteep ſtair, into a kind of public room, with a long table and benches, ſo dirty and miſerable, that it would diſgrace the worſt hedge ale-houſe in England. Not a ſoul appeared to receive us. This is a ceremony one muſt not expect to meet with in France, far leſs in Italy. Our patron, going into the kitchen, aſked a ſervant if the company could have lodging in the houſe; and was anſwered, "He could not tell; the patron was not at home." When he deſired to know where the patron was, the other anſwered, "he was gone to take the air," *E andato a paſſegiare*. In the mean time, we were obliged to ſit in the common room among watermen and muleteers. At length the landlord arrived, and gave us to underſtand that he could accommodate us with chambers. In that where I lay, there was juſt room for two beds, without curtains or bedſtead, an old rotten table covered with dried figs, and a couple of crazy chairs. The walls had been once white-waſhed; but were now hung with cobwebs, and ſpeckled with dirt of all ſorts; and I believe the brick-floor had not been ſwept for half a century. We ſupped in an outward room ſuitable in all reſpects to the chamber, and fared villanouſly. The proviſion was very ill dreſſed, and ſerved up in the moſt ſlovenly manner. You muſt not expect cleanlineſs or conveniency of any kind in this country. For this accommodation, I paid as much as if I had been elegantly entertained in the beſt auberge of France or Italy.

Next day, the wind was ſo high that we could not proſecute our voyage, ſo that we were obliged to paſs other four and twenty hours in this comfortable ſituation. Luckily Mr. R—— found two acquaintances in the place; one a Franciſcan monk, a jolly fellow; and the other a *maeſtro di capella*, who ſent a ſpinet to the inn, and entertained us agreeably with his voice and performance, in both of which accompliſhments he excelled. The padre was very good humoured, and favoured us with a letter of reccommendation to a friend of his,

a profeſſor in the univerſity of Piſa. You would laugh to ſee the hyperbolical terms in which he mentioned your humble ſervant: But Italy is the native country of hyperbole.

St. Remo is a pretty conſiderable town, well-built, upon the declivity of a gently riſing hill, and has a harbour capable of receiving ſmall veſſels, a good number of which are built upon the beach: But ſhips of any burden are obliged to anchor in the bay, which is far from being ſecure. The people of St. Remo form a ſmall republic, which is ſubject to Genoa. They enjoyed particular privileges, till the year 1753, when, in conſequence of a new gabelle upon ſalt, they revolted: But this effort in behalf of liberty did not ſucceed. They were ſoon reduced by the Genoeſe, who deprived them of all their privileges, and built a fort by the ſea-ſide, which ſerves the double purpoſe of defending the harbour and overawing the town. The garriſon at preſent does not exceed two hundred men. The inhabitants are ſaid to have lately ſent a deputation to Ratiſbon, to crave the protection of the diet of the empire. There is very little plain ground in this neighbourhood; but the hills are covered with oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and olives, which produce a conſiderable traffic in fine fruit and excellent oil. The women of St. Remo are much more handſome and better tempered than thoſe of Provence. They have in general good eyes, with open ingenuous countenances. Their dreſs, though remarkable, I cannot deſcribe; but, upon the whole, they put me in mind of ſome portraits I have ſeen repreſenting the females of Georgia and Mingrelia.

On the third day, the wind being abated, though ſtill unfavourable, we reimbarked and rowed along the ſhore, paſſing by Porto-mauricio, and Oneglia; then turning the promontory called Capo di Melle, we proceeded by Albenga, Finale, and many other places of inferior note. Porto-mauricio is ſeated on a rock waſhed by the ſea, but indifferently fortified, with an inconſiderable harbour, which none but very ſmall veſſels can enter. About two miles to the eaſtward is Oneglia, a ſmall town with ſome fortifications, lying along the open beach,

and belonging to the king of Sardinia. This ſmall territory abounds with olive-trees, which produce a conſiderable quantity of oil, counted the beſt of the whole Riviera. Albenga is a ſmall town, the ſee of a biſhop, ſuffragan to the archbiſhop of Genoa. It lies upon the ſea, and the country produces a great quantity of hemp. Pinale is the capital of a marquiſate belonging to the Genoeſe, which has been the ſource of much trouble to the republic; and indeed was the ſole cauſe of their rupture with the king of Sardinia and the houſe of Auſtria in the year 1745. The town is pretty well built; but the harbour is ſhallow, open, and unſafe: Nevertheleſs, they build a good number of tartans and other veſſels on the beach; and the neighbouring country abounds with oil and fruit, particularly with thoſe excellent apples called *pomi carli*, which I have mentioned in a former letter.

In the evening we reached the Capo di Noli, counted very dangerous in blowing weather. It is a very high perpendicular rock or mountain, waſhed by the ſea, which has eaten into it in divers places, ſo as to form a great number of caverns. It extends about a couple of miles, and in ſome parts is indented into little creeks or bays, where there is a narrow margin of ſandy beach between it and the water. When the wind is high, no feluca will attempt to paſs it; even in a moderate breeze, the waves daſhing againſt the rocks and caverns, which echo with the ſound, make ſuch an awful noiſe, and, at the ſame time, occaſion ſuch a rough ſea, as one cannot hear, and ſee, and feel, without a ſecret horror.

On this ſide of the Cape there is a beautiful ſtrand cultivated like a garden; the plantations extend to the very tops of the hills, interſperſed with villages, caſtles, churches, and villas. Indeed the whole Riviera is ornamented in the ſame manner, except in ſuch places as admit of no building nor cultivation.

Having paſſed the Cape, we followed the winding of the coaſt into a ſmall bay, and arrived at the town of Noli, where we propoſed to paſs the night. You will be ſurpriſed that we did not go aſhore ſooner, in order to take ſome refreſhment; but the truth is, we had a

proviſion of ham, tongues, roaſted pullets, cheeſe, bread, wine, and fruit, in the feluca, where we every day enjoyed a ſlight repaſt, about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. This I mention as a neceſſary piece of information to thoſe who may be inclined to follow the ſame route. We likewiſe found it convenient to lay in ſtore of *l' eau de vie*, or brandy, for the uſe of rowers, who always expect to ſhare your comforts. On a meagre day, however, thoſe ragamuffins will rather die of hunger than ſuffer the leaſt morſel of fleſh meat to enter their mouths. I have frequently tried the experiment, by preſſing them to eat ſomething *gras*, on a Friday or Saturday; but they always declined it with marks of abhorrence; crying, *Dio me ne libere!* God deliver me from it! or ſome other words to that effect. I moreover obſerved, that not one of thoſe fellows ever ſwore an oath, or ſpoke an indecent word. They would by no means put to ſea of a morning before they had heard maſs; and when the wind was unfavourable, they always ſet out with a hymn to the Bleſſed Virgin, or St. Elmo, keeping time with their oars as they ſung. I have, indeed remarked all over this country, that a man who tranſgreſſes the inſtitutions of the church in theſe ſmall matters, is much more infamous than one who has committed the moſt flagrant crimes againſt nature and morality. A murderer, adulterer, or ſ—m—te, will obtain eaſy abſolution from the church, and even find favour with ſociety; but a man who eats a pigeon on a Saturday, without expreſs licence, is avoided and abhorred as a monſter of reprobation. I have converſed with ſeveral intelligent perſons on the ſubject; and have reaſon to believe, that a delinquent of this ſort is conſidered as a lukewarm Catholic, little better than a heretic; and, of all crimes, they look upon hereſy as the moſt damnable.

Noli is a ſmall republic of fiſhermen ſubject to Genoa; but very tenacious of their privileges. The town ſtands on the beach, tolerably well built, defended by a caſtle ſituated on a rock above it; and the harbour is of little conſequence. The auberge was ſuch as made us regret even the inn we had left at St. Remo. After a

very odd kind of ſupper, which I cannot pretend to deſcribe, we retired to our repoſe: But I had not been in bed five minutes, when I felt ſomething crawling on different parts of my body, and, taking a light to examine, perceived above a dozen of large bugs. You muſt know I have the ſame kind of antipathy to theſe vermin that ſome perſons have to a cat or breaſt of veal. I ſtarted up immediately, and, wrapping myſelf in a great coat, ſick as I was, laid down in the outer room upon a cheſt, where I continued till morning.

One would imagine that in a mountainous country like this there ſhould be plenty of goats; and indeed we ſaw many flocks of them feeding among the rocks, yet we could not procure half a pint of milk for our tea, if we had given the weight of it in gold. The people here have no idea of uſing milk, and when you aſk them for it, they ſtand gaping with a fooliſh face of ſurpriſe, which is exceedingly provoking. It is amazing that inſtinct does not teach the peaſants to feed their children with goat's milk, ſo much more nouriſhing and agreeable than the wretched ſuſtenance on which they live. Next day we rowed by Vado and Savona, which laſt is a large town, with a ſtrong citadel, and a harbour, which was formerly capable of receiving large ſhips; but it fell a ſacrifice to the jealouſy of the Genoeſe, who have partly choked it up, on pretence that it ſhould not afford ſhelter to the ſhips of war belonging to thoſe ſtates which might be at enmity with the republic.

Then we paſſed Abiſola, Seſtri di Ponente, Novi, Voltri, and a great number of villages, villas, and magnificent palaces belonging to the Genoeſe nobility, which form almoſt a continued chain of buildings along the ſtrand for thirty miles.

About five in the afternoon, we ſkirted the fine ſuburbs of St. Petro D'Arena, and arrived at Genoa, which makes a dazzling appearance when viewed from the ſea, ariſing like an amphitheatre in a circular form, from the water's edge, a conſiderable way up the mountains, and ſurrounded on the land-ſide by a double wall, the moſt exterior of which is ſaid to extend fifteen miles in circuit. The firſt object that ſtrikes your eye at a di-

ſtance is a very elegant pharos, or light-houſe, built on the projection of a rock on the weſt ſide of the harbour, ſo very high, that, in a clear day, you may ſee it at the diſtance of thirty miles. Turning the light houſe point, you find yourſelf cloſe to the mole which forms the harbour of Genoa. It is built at a great expence from each ſide of the bay, ſo as to form in the ſea two long magnificent jettés, which, if continued, would meet. At the extremity of each is another ſmaller lanthorn. Theſe moles are both provided with braſs cannon, and between them is the entrance into the harbour. But this is ſtill ſo wide as to admit a great ſea, which, when the wind blows hard from ſouth and ſouth-weſt, is very troubleſome to the ſhipping. Within the mole there is a ſmaller harbour or wet dock, called *Darſena*, for the galleys of the republic. We paſſed through a conſiderable number of ſhips and veſſels lying at anchor, and, landing at the water-gate, repaired to an inn called *La Croix de Malthe*, in the neighbourhood of the harbour: Here we met with ſuch good entertainment as prepoſſeſſed us in favour of the interior parts of Italy, and contributed with other motives to detain us ſome days in this city. But I have detained you ſo long, that I believe you wiſh I may proceed no farther; and therefore I take my leave for the preſent, being very ſincerely,

Yours.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, Jan.* 15. 1765.

IT is not without reaſon that Genoa is called *La Superba*. The city itſelf is very ſtately; and the nobles are very proud. Some few of them may be proud of their wealth; but, in general, their fortunes are very ſmall. My friend Mr. R—— aſſured me that many Genoeſe noblemen had fortunes of half a million of livres per annum: But the truth is, the whole revenue of the ſtate does not exceed this ſum; and the livre of Genoa

is but about nine pence Sterling. There are about half a dozen of their nobles who have ten thouſand a-year; but the majority have not above a twentieth part of that ſum. They live with great parſimony in their families, and wear nothing but black in public; ſo that their expences are but ſmall. If a Genoeſe nobleman gives an entertainment once a quarter, he is ſaid to live upon the fragments all the reſt of the year. I was told that one of them lately treated his friends, and left the entertainment to the care of his ſon, who ordered a diſh of fiſh that coſt a zechine, which is equal to about ten ſhillings Sterling. The old gentleman no ſooner ſaw it appear on the table, than, unable to ſuppreſs his concern, he burſt into tears, and exclaimed, *Ah Figliuolo indegno! Siamo in Rovina! Siamo in precipizio!*

I think the pride or oſtentation of the Italians in general takes a more laudable turn than that of other nations. A Frenchman lays out his whole revenue upon tawdry ſuits of clothes, or in furniſhing a magnificent *repas* of fifty or an hundred diſhes, one half of which are not eatable, nor intended to be eaten. His wardrobe goes to the *fripier*; his diſhes to the dogs, and himſelf to the devil, and, after his deceaſe, no veſtige of him remains. A Genoeſe, on the other hand, keeps himſelf and his family at ſhort allowance, that he may ſave money to build palaces and churches, which remain to after-ages ſo many monuments of his taſte, piety, and munificence; and, in the mean time, give employment and bread to the poor and induſtrious.—There are ſome Genoeſe nobles who have each five or ſix elegant palaces, magnificently furniſhed, either in the city, or in different parts of the Riviera. The two ſtreets called *Strada Balbi* and *Strada Nuova*, are continued double ranges of palaces adorned with gardens and fountains; but their being painted on the outſide, has, in my opinion, a poor effect.

The commerce of this city is at preſent not very conſiderable; yet it has the face of buſineſs. The ſtreets are crowded with people; the ſhops are well furniſhed; and the markets abound with all ſorts of excellent proviſion. The wine made in this neighbourhood is, how-

ever, very indifferent; and all that is conſumed muſt be bought at the public cantinre, where it is ſold for the benefit of the ſtate. Their bread is the whiteſt and the beſt I have taſted any where; and the beef, which they have from Piedmont, is juicy and delicious. The expence of eating in Italy is nearly the ſame as in France, about three ſhillings a-head for every meal. The ſtate of Genoa is very poor, and their bank of St. George has received ſuch rude ſhocks, firſt from the revolt of the Corſicans, and afterwards from the misfortunes of the city, when it was taken by the Auſtrians in the war of 1745, that it ſtill continues to languiſh, without any near proſpect of its credit being reſtored. Nothing ſhows the weakneſs of their ſtate more than their having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of France to put a ſtop to the progreſs of Paoli in Corſica; for, after all that has been ſaid of the gallantry and courage of Paoli and his iſlanders, I am very credibly informed, that they might be very eaſily ſuppreſſed, if the Genoeſe had either vigour in the council or reſolution in the field.

True it is, they made a noble effort in expelling the Auſtrians, who had taken poſſeſſion of their city; but this effort was the effect of oppreſſion and deſpair; and if I may believe the inſinuation of ſome politicians in this part of the world, the Genoeſe would not have ſucceeded in that attempt, if they had not previouſly purchaſed with a large ſum of money the connivance of the only perſon who could defeat the enterpriſe. For my own part, I can ſcarce entertain thoughts ſo prejudicial to the character of human nature, as to ſuppoſe a man capable of ſacrificing, to ſuch a conſideration, the duty he owed his prince, as well as all regard to the lives of his ſoldiers, even thoſe who lay ſick in hoſpitals, and who, being dragged forth, were miſerably butchered by the furious populace. There is one more preſumption of his innocence, he ſtill retains the favour of his ſovereign, who could not well be ſuppoſed to ſhare in the booty. "There are myſteries in politics which were never dreamed of in our philoſophy, Horatio!" The poſſeſſion of Genoa might have proved a troubleſome bone of contention, which it might be convenient to loſe

by accident. Certain it is, when the Auſtrians returned after their expulſion, in order to retake the city, the engineer, being queſtioned by the general, declared he would take the place in fifteen days, on pain of loſing his head; and in four days after this declaration the Auſtrians retired. This anecdote I learned from a worthy gentleman of this country, who had it from the engineer's own mouth. Perhaps it was the will of Heaven. You ſee how favourably Providence has interpoſed in behalf of the reigning empreſs of Ruſſia, firſt in removing her huſband; ſecondly, in ordaining the aſſaſſination of Prince Ivan, for which the perpetrators have been ſo liberally rewarded; it even ſeems determined to ſhorten the life of her own ſon, the only ſurviving rival from whom ſhe had any thing to fear.

The Genoeſe have now thrown themſelves into the arms of France for protection: I know not whether it would not have been a mark of greater ſagacity to cultivate the friendſhip of England, with which they carry on an advantageous commerce. While the Engliſh are maſters of the Mediterranean, they will always have it in their power to do incredible damage all along the Riviera, to ruin the Genoeſe trade by ſea, and even to annoy the capital; for notwithſtanding all the pains they have taken to fortify the mole and the city, I am greatly deceived if it is not ſtill expoſed to the danger, not only of a bombardment, but even of a cannonade. I am even ſanguine enough to think a reſolute commander might, with a ſtrong ſquadron, ſail directly into the harbour, without ſuſtaining much damage, notwithſtanding all the cannon of the place, which are ſaid to amount to near five hundred. I have ſeen a cannonade of above four hundred pieces of artillery, beſides bombs and cohorns, maintained for many hours, without doing much miſchief.

During the laſt ſiege of Genoa, the French auxiliaries were obliged to wait at Monaco, until a gale of wind had driven the Engliſh ſquadron off the coaſt, and then they went along ſhore in ſmall veſſels, at the imminent riſk of being taken by the Britiſh cruizers. By land I apprehend their march would be altogether impracti-

cable, if the king of Sardinia had any intereſt to oppoſe it. He might either guard the paſſes or break up the road in twenty different places, ſo as to render it altogether impaſſable. Here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that when Don Philip advanced from Nice with his army to Genoa, he was obliged to march ſo cloſe to the ſhore, that, in above fifty different places, the Engliſh ſhips might have rendered the road altogether impaſſable. The path, which runs generally along the face of a precipice waſhed by the ſea, is ſo narrow that two men on horſeback can hardly paſs each other; and the road itſelf ſo rugged, ſlippery, and dangerous, that the troopers were obliged to diſmount, and lead their horſes one by one. On the other hand, Baron de Leutrum, who was at the head of a large body of Piedmonteſe troops, had it in his power to block up the paſſes of the mountains, and even to deſtroy this road in ſuch a manner, that the enemy could not poſſibly advance. Why theſe precautions were not taken I do not pretend to explain: Neither can I tell you wherefore the Prince of Monaco, who is a ſubject and partizan of France, was indulged with a neutrality for his town, which ſerved as a refreſhing place, a ſafe port, and an intermediate poſt for the French ſuccours ſent from Marſeilles to Genoa. This I will only venture to affirm, that the ſucceſs and advantage of great alliances are often ſacrificed to low, partial, ſelfiſh, and ſordid conſiderations. The town of Monaco is commanded by every height in its neighbourhood; and might be laid in aſhes by a bomb-ketch in four hours by ſea.

I was fortunate enough to be recommended to a lady in Genoa, who treated us with great politeneſs and hoſpitality. She introduced me to an *abbate*, a man of letters, whoſe converſation was extremely agreeable. He already knew me by reputation, and offered to make me known to ſome of the firſt perſons in the republic, with whom he lived in intimacy. The lady is one of the moſt intelligent and beſt-bred perſons I have known in any country. We aſſiſted at her converſazione, which was numerous. She preſſed us to paſs the winter at Genoa; and indeed I was almoſt perſuaded: But I had

attachments at Nice from which I could not eaſily diſengage myſelf.

The few days we ſtaid at Genoa were employed in viſiting the moſt remarkable churches and palaces. In ſome of the churches, particularly that of the *Annunciata*, I found a profuſion of ornaments, which had more magnificence than taſte. There is a great number of pictures; but very few of them are capital pieces. I had heard much of the *Ponte Carignano*, which did not at all anſwer my expectation. It is a bridge that unites two eminences, which form the higher part of the city, and the houſes in the bottom below do not riſe ſo high as the ſpringing of its arches. There is nothing at all curious in its conſtruction, nor any way remarkable, except the heighth of the piers from which the arches are ſprung. Hard by the bridge there is an elegant church, from the top of which you have a very rich and extenſive proſpect of the city, the ſea, and the adjacent country, which looks like a continent of groves and villas. The only remarkable circumſtance about the cathedral, which is Gothic and gloomy, is the chapel where the pretended bones of John the Baptiſt are depoſited, and in which thirty ſilver lamps are continually burning. I had a curioſity to ſee the palaces of Durazzo and Doria, but it required more trouble to procure admiſſion than I was willing to give myſelf: As for the arſenal, and the roſtrum of an ancient galley which was found by accident in dragging the harbour, I poſtponed ſeeing them till my return.

Having here provided myſelf with letters of credit for Florence and Rome, I hired the ſame boat which had brought us hither, to carry us forward to Lerici, which is a ſmall town about half way between Genoa and Leghorn, where travellers, who are tired of the ſea, take poſt chaiſes to continue their route by land to Piſa and Florence. I paid three Loui'dores for this voyage of about fifty miles, though I might have had a feluca for leſs money. When you land on the Wharf at Genoa, you are plied by the feluca men, juſt as you are plied by the watermen at Hungerford-ſtairs in London. They are always ready to ſet off at a minute's warning for Le-

rici, Leghorn, Nice, Antibes, Marſeilles, and every part of the Riviera.

The wind being ſtill unfavourable, though the weather was delightful, we rowed along ſhore, paſſing by ſeveral pretty towns, villages, and a vaſt number of *caſſines*, or little white houſes, ſcattered among woods of olive trees, that cover the hills; and theſe are the habitations of the velvet and damaſk weavers. Turning Capo Fino we entered a bay, where ſtand the towns of Porto Fino, Lavagna, and Seſtri di Levante, at which laſt we took up our night's lodging. The houſe was tolerable, and we had no great reaſon to complain of the beds: But, the weather being hot, there was a very offenſive ſmell, which proceeded from ſome ſkins of beaſts new killed, that were ſpread to dry on an out-houſe in the yard. Our landlord was a butcher, and had very much the looks of an aſſaſſin. His wife was a great maſculine virago, who had all the air of having frequented the ſlaughter-houſe. Inſtead of being welcomed with looks of complaiſance, we were admitted with a ſort of gloomy condeſcenſion, which ſeemed to ſay, "We don't much like your company; but, however, you ſhall have a night's lodging in favour of the *patron of the gondola*, who is our acquaintance." In ſhort, we had a very bad ſupper, miſerably dreſſed, paſſed a very diſagreeable night, and paid a very extravagant bill in the morning, without being thanked for our cuſtom. I was very glad to get out of the houſe with my throat uncut.

Seſtri de Levante is a little town pleaſantly ſituated on the ſea-ſide, but has not the conveniency of a harbour. The fiſh taken here is moſtly carried to Genoa. This is likewiſe the market for their oil, and the paſte called *macaroni*, of which they make a good quantity.

Next day we ſkirted a very barren coaſt, conſiſting of almoſt perpendicular rocks, on the faces of which, however, we ſaw many peaſants houſes and hanging terraces for vines, made by dint of incredible labour. In the afternoon, we entered by the Porto di Venere into the bay or gulf of Spetia, or Spezza, which was the Portus Lunæ of the ancients. This bay, at the mouth of which lies the iſland Palmaria, forms a moſt noble

and ſecure harbour, capacious enough to contain all the navies in chriſtendom. The entrance on one ſide is defended by a ſmall fort built above the town of Porto Venere, which is a very poor place. Farther in there is a battery of about twenty guns; and on the right hand, oppoſite to Porto Venere, is a block-houſe, founded on a rock in the ſea. At the bottom of the bay is the town of Spetia on the left, and on the right that of Lerici, defended by a caſtle of very little ſtrength or conſequence. The whole bay is ſurrounded with plantations of olives and oranges, and makes a very delightful appearance. In caſe of a war, this would be an admirable ſtation for a Britiſh ſquadron, as it lies ſo near Genoa and Leghorn; and has a double entrance, by means of which the cruiſers could ſail in and out continually, which way ſoever the wind might chance to ſit. I am ſure the fortifications would give very little diſturbance.

At the poſt-houſe in Lerici, the accommodation is intolerable. We were almoſt poiſoned at ſupper. I found the place where I was to lie ſo cloſe and confined, that I could not breathe in it, and therefore lay all night in an outward room upon four chairs, with a leathern portmanteau for my pillow. For this entertainment I paid very near a Loui'dore. Such bad accommodation is the leſs excuſable, as the fellow has a great deal of buſineſs, this being a great thoroughfare for travellers going into Italy, or returning from thence.

I might have ſaved ſome money by proſecuting my voyage directly by ſea to Leghorn: But, by this time, we were all heartily tired of the water: The buſineſs then was, to travel by land to Florence, by the way of Piſa, which is ſeven poſts diſtant from Lerici. Thoſe who have not their own carriage, muſt either hire chaiſes to perform the whole journey, or travel by way of *cambiatura*, which is that of changing the chaiſes every poſt, as the cuſtom is in England. In this caſe the great inconvenience ariſes from your being obliged to ſhift your baggage every poſt. The chaiſe or *caleſſe* of this country is a wretched machine with two wheels, as uneaſy as a common cart, being

indeed no other than what we ſhould call in England a very ill-contrived one-horſe chair, narrow, naked, ſhattered, and ſhabby. For this vehicle and two horſes you pay at the rate of eight *paoli* a ſtage, or four ſhillings Sterling; and the poſtillion expects two *paoli* for his gratification: So that every eight miles coſt about five ſhillings, and four only if you travel in your own carriage, as in that caſe you pay no more than at the rate of three *paoli* a horſe.

About three miles from Lerici we croſſed the Magra, which appeared as a rivulet almoſt dry, and in half a mile farther arrived at Sarzana, a ſmall town at the extremity of the Genoeſe territories, where we changed horſes. Then entering the principalities of Maſſa and Carrara, belonging to the Duke of Modena, we paſſed Lavenza, which ſeems to be a decayed town with a ſmall garriſon, and dined at Maſſa, which is an agreeable little town, where the old ducheſs of Modena reſides. Notwithſtanding all the expedition we could make, it was dark before we paſſed the Cerchio, which is an inconſiderable ſtream in the neighbourhood of Piſa, where we arrived about eight in the evening.

The country from Sarzana to the frontiers of Tuſcany is a narrow plain bounded on the right by the ſea, and on the left by the Apennine mountains. It is well cultived and encloſed, conſiſting of meadow-ground, corn fields, plantations of olives; and the trees that form the hedge-rows ſerve as ſo many props to the vines, which are twiſted round them, and continued from one another. After entering the dominions of Tuſcany, we travelled through a noble foreſt of oak trees of a conſiderable extent, which would have appeared much more agreeable, had we not been benighted and apprehenſive of robbers. The laſt poſt but one in this day's journey is at the little town of Spirito Santo, a kind of ſea-port on the Mediterranean. The roads are indifferent, and the accommodation is execrable. I was glad to find myſelf houſed in a very good inn at Piſa, where I promiſed myſelf a good night's reſt, and was not diſappointed. I heartily wiſh you the ſame pleaſure, and am very ſincerely

Yours.

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, January* 28. 1765.

PISA is a fine old city that ſtrikes you with the ſame veneration you would feel at ſight of an ancient temple which bears the marks of decay without being abſolutely delapidated. The houſes are well built, the ſtreets open, ſtraight, and well paved; the ſhops well furniſhed; and the markets well ſupplied: There are ſome elegant palaces, particularly that of the grand-duke, with a marble ſtatue of Ferdinand III. before it. The churches are built with taſte, and tolerably ornamented. There is a beautiful wharf of free-ſtone on each ſide of the river Arno, which runs through the city, and three bridges thrown over it, of which that in the middle is of marble, a pretty piece of architecture: But the number of inhabitants is very inconſiderable; and this very circumſtance gives it an air of majeſtic ſolitude, which is far from being unpleaſant to a man of a contemplative turn of mind. For my part, I cannot bear the tumult of a populous commercial city; and the ſolitude that reigns in Piſa would be a ſtrong motive to chooſe it as a place of reſidence. Not that this would be the only inducement for living at Piſa. Here is ſome good company, and even a few men of taſte and learning. The people in general are counted ſociable and polite; and there is great plenty of proviſions, at a very reaſonable rate. At ſome diſtance from the more frequented parts of the city, a man may hire a large houſe for thirty crowns a-year: But near the centre, you cannot have good lodgings ready furniſhed for leſs than a *ſcudo* (about five ſhillings) a day. The air in ſummer is reckoned unwholeſome by the exhalations ariſing from ſtagnant water in the neighbourhood of the city, which ſtands in the midſt of a fertile plain, low and marſhy: Yet theſe marſhes have been conſiderably drained by the new canal extending from hence to Leghorn. As for the Arna, it is no longer navigable for veſſels of any burden. The univerſity

of Piſa is very much decayed; and except the little buſineſs occaſioned by the emperor's galleys, which are built in this town, I know of no commerce it carries on: Perhaps the inhabitants live on the produce of the country, which conſiſts of corn, wine, and cattle. They are ſupplied with excellent water for drinking, by an aqueduct, conſiſting of above five thouſand arches, begun by Coſmo, and finiſhed by Ferdinand I. grand-dukes of Tuſcany; it conveys the water from the mountains at the diſtance of five miles. This noble city, formerly the capital of a flouriſhing and powerful republic, which contained above one hundred and fifty thouſand inhabitants within its walls, is now ſo deſolate that graſs grows in the open ſtreets; and the number of its people do not exceed ſixteen thouſand.

You need not doubt but I viſited the Campanile, or hanging tower, which is a beautiful cylinder of eight ſtoreys, each adorned with a round of columns, riſing one above another. It ſtands by the cathedral, and inclines ſo far on one ſide from the perpendicular, that in dropping a plummet from the top, which is one hundred and eighty-eight feet high, it falls ſixteen feet from the baſe. For my part, I ſhould never have dreamed that this inclination proceeded from any other cauſe, than an accidental ſubſidence of the foundation on this ſide, if ſome connoiſſeurs had not taken great pains to prove it was done on purpoſe by the architect. Any perſon who has eyes may ſee that the pillars on that ſide are conſiderably ſunk; and this is the caſe with the very threſhold of the door by which you enter. I think it would have been a very prepoſterous ambition in the architects, to ſhow how far they could deviate from the perpendicular in this conſtruction; becauſe in that particular any common maſon could have rivalled them; and if they really intended it as a ſpecimen of their art, they ſhould have ſhortened the pilaſters on that ſide, ſo as to exhibit them entire, without the appearance of ſinking. Theſe leaning towers are not unfrequent in Italy; there is one at Bologna, another at Venice, a third betwixt Venice and Ferrara, and a fourth at Ravenna; and the inclination in all of

them has been ſuppoſed owing to the foundations giving way on one ſide only.

In the cathedral, which is a large Gothic pile, there is a great number of maſſy pillars of porphyry, granite, jaſper, and verde antico, together with ſome good pictures and ſtatues; but the greateſt curioſity is that of the braſs gates, deſigned and executed by John of Bologna, repreſenting, emboſſed in different compartments, the hiſtory of the Old and New Teſtament. I was ſo charmed with this work, that I could have ſtood a whole day to examine and admire it. In the Baptiſterium, which ſtands oppoſite to this front, there are ſome beautiful marbles, particularly the font, and a pulpit, ſupported by the ſtatues of different animals.

Between the cathedral and this building, about one hundred paces on one ſide, is the famous burying-ground, called *Campo Santo*, from its being covered with earth brought from Jeruſalem. It is an oblong ſquare, ſurrounded by a very high wall, and always kept ſhut. Within ſide there is a ſpacious corridore round the whole ſpace, which is a noble walk for a contemplative philoſopher. It is paved chiefly with flat grave-ſtones: The walls are painted in freſco by Ghiotto, Giottino, Stefano, Bennoti, Buffalmaco, and ſome others of his cotemporaries and diſciples who flouriſhed immediately after the reſtoration of painting. The ſubjects are taken from the Bible. Though the manner is dry, the drawing incorrect, the deſign generally lame, and the colouring unnatural; yet there is merit in the expreſſion: And the whole remains as a curious monument of the efforts made by this noble art immediately after her revival. Here are ſome deceptions in perſpective equally ingenious and pleaſing; particularly the figures of certain animals, which exhibit exactly the ſame appearance from whatever different points of view they are ſeen. One diviſion of the burying-ground conſiſts of a particular compoſt, which in nine days conſumes the dead bodies to the bones: In all probability it is no other than common earth mixed with quick-lime. At one corner of the corridore, there are the pictures of three bodies repreſented in the three different ſtages of

putrefaction which they undergo when laid in this compoſition. At the end of the three firſt days, the body is bloated and ſwelled, and the features are enlarged and diſtorted to ſuch a degree, as fills the ſpectator with horror. At the ſixth day the ſwelling is ſubſided, and all the muſcular fleſh hangs looſened from the bones; at the ninth, nothing but the ſkeleton remains. There is a ſmall neat chapel at one end of the *Campo Santo*, with ſome tombs, on one of which is a beautiful buſt by Buona Roti. At the other end of the corridore, there is a range of ancient Roman ſtone-coffins, repreſenting on the ſides and covers ſome excellent pieces in baſſo-relievo. The hunting of Meleager has been greatly admired; but what ſtruck me moſt was the figure of a woman lying dead on a tomb-ſtone, covered with a piece of thin drapery, ſo delicately cut as to ſhow all the flexures of the attitude, and even all the ſwellings and ſinuoſities of the muſcles. Inſtead of ſtone, it looks like a ſheet of wet linen.

For four zechſnes I hired a return coach and four from Piſa to Florence. This road, which lies along the Arno, is very good; and the country is delightful, variegated with hill and vale, wood and water, meadows and corn-fields, planted and encloſed like the counties of Middleſex and Hampſhire; with this difference, however, that all the trees in this tract were covered with vines, and the ripe cluſters, black and white, hung down from every bough in the moſt luxuriant and romantic abundance. The vines in this country are not planted in rows, and propped with ſticks, as in France and the county of Nice, but twine around the hedge-row-trees, which they almoſt quite cover with their foliage and fruit. The branches of the vine are extended from tree to tree, exhibiting beautiful feſtoons of real leaves, tendrils, and ſwelling cluſtres, a foot long. By this economy the ground of the encloſure is ſpared for corn, graſs, or any other production. The trees commonly planted for the purpoſe of ſuſtaining the vines, are maple, elm, and aller, with which laſt the banks of the Arno abound. This river, which is very inconſiderable with reſpect to the quantity of water, would be a charming paſtoral

ſtream if it was tranſparent; but it is always muddy and diſcoloured. About ten or a dozen miles below Florence, there are ſome marble quarries on the ſide of it, from whence the blocks are conveyed in boats, when there is water enough in the river to float them, that is, after heavy rains, or the melting of the ſnow upon the mountains of Umbria, being part of the Apennines, from whence it takes its riſe.

Florence is a noble city, that ſtill retains all the marks of a majeſtic capital, ſuch as piazzas, palaces, fountains, bridges, ſtatues, and arcades. I need not tell you that the churches here are magnificent, and adorned not only with pillars of oriental granite, porphyry, jaſper, verde antico, and other precious ſtones; but alſo with capital pieces of painting by the moſt eminent maſters. Several of theſe churches, however, ſtand without fronts, for want of money to complete the plans. It may alſo appear ſuperfluous to mention my having viewed the famous gallery of antiquities, the chapel of St. Lorenzo, the palace of Pitti, the cathedral, the baptiſterium, the *Ponte de Trinita*, with its ſtatues, the triumphal arch, and every thing which is commonly viſited in this metropolis. But all theſe objects having been circumſtantially deſcribed by twenty different authors of travels, I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of trite obſervations.

That part of the city which ſtands on each ſide of the river makes a very elegant appearance, to which the four bridges and the ſtone-quay between them contribute in a great meaſure. I lodged at the widow Vanini's, an Engliſh houſe, delightfully ſituated in this quarter. The landlady, who is herſelf a native of England, we found very obliging. The lodging-rooms are comfortable; and the entertainment is good and reaſonable. There is a conſiderable number of faſhionable people at Florence, and many of them in good circumſtances. They affect a gaiety in their dreſs, equipage, and converſation; but ſtand very much on their punctilio with ſtrangers; and will not, without great reluctance, admit into their aſſemblies any lady of another country whoſe nobleſſe is not aſcertained by a title. This re-

ſerve is in ſome meaſure excuſable among a people who are extremely ignorant of foreign cuſtoms, and who know that in their own country, every perſon, even the moſt inſignificant, who has any pretenſions to family, either inherits, or aſſumes the title of *principe conte*, or *marcheſe*.

With all their pride, however, the nobles of Florence are humble enough to enter into partnerſhip with ſhopkeepers, and even to ſell wine by retail. It is an undoubted fact, that in every palace or great houſe in this city, there is a little window fronting the ſtreet, provided with an iron-knocker, and over it hangs an empty flaſk, by way of ſign-poſt. Thither you ſend your ſervant to buy a bottle of wine. He knocks at the little wicket, which is opened immediately by a domeſtic, who ſupplies him with what he wants, and receives the money like the waiter of any other cabaret. It is pretty extraordinary that it ſhould not be deemed a diſparagement in a noblemen to ſell half a pound of figs, or a palm of ribbon or tape, or to take money for a flaſk of ſour wine; and yet be counted infamous to match his daughter in the family of a perſon who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in any one of the learned profeſſions.

Though Florence be tolerably populous, there ſeems to be very little trade of any kind in it: But the inhabitants flatter themſelves with the proſpect of reaping great advantage from the reſidence of one of the archdukes, for whoſe reception they are now repairing the palace of Pitti. I know not what the revenues of Tuſcany may amount to ſince the ſucceſſion of the princes of Lorrain; but, under the late dukes of the Medici family, they were ſaid to produce two millions of crowns, equal to five hundred thouſand pounds Sterling. Theſe aroſe from a very heavy tax upon land and houſes, the portions of maidens, and ſuits at law, beſides the duties upon traffic, a ſevere gabelle upon the neceſſaries of life, and a toll upon every eatable entered into this capital. If we may believe Leti, the grand duke was then able to raiſe and maintain an army of forty thouſand infantry, and three thouſand horſe; with twelve galleys, two galleaſſes, and twenty ſhips of war. I queſtion if Tuſ-

cany can maintain, at preſent, above one half of ſuch an armament. He that now commands the emperor's navy, conſiſting of a few frigates, is an Engliſhman, called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ſhip in our Eaſt-India Company's ſervice. He has lately embraced the Catholic religion, and been created admiral of Tuſcany.

There is a tolerable opera in Florence for the entertainment of the beſt company, though they do not ſeem very attentive to the muſic. Italy is certainly the native country of this art; and yet I do not find the people in general, either more muſically inclined, or better provided with ears than their neighbours. Here is alſo a wretched troop of comedians for the burgeois, and lower claſs of people: But what ſeems moſt to ſuit the taſte of all ranks, is the exhibition of church pageantry. I had occaſion to ſee a proceſſion, where all the nobleſſe of the city attended in their coaches, which filled the whole length of the great ſtreet called the *Corſo*. It was the anniverſary of a charitable inſtitution in favour of poor maidens, a certain number of whom are portioned every year. About two hundred of theſe virgins walked in proceſſion, two and two together, clothed in violet-coloured wide gowns, with white veils on their heads, and made a very claſſical appearance. They were preceded and followed by an irregular mob of penitents in ſackcloth, with lighted tapers, and monks carrying crucifixes, bawling and bellowing the litanies: But the great object was a figure of the Virgin Mary, as big as the life, ſtanding within a gilt frame, dreſſed in a gold ſtuff, with a large hoop, a great quantity of falſe jewels, her face painted and patched, and her hair frizzled and curled in the very extremity of the faſhion. Very little regard had been paid to the image of our Saviour on the croſs; but when his lady-mother appeared on the ſhoulders of three or four luſty friars, the whole populace fell upon their knees in the dirt. This extraordinary veneration paid to the Virgin muſt have been derived originally from the French, who pique themſelves on their gallantry to the fair ſex.

Amidſt all the ſcenery of the Roman Catholic reli-

gion, I have never yet ſeen any of the ſpectators affected at heart, or diſcover the leaſt ſigns of fanaticiſm. The very diſciplinants, who ſcourge themſelves in the holy-week, are generally peaſants, or parties hired for the purpoſe. Thoſe of the confrairies, who have an ambition to diſtinguiſh themſelves on ſuch occaſions, take care to ſecure their backs from the ſmart, by means of ſecret armour, either womens boddice, or quilted jackets. The confrairies are fraternities of devotees, who inliſt themſelves under the banners of particular ſaints. On days of proceſſion they appear in a body dreſſed as penitents and maſked, and diſtinguiſhed by croſſes on their habits. There is ſcarce an individual, whether noble or plebeian, who does not belong to one of theſe aſſociations, which may be compared to the Free Maſons, Gregoreans, and Antigallicans of England.

Juſt without one of the gates of Florence, there is a triumphal arch erected on occaſion of the late emperor's making his public entry, when he ſucceeded to the dukedom of Tuſcany; and here, in the ſummer evenings, the quality reſort to take the air in their coaches. Every carriage ſtops, and forms a little ſeparate converſazione. The ladies ſit within, and the ciciſbei ſtand on the footboards, on each ſide of the coach, entertaining them with their diſcourſe. It would be no unpleaſant inquiry to trace this ſort of gallantry to its original, and inveſtigate all its progreſs. The Italians, having been accuſed of jealouſy, were reſolved to wipe off the reproach, and, ſeeking to avoid it for the future, have run into the other extreme. I know it is generally ſuppoſed that the cuſtom of chooſing ciciſbei was calculated to prevent the extinction of families, which would otherwiſe often happen in conſequence of marriages founded upon intereſt, without any mutual affection in the contracting parties. How far this political conſideration may have weighed againſt the jealous and vindictive temper of the Italians, I will not pretend to judge; but certain it is, every married lady in this country has her ciciſbeo, or ſerviente, who attends her every where, and on all occaſions; and upon whoſe privileges the huſband dares not encroach, without incurring the cenſure and ridicule of the whole

community. For my part, I would rather be condemned for life to the galleys than exerciſe the office of a ciciſbeo, expoſed to the intolerable caprices and dangerous reſentment of an Italian virago. I pretend not to judge of the national character from my own obſervation: But, if the portraits drawn by Goldoni in his comedies are taken from nature, I would not heſitate to pronounce the Italian women the moſt haughty, inſolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth. Indeed their reſentments are ſo cruelly implacable, and contain ſuch a mixture of perfidy, that, in my opinion, they are very unfit ſubjects for comedy, whoſe province it is, rather to ridicule folly than to ſtigmatize ſuch atrocious vice.

You have often heard it ſaid, that the purity of the Italian is to be found in the *lingua Toſcana* and *bocca Romana*. Certain it is, the pronunciation of the Tuſcans is diſagreeably guttural: The letters C and G they pronounce with an aſperation, which hurts the ear of an Engliſhman; and is, I think, rather rougher than that of the X in Spaniſh. It ſounds as if the ſpeaker had loſt his palate. I really imagined the firſt man I heard ſpeak in Piſa had met with that misfortune in the courſe of his amours.

One of the greateſt curioſities you meet with in Italy is the Improviſatore; ſuch is the name given to certain individuals, who have the ſurpriſing talent of reciting verſes extempore on any ſubject you propoſe. Mr. Corveſi, my landlord, has a ſon, a Franciſcan friar, who is a great genius in this way. When the ſubject is given, his brother tunes his violin to accompany him, and he begins to rehearſe in recitative, with wonderful fluency and preciſion. Thus, he will, at a minute's warning, recite two or three hundred verſes, well turned, and well adapted, and generally mingled with an elegant compliment to the company. The Italians are ſo fond of poetry, that many of them have the beſt part of Arioſto, Taſſo, and Petrarch, by heart; and theſe are the great ſources from which the improviſatori draw their rhimes, cadence, and turns of expreſſion. But, leſt you ſhould think there is neither rhime nor reaſon in protracting

this tedious epiſtle, I ſhall conclude it with the old burden of my ſong, that I am always

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, February 5. 1765.*

YOUR entertaining letter of the fifth of laſt month was a very charitable and a very agreeable donation; but your ſuſpicion is groundleſs. I aſſure you, upon my honour, I have no ſhare whatever in any of the diſputes which agitate the public; nor do I know any thing of your political tranſactions, except what I caſually ſee in one of your newſpapers, with the peruſal of which I am ſometimes favoured by our conſul at Ville Franche. You inſiſt upon my being more particular in my remarks on what I ſaw at Florence, and I ſhall obey the injunction. The famous gallery which contains the antiquities, is the third ſtory of a noble ſtone edifice, built in the form of the Greek Π, the upper part fronting the river Arno, and one of the legs adjoining to the ducal palace, where the courts of juſtice are held. As the houſe of Medici had for ſome centuries reſided in the palace of Pitti, ſituated on the other ſide of the river, a full mile from theſe tribunals, the architect Vaſari, who planned the new edifice, at the ſame time contrived a corridore, or covered paſſage, extending from the palace of Pitti along one of the bridges to the gallery of curioſities, through which the grand duke paſſed unſeen, when he was diſpoſed either to amuſe himſelf with his antiquities, or to aſſiſt at his courts of judicature: But there is nothing very extraordinary either in the contrivance or execution of this corridore.

If I reſided in Florence, I would give ſomething extraordinary for permiſſion to walk every day in the gallery, which I ſhould much prefer to the Lycæum, the groves of Academus, or any porch or philoſophical alley in Athens or in Rome. Here, by viewing the ſta-

tues and buſts ranged on each ſide, I ſhould become acquainted with the faces of all the remarkable perſonages, male and female, of antiquity, and even be able to trace their different characters from the expreſſion of their features. This collection is a moſt excellent commentary upon the Roman hiſtorians, particularly Suetonius and Dion Caſſius. There was one circumſtance that ſtruck me in viewing the buſts of Caracalla, both here and in the Capitol at Rome; that was a certain ferocity in the eyes, which ſeemed to contradict the ſweetneſs of the other features, and remarkably juſtified the epithet *Caracuyl*, by which he was diſtinguiſhed by the ancient inhabitants of North Britain. In the language of the Highlanders *caracuyl* ſignifies *cruel eye*, as we are given to underſtand by the ingenious editor of Fingal, who ſeems to think that Caracalla is no other than the Celtic word, adapted to the pronunciation of the Romans; but the truth is, Caracalla was the name of a Gauliſh veſtment which this prince affected to wear; and hence he derived that ſurname. The Caracuyl of the Britons is the ſame as the ὑποδρα ἰδὼν of the Greeks, which Homer has ſo often applied to his ſcolding heroes. I like the Bacchanalian, chiefly for the fine drapery. The wind, occaſioned by her motion, ſeems to have ſwelled and raiſed it from the parts of the body which it covers. There is another gay Bacchanalian, in the attitude of dancing, crowned with ivy, holding in her right hand a bunch of grapes, and in her left the thyrſus. The head of the celebrated Flora is very beautiful: The groupe of Cupid and Pyſche, however, did not give me all the pleaſure I expected from it.

Of all the marbles that appear in the open gallery, the following are thoſe I moſt admire. Leda with the Swan; as for Jupiter, in this transformation, he has much the appearance of a gooſe. I have not ſeen any thing tamer; but the ſculptor has admirably ſhown his art in repreſenting Leda's hand partly hid among the feathers, which are ſo lighty touched off, that the very ſhape of the fingers are ſeen underneath. The ſtatue of a youth, ſuppoſed to be Ganymede, is compared by the connoiſſeurs to the celebrated Venus, and, as far as I

can judge, not without reaſon: It is, however, rather agreeable than ſtriking, and will pleaſe a connoiſſeur much more than a common ſpectator. I know not whether it is my regard to the faculty that enhances the value of the noted Æſculapius, who appears with a venerable beard of delicate workmanſhip. He is larger than the life, clothed in a magnificent pallium, his left arm reſting on a knotted ſtaff, round which the ſnake is twined, according to Ovid:

> Hunc modo ſerpentem baculum qui nexibus ambit
> Perſpice———

He has in his hand the *faſcia herbarum*, and the *crepidæ* on his feet. There is a wild boar repreſented lying on one ſide, which I admire as a maſterpiece. The ſavageneſs of his appearance is finely contraſted with the eaſe and indolence of the attitude. Were I to meet with a living boar lying with the ſame expreſſion, I ſhould be tempted to ſtroke his briſtles. Here is an elegant buſt of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian; and a beautiful head of Alexander the Great, turned on one ſide, with an expreſſion of languiſhment and anxiety in his countenance. The virtuoſi are not agreed about the circumſtance in which he is repreſented; whether fainting with the loſs of blood which he ſuffered in his adventure at Oxydrace; or languiſhing with the fever contracted by bathing in the Cydnus; or finally complaining to his father Jove, that there were no other worlds for him to conquer. The kneeling Narciſſus is a ſtriking figure, and the expreſſion admirable. The two Bacchi are perfectly well executed; but (to my ſhame be it ſpoken) I prefer to the antique that which is the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, concerning which the ſtory is told which you well know. The artiſt having been blamed by ſome pretended connoiſſeurs, for not imitating the manner of the ancients, is ſaid to have privately finiſhed this Bacchus, and buried it, after having broke off an arm, which he kept as a voucher. The ſtatue, being dug up by accident, was allowed, by the beſt judges, to be a perfect antique; upon which Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed his own work.

Signior Bianchi, the keeper of this muſeum, looks upon this as a fable; but owns that Vaſari tells ſuch another of a child cut in marble by the ſame artiſt, which being carried to Rome, and kept for ſome time under ground, was dug up as an antique, and ſold for a great deal of money. I was likewiſe attracted by the Morpheus in touchſtone, which is deſcribed by Addiſon, who, by the bye, notwithſtanding all his taſte, has been convicted by Bianchi of ſeveral groſs blunders in his account of this gallery.

With reſpect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called *de Medicis*, which was found at Tivoli, and is kept in a ſeparate apartment called the *Tribuna*, I believe I ought to be entirely ſilent, or at leaſt conceal my real ſentiments, which will otherwiſe appear equally abſurd and preſumptuous. It muſt be want of taſte that prevents my feeling that enthuſiaſtic admiration with which others are inſpired at ſight of this ſtatue, a ſtatue which in reputation equals that of Cupid by Praxiteles, which brought ſuch a concourſe of ſtrangers of old to the little town of Theſpiæ. I cannot help thinking that there is no beauty in the features of Venus; and that the attitude is awkward and out of character. It is a bad plea to urge, that the ancients and we differ in the ideas of beauty. We know the contrary from their medals, buſts, and hiſtorians. Without all doubt the limbs and proportions of this ſtatue are elegantly formed, and accurately deſigned, according to the niceſt rules of ſymmetry and proportion: and the back parts eſpecially are executed ſo happily, as to excite the admiration of the moſt indifferent ſpectator. One cannot help thinking it is the very Venus of *Cnidos* by Praxiteles, which Lucian deſcribes. "Hercle quanta dorſi concinnitas! ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent! quam ſcite circumductæ clunium pulpe in ſe rotundantur, neque tenues nimis ipſis oſſibus adſtrictæ, neque in immenſam effuſſæ pinguedinem!" That the ſtatue thus deſcribed was not the *Venus de Medicis*, would appear from the Greek inſcription on the baſe, ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΕΣΕΝ, *Cleomenes filius Apollodori fecit*; did we not know that this

inſcription is counted ſpurious, and that, inſtead of ΕΠΩΕΖΕΝ, it ſhould be ΕΠΟΙΗΖΕ. This, however, is but a frivolous objection, as we have ſeen many inſcriptions undoubtedly antique, in which the orthography is falſe, either from the ignorance or careleſſneſs of the ſculptor. Others ſuppoſe, not without reaſon, that this ſtatue is a repreſentation of the famous Phryne, the courteſan of Athens, who, at the celebration of the Eleuſinian games, exhibited herſelf coming out of the bath, naked, to the eyes of the whole Athenian people. I was much pleaſed with the dancing faun; and ſtill better with the Lotti, or wreſtlers, the attitudes of which are beautifully contrived, to ſhow the different turns of the limbs, and the ſwelling of the muſcles: But what pleaſed me beſt of all the ſtatues in the Tribuna was the Arrotino, commonly called the Whetter, and generally ſuppoſed to repreſent a ſlave, who, in the act of whetting a knife, overhears the conſpiracy of Catiline. You know he is repreſented on one knee; and certain it is, I never ſaw ſuch an expreſſion of anxious attention as appears in his countenance. But it is not mingled with any marks of ſurpriſe, ſuch as could not fail to lay hold on a man who overhears by accident a conſpiracy againſt the ſtate. The marquis de Maffei has juſtly obſerved, that Salluſt, in his very circumſtantial detail of that conſpiracy, makes no mention of any ſuch diſcovery. Neither does it appear, that the figure is in the act of whetting, the ſtone which he holds in one hand being rough and unequal, no ways reſembling a whetſtone. Others allege, it repreſents Milico, the freedman of Scævinus, who conſpired againſt the life of Nero, and gave his poignard to be whetted to Milico, who preſented it to the emperor, with an account of the conſpiracy: But the attitude and expreſſion will by no means admit of this interpretation. Signore Bianchi, who is himſelf a learned and judicious antiquarian, thinks the ſtatue repreſents the augur Attius Navius, who cut a ſtone with a knife, at the command of Tarquinius Priſcus. This conjecture ſeems to be confirmed by a medallion of Antoninus Pius, inſerted by Vaillant among his Numiſmata Præſtantiora, on which is delineated nearly ſuch a figure as

this in queſtion, with the following legend, " Attius Navius genuflexus ante Tarquinium Priſcum cotem cultro diſcidit." He owns, indeed, that in the ſtatue, the augur is not diſtinguiſhed either by his habit or emblems; and he might have added, neither is the ſtone a cotes. For my own part, I think neither of theſe three opinions is ſatisfactory, though the laſt is very ingenious. Perhaps the figure alludes to a private incident, which never was recorded in any hiſtory. Among the great number of pictures in this Tribuna, I was moſt charmed with the Venus by Titian, which has a ſweetneſs of expreſſion and tenderneſs of colouring not to be deſcribed. In this apartment they reckon three hundred pieces, the greateſt part by the beſt maſters, particularly by Raphael, in the three manners by which he diſtinguiſhed himſelf at different periods of his life. As for the celebrated ſtatue of the hermaphrodite, which we find in another room, I give the ſculptor credit for his ingenuity in mingling the ſexes in the compoſition; but it is at beſt no other than a monſter in nature, which I never had any pleaſure in viewing: Nor indeed do I think there was much talent required in repreſenting a figure with the head and breaſts of a woman, and all the other parts of the body maſculine. There is ſuch a profuſion of curioſities in this celebrated muſeum, ſtatues, buſts, pictures, medals, tables inlaid in the way of marquetry, cabinets adorned with precious ſtones, jewels of all ſorts, mathematical inſtruments, ancient arms and military machines, that the imagination is bewildered; and a ſtranger of a viſionary turn would be apt to fancy himſelf in a palace of the fairies, raiſed and adorned by the power of enchantment.

In one of the detached apartments, I ſaw the antependium of the altar, deſigned for the famous chapel of St. Lorenzo. It is a curious piece of architecture, inlaid with coloured marble and precious ſtones, ſo as to repreſent an infinite variety of natural objects. It is adorned with ſome cryſtal pillars, with capitals of beaten gold. The ſecond ſtory of the building is occupied by a great number of artiſts employed in this very curious work of marquetry, repreſenting figures with gems and different

kinds of coloured marble, for the uſe of the emperor. The Italians call it *pietre commeſſe*, a ſort of inlaying with ſtones, analogous to the fineering of cabinets in wood. It is peculiar to Florence, and ſeems to be ſtill more curious than the Moſaic work, which the Romans have brought to great perfection.

The cathedral of Florence is a great Gothic building, incruſted on the outſide with marble; it is remarkable for nothing but its cupola, which is ſaid to have been copied by the architect of St. Peter's at Rome, and for its ſize, which is much greater than that of any other church in Chriſtendom. The baptiſtry, which ſtands by it, was an ancient temple, ſaid to be dedicated to Mars. There are ſome good ſtatues of marble within; and one or two of bronze on the outſide of the doors; but it is chiefly celebrated for the emboſſed work of its braſs gates, by Lorenzo Giberti, which Buonaroti uſed to ſay, deſerved to be made the gates of Paradiſe. I viewed them with pleaſure: But ſtill I retained a greater veneration for thoſe of Piſa, which I had firſt admired; a preference which either ariſes from want of taſte, or from the charm of novelty, by which the former were recommended to my attention. Thoſe who would have a particular detail of every thing worth ſeeing at Florence, comprehending churches, libraries, palaces, tombs, ſtatues, pictures, fountains, bridges, &c. may conſult Keyſler, who is ſo laboriouſly circumſtantial in his deſcriptions, that I never could peruſe them, without ſuffering the headach, and recollecting the old obſervation, That the German genius lies more in the back than in the brain.

I was much diſappointed in the chapel of St. Lorenzo. Notwithſtanding the great profuſion of granite, porphyry, jaſper, verde antico, lapis-lazuli, and other precious ſtones, repreſenting figures in the way of marquetry, I think the whole has a gloomy effect. Theſe *pietre commeſſe* are better calculated for cabinets than for ornaments to great buildings, which ought to be large maſſes proportioned to the greatneſs of the edifice. The compartments are ſo ſmall, that they produce no effect in giving the firſt impreſſion when one enters the place;

except to give an air of littleneſs to the whole, juſt as if a grand ſaloon was covered with pictures painted in miniature. If they have as little regard to proportion and perſpective, when they paint the dome, which is not yet finiſhed, this chapel will, in my opinion, remain a monument of ill taſte and extravagance.

The court of the palace of Pitti is formed by three ſides of an elegant ſquare, with arcades all round, like the palace of Holyroodhouſe at Edinburgh; and the ruſtic work, which conſtitutes the lower part of the building, gives it an air of ſtrength and magnificence. In this court, there is a fine fountain, in which the water trickles down from above; and here is alſo an admirable antique ſtatue of Hercules, inſcribed ΛΥΣΙΠΠΟΥ ΕΡΓΟΝ, the work of Lyſippus.

The apartments of this palace are generally ſmall, and many of them dark. Among the paintings, the moſt remarkable is the Madonna de la Seggiola, by Raphael, counted one of the beſt coloured pieces of that great maſter. If I was allowed to find fault with the performance, I ſhould pronounce it defective in dignity and ſentiment. It is the expreſſion of a peaſant rather than of the mother of God. She exhibits the fondneſs and joy of a young woman towards her firſt-born ſon, without that rapture of admiration which we expect to find in the Virgin Mary, while ſhe contemplates, in the fruit of her own womb, the Saviour of mankind. In other reſpects, it is a fine figure, gay, agreeable, and even expreſſive of maternal tenderneſs; and the *bambino* is extremely beautiful. There was an Engliſh painter employed in copying this picture, and what he had done was executed with great ſucceſs. I am one of thoſe who think it very poſſible to imitate the beſt pieces in ſuch a manner, that even the connoiſſeurs ſhall not be able to diſtinguiſh the original from the copy. After all, I do not ſet up for a judge in theſe matters, and very likely I may incur the ridicule of the virtuoſi for the remarks I have made: But I am uſed to ſpeak my mind freely on all ſubjects that fall under the cognizance of my ſenſes; though I muſt as freely own, there is ſomething more than common ſenſe required to diſcover and diſtinguiſh the more delicate beauties of painting. I can ſafely ſay,

however, that, without any daubing at all, I am very ſincerely,

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, Feb.* 20. 1765.

HAVING ſeen all the curioſities of Florence, and hired a good travelling coach for ſeven weeks, at the price of ſeven zequines, ſomething leſs than three guineas and a half, we ſet out poſt for Rome, by the way of Sienna, where we lay the firſt night. The country through which we paſſed is mountainous, but agreeable. Of Sienna I can ſay nothing from my own obſervation, but that we were indifferently lodged in a houſe that ſtunk like a privy, and fared wretchedly at ſupper. The city is large and well built: The inhabitants pique themſelves upon their politeneſs, and the purity of their dialect. Certain it is, ſome ſtrangers reſide in this place on purpoſe to learn the beſt pronunciation of the Italian tongue. The Moſaic pavement of their duomo, or cathedral, has been much admired; as well as the hiſtory of Æneas Sylvias, afterwards Pope Pius II. painted on the walls of the library, partly by Pietro Perugino, and partly by his pupil Raphael D'Urbino.

Next day at Buon Convento, where the Emperor Henry VII. was poiſoned by a friar with the ſacramental wafer, I refuſed to give money to the hoſtler, who, in revenge, put two young unbroke ſtone-horſes in the traces next to the coach, which became ſo unruly, that, before we had gone a quarter of a mile, they and the poſtillion were rolling in the duſt. In this ſituation they made ſuch efforts to diſengage themſelves, and kicked with ſuch violence, that I imagined the carriage and all our trunks would have been beaten in pieces. We leaped out of the coach, however, without ſuſtaining any perſonal damage, except the fright; nor was any hurt done to the vehicle. But the horſes were ter-

ribly bruiſed, and almoſt ſtrangled, before they could be diſengaged. Exaſperated at the villany of the hoſtler, I reſolved to make a complaint to the magiſtrate of the place, who is called *uffiziale*. I found him wrapped in an old, greaſy, ragged, great-coat, ſitting in a wretched apartment, without either glaſs, paper, or boards in the windows; and there was no ſort of furniture but a couple of broken chairs, and a miſerable truckle-bed. He looked pale, meagre, and haggard, and had more the air of a half-ſtarved priſoner than of a magiſtrate. Having heard my complaint, he came forth into a kind of outward room or bellfrey, and rung a great bell with his own hand. In conſequence of this ſignal, the poſt-maſter came up ſtairs, and I ſuppoſe he was the firſt man in the place, for the *uffiziale* ſtood before him cap in-hand, and, with great marks of humble reſpect, repeated the complaint I had made. This man aſſured me, with an air of conſcious importance, that he himſelf had ordered the hoſtler to ſupply me with thoſe very horſes, which were the beſt in his ſtable; and that the misfortune which happened was owing to the miſconduct of the fore-poſtillion, who did not keep the fore-horſes to a proper ſpeed proportioned to the mettle of the other two. As he took the affair upon himſelf, and I perceived had an aſcendency over the magiſtrate, I contented myſelf with ſaying, I was certain the two horſes had been put to the coach on purpoſe, either to hurt or frighten us; and that, ſince I could not have juſtice here, I would make a formal complaint to the Britiſh miniſter at Florence. In paſſing through the ſtreet to the coach, which was by this time furniſhed with freſh horſes, I met the hoſtler, and would have caned him heartily; but, perceiving my intention, he took to his heels and vaniſhed. Of all the people I have ever ſeen, the hoſtlers, poſtillions, and other fellows hanging about the poſt-houſes in Italy, are the moſt greedy, impertinent, and provoking. Happy are thoſe travellers who have phlegm enough to diſregard their inſolence and importunity: For this is not ſo diſagreeable as their revenge is dangerous. An Engliſh gentleman at Florence told me, that one of thoſe fellows, whom he had ſtruck for his impertinence, flew at him

with a long knife, and he could hardly keep him at ſword's point. All of them wear ſuch knives, and are very apt to uſe them on the ſlighteſt provocation. But their open attacks are not ſo formidable as their premeditated ſchemes of revenge; in proſecution of which the Italians are equally treacherous and cruel.

This night we paſſed at a place called Radicofani, a village and fort, ſituated on the top of a very high mountain. The inn ſtands ſtill lower than the town. It was built at the expence of the laſt grand duke of Tuſcany; is very large, very cold, and uncomfortable. One would imagine it was contrived for coolneſs, though ſituated ſo high, that even in the midſt of ſummer, a traveller would be glad to have a fire in his chamber. But few or none of them have fire-places, and there is not a bed with curtains or teſter in the houſe. All the adjacent country is naked and barren. On the third day we entered the pope's territories, ſome parts of which are delightful. Having paſſed Aqua-Pendente, a beggarly town, ſituated on the top of a rock, from whence there is a romantic caſcade of water, which gives it the name, we travelled along the ſide of the lake Bolſena, a beautiful piece of water about thirty miles in circuit, with two iſlands in the middle, the banks covered with noble plantations of oak and cypreſs. The town of Bolſena ſtanding near the ruins of the ancient Volſinium, which was the birth-place of Sejanus, is a paltry village; and Monteſiaſcone, famous for its wine, is a poor decayed town in this neighbourhood, ſituated on the ſide of a hill, which, according to the author of the Grand Tour, the only directory I had along with me, is ſuppoſed to be the Soracte of the ancients. If we may believe Horace, Soracte was viſible from Rome; for, in his ninth ode, addreſſed to Thaliarchus, he ſays,

> Vides, ut alta ſtet nive candidum
> Soracte———————

but, in order to ſee Monteſiaſcone, his eye-ſight muſt have penetrated through the Mons Cyminus, at the foot of which ſtands the city of Viterbo. Pliny tells us, that Soracte was not far from Rome, *haud procul ab urbe*

Roma; but Monteſiaſcone is fifty miles from this city. And Deſprez, in his notes upon Horace, ſays it is now called Mente S. Oreſte. Addiſon tells us he paſſed by it in the Campania. I could not, without indignation, reflect upon the bigotry of Mathilda, who gave this fine country to the ſee of Rome, under the dominion of which no country was ever known to proſper.

About half way between Monteſiaſcone and Viterbo one of our fore wheels flew off, together with a large ſplinter of the axle-tree: And if one of the poſtillions had not by great accident been a remarkably ingenious fellow, we ſhould have been put to the greateſt inconvenience, as there was no town, or even houſe, within ſeveral miles. I mention this circumſtance by way of warning to other travellers, that they may provide themſelves with a hammer and nails, a ſpare iron-pin or two, a large knife, and bladder of greaſe, to be uſed occaſionally in caſe of ſuch misfortune.

The mountain of Viterbo is covered with beautiful plantations and villas belonging to the Roman nobility, who come hither to make the *villegiatura* in ſummer. Of the city of Viterbo I ſhall ſay nothing, but that it is the capital of that country which Mathilda gave to the Roman ſee. The place is well-built, adorned with public fountains, and a great number of churches and convents; yet far from being populous, the whole number of inhabitants not exceeding fifteen thouſand. The poſthouſe is one of the worſt inns I ever entered.

After having paſſed this mountain, the Cyminus of the ancients, we ſkirted part of the lake, which is now called de Vico, and whoſe banks afford the moſt agreeable rural proſpects of hill and vale, wood, glade, and water, ſhade and ſunſhine. A few other very inconſiderable places we paſſed, and deſcended into the Campania of Rome, which is almoſt a deſert. The view of this country, in its preſent ſituation, cannot but produce emotions of pity and indignation in the mind of every perſon who retains any idea of its ancient cultivation and fertility. It is nothing but a naked withered down, deſolate and dreary, almoſt without encloſure, corn-field, hedge, tree, ſhrub, houſe, hut, or habitation; exhibit-

ing here and there the ruins of an ancient caſtellum, tomb, or temple, and in ſome places the remains of a Roman via. I heard much of theſe ancient works, and was greatly diſappointed when I ſaw them. The Via Caſſia, or Cymina, is paved with broad, ſolid, flint-ſtones, which muſt have greatly incommoded the feet of horſes that travelled upon it, as well as endangered the lives of the riders, from the ſlipperineſs of the pavement. Beſides, it is ſo narrow, that two modern carriages could not paſs one another upon it, without the moſt imminent hazard of being overturned. I am ſtill of opinion that we excel the ancient Romans in underſtanding the conveniencies of life.

The Grand Tour ſays, that within four miles of Rome you ſee a tomb on the road-ſide, ſaid to be that of Nero, with ſculpture in baſſo relievo at both ends. I did ſee ſuch a thing, more like a common grave-ſtone than the tomb of an emperor. But we are informed by Suetonius, that the dead body of Nero, who ſlew himſelf at the villa of his freedman, was, by the care of his two nurſes, and his concubine Atta, removed to the ſepulchre of the Gens Domitia, immediately within the Porta del Popolo, on your left hand as you enter Rome, preciſely on the ſpot where now ſtands the church of S. Maria del Popolo. His tomb was even diſtinguiſhed by an epitaph, which has been preſerved by Gruterus. Giacomo Alberici tells us very gravely in his Hiſtory of the Church, that a great number of devils, who guarded the bones of this wicked emperor, took poſſeſſion, in the ſhape of black ravens, of a walnut-tree, which grew upon the ſpot; from whence they inſulted every paſſenger, until Pope Phaſchal II. in conſequence of a ſolemn faſt and a revelation, went thither in proceſſion with his court and cardinals, cut down the tree, burned it to aſhes, which, with the bones of Nero, were thrown into the Tyber: Then he conſecrated an altar on the place, where afterwards the church was built. You may gueſs what I felt at firſt ſight of the city of Rome, which, notwithſtanding all the calamities it has undergone, ſtill maintains an auguſt and imperial appearance. It ſtands

on the farther ſide of the Tyber, which we croſſed at the Ponte Molle, formerly called Pons Milvius, about two miles from the gate by which we entered. This bridge was built by Æmilius Cenſor, whoſe name it originally bore. It was the road by which ſo many heroes returned with conqueſt to their country; by which ſo many kings were led captive to Rome; and by which the ambaſſadors of ſo many kingdoms and ſtates approached the ſeat of empire, to deprecate the wrath, to ſolicit the friendſhip, or ſue for the protection of the Roman people. It is likewiſe famous for the defeat and death of Maxentius, who was here overcome by Conſtantine the Great. The ſpace between the bridge and Porta del Popolo, on the right hand, which is now taken up with gardens and villas, was part of the ancient Campus Martius, where the comitia were held; and where the Roman people inured themſelves to all manner of exerciſes: It was adorned with porticos, temples, theatres, baths, circi, baſilicæ, obeliſks, columns, ſtatues, and groves. Authors differ in their opinions about the extent of it; but as they all agree that it contained the Pantheon, the Circus Agonis, now the Piazza Navona, the Buſtum and Mauſoleum Auguſti, great part of the modern city muſt be built upon the ancient Campus Martius. The highway that leads from the bridge to the city, is part of the Via Flaminia, which extended as far as Rimini; and is well paved, like a modern ſtreet. Nothing of the ancient bridge remains but the piles; nor is there any thing in the ſtructure of this, or of the other five Roman bridges over the Tyber, that deſerves attention. I have not ſeen any bridge in France or Italy comparable to that of Weſtminſter, either in beauty, magnificence, or ſolidity: and when the bridge at Black-Friars is finiſhed, it will be ſuch a monument of architecture as all the world cannot parallel. As for the Tyber, it is, in compariſon with the Thames, no more than an inconſiderable ſtream, foul, deep, and rapid; navigable by ſmall boats, barks, and lighters; and, for the conveniency of loading and unloading them, there is a handſome quay by the new cuſtom-houſe, at the Porta

di Ripetta, provided with ſtairs of each ſide, and adorned with an elegant fountain, that yields abundance of excellent water.

We are told that the bed of this river has been conſiderably raiſed by the rubbiſh of old Rome; and this is the reaſon uſually given for its being ſo apt to overflow its banks. A citizen of Rome told me, that a friend of his, lately digging to lay the foundation of a new houſe in the lower part of the city, near the bank of the river, diſcovered the pavement of an ancient ſtreet, at the depth of thirty-nine-feet from the preſent ſurface of the earth. He therefore concluded that modern Rome is near forty feet higher in this place than the ſite of the ancient city, and that the bed of the river is raiſed in proportion; but this is altogether incredible. Had the bed of the Tyber been anciently forty feet lower at Rome than it is at preſent, there muſt have been a fall or cataract in it immediately above this tract, as it is not pretended that the bed of it is raiſed in any part above the city, otherwiſe ſuch an elevation would have obſtructed its courſe, and then it would have overflowed the whole Campania. There is nothing extraordinary in its preſent overflowings: They frequently happened of old, and did great miſchief to the ancient city. Appian, Dio, and other hiſtorians, deſcribe an inundation of the Tyber, immediately after the death of Julius Cæſar; which inundation was occaſioned by the ſudden melting of a great quantity of ſnow which had fallen upon the Apennines. This calamity is recorded by Horace in his ode to Augnſtus.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
Littore Etruſco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Veſtæ:
Iliæ dum ſe nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem; vagus et ſiniſtrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante,
Uxorius amnis.

Livy expreſsly ſays, "*Ita abundavit Tiberis, ut Ludi Apollinares, circo inundato, extra portam Collinam ad ædem Erycinæ Veneris parati ſint*"—To this cuſtom of transferring the *Ludi Apollinares* to another place

where the Tyber had overflowed the *Circus Maximus*, Ovid alludes in his Faſti:

> Altera gramineo ſpectabis equiria campo
> Quem Tiberis curvis in latus urget aquis.
> Qui tamen ejecta ſi forte tenebitur unda,
> Cæilus accipiet pulverulentus equos.

The Porta del Popolo (formerly Flaminia), by which we entered Rome, is an elegant piece of architecture, adorned with marble columns and ſtatues, and executed after the deſign of Buonaroti. Within ſide you find yourſelf in a noble piazza, from whence three of the principal ſtreets of Rome are detached. It is adorned with the famous Egyptian obeliſk, brought hither from the Circus Maximus, and ſet up by the architect Dominico Fontana, in the pontificate of Sixtus V. Here is likewiſe a beautiful fountain deſigned by the ſame artiſt; and at the beginning of the two principal ſtreets are two very elegant churches fronting each other. Such an auguſt entrance cannot fail to impreſs the ſtranger with a ſublime idea of this venerable city.

Having given our names at the gate, we repaired to the dogana, or cuſtom-houſe, where our trunks and carriage were ſearched; and here we were ſurrounded by a number of ſervitori de piazzi, offering their ſervices with the moſt diſagreeable importunity. Though I told them ſeveral times I had no occaſion for any, three of them took poſſeſſion of the coach, one mounting before and two of them behind; and thus we proceeded to the Piazza d'Eſpagna, where the perſon lived to whoſe houſe I was directed. Strangers that come to Rome ſeldom put up at public inns, but go directly to lodging houſes, of which there is great plenty in this quarter. The Piazza d'Eſpagna is open, airy, and pleaſantly ſituated in a high part of the city immediately under the Colla Pinciana, and adorned with two fine fountains. Here moſt of the Engliſh reſide: The apartments are generally commodious and well furniſhed; and the lodgers are well ſupplied with proviſions and all neceſſaries of life. But, if I ſtudied economy, I would chooſe another part of the town than the Piazza d'Eſpagna, which is beſides at a great diſtance from the

antiquities. For a decent firſt floor and two bedchambers on the ſecond, I paid no more than a ſcudo (five ſhillings) per day. Our table was plentifully furniſhed by the landlord for two and thirty pauls, being equal to ſixteen ſhillings. I hired a town-coach at the rate of fourteen pauls, or ſeven ſhillings, a-day; and a ſervitore di piazza for three pauls, or eighteen-pence. The coachman has alſo an allowance of two pauls a-day. The proviſions at Rome are reaſonable and good, eſpecially the vitella mongana, which is the moſt delicate veal I ever taſted, but very dear, being ſold for two pauls, or a ſhilling, the pound. Here are the rich wines of Montepulciano, Monteſiaſcone, and Monte di Dragone; but what we commonly drink at meals is that of Orvieto, a ſmall white wine of an agreeable flavour. Strangers are generally adviſed to employ an antiquarian to inſtruct them in all the curioſities of Rome; and this is a neceſſary expence, when a perſon wants to become a connoiſſeur in painting, ſtatuary, and architecture. For my own part, I had no ſuch ambition. I longed to view the remains of antiquity by which this metropolis is diſtinguiſhed; and to contemplate the originals of many pictures and ſtatues, which I had admired in prints and deſcriptions. I therefore choſe a ſervant, who was recommended to me as a ſober intelligent fellow, acquainted with theſe matters: At the ſame time I furniſhed myſelf with maps and plans of ancient and modern Rome, together with the little manual, called, *Itinerario iſtruttivo per retrovaire con facilita tutte le magnificenze di Roma e di alcune citta', e caſtelli ſuburbani.* But I found ſtill more ſatisfaction in peruſing the book in three volumes, intituled *Roma antica, e moderna,* which contains a deſcription of every thing remarkable in and about the city, illuſtrated with a great number of copperplates, and many curious hiſtorical annotations. This directory coſt me a zequine; but a hundred zequines will not purchaſe all the books and prints which have been publiſhed at Rome on theſe ſubjects. Of theſe the moſt celebrated are the plates of Piraneſi, who is not only an ingenious architect and engraver, but alſo a learned antiquarian, though he is apt to run riot

in his conjectures; and with regard to the arts of ancient Rome, has broached ſome doctrines, which he will find it very difficult to maintain. Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard againſt a ſet of ſharpers (ſome of them of our own country), who deal in pictures and antiques, and very often impoſe upon the uninformed ſtranger by ſelling him traſh, as the productions of the moſt celebrated artiſts. The Engliſh are more than any other foreigners expoſed to this impoſition. They are ſuppoſed to have more money to throw away; and therefore a greater number of ſnares are laid for them. This opinion of their ſuperior wealth they take a pride in confirming, by launching out into all manner of unneceſſary expence: But what is ſtill more dangerous, the moment they ſet foot in Italy, they are ſeized with the ambition of becoming connoiſſeurs in painting, muſic, ſtatuary, and architecture; and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakneſs for their own advantage. I have ſeen in different parts of Italy, a number of raw boys, whom Britain ſeemed to have poured forth on purpoſe to bring her national character into contempt: Ignorant, petulant, raſh, and profligate, without any knowledge or experience of their own, without any director to improve their underſtanding, or ſuperintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gameſter, and is ſtripped, perhaps, in the very firſt party: another is poxed and pillaged by an antiquated cantatrice: A third is bubbled by a knaviſh antiquarian; and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some turn fidlers, and pretend to compoſe: But all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finiſhed connoiſſeurs and coxcombs to their own country. The moſt remarkable phenomenon of this kind which I have ſeen, is a boy of ſeventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy, for improvement, under the auſpices of another boy of twenty-two. When you arrive at Rome, you receive cards from all your country-folks in that city: They expect to have the viſit returned next day, when they give orders not to be at home; and you never ſpeak to

one another in the ſequel. This is a refinement in hoſpitality and politeneſs which the Engliſh have invented by the ſtrength of their own genius, without any aſſiſtance either from France, Italy, or Lapland. No Engliſhman above the degree of a painter or cicerone frequents any coffee-houſe at Rome; and as there are no public diverſions except in carnival time, the only chance you have for ſeeing your compatriots, is either in viſiting the curioſities, or at a converſazione. The Italians are very ſcrupulous in admitting foreigners, except thoſe who are introduced as people of quality: But if there happens to be any Engliſh lady of faſhion at Rome, ſhe generally keeps an aſſembly, to which the Britiſh ſubjects reſort. In my next, I ſhall communicate, without ceremony or affectation, what further remarks I have made at Rome, without any pretence, however, to the character of a connoiſſeur, which, without all doubt, would ſit very awkwardly upon,

Dear Sir,

Your friend and ſervant.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, February* 28. 1765.

NOTHING can be more agreeable to the eyes of a ſtranger, eſpecially in the heats of ſummer, than the great number of public fountains that appear in every part of Rome, embelliſhed with all the ornaments of ſculpture, and pouring forth prodigious quantities of cool delicious water, brought in aqueducts from different lakes, rivers, and ſources, at a conſiderable diſtance from the city. Theſe works are the remains of the munificence and induſtry of the ancient Romans, who were extremely delicate in the article of water: But, however, great applauſe is alſo due to thoſe beneficent popes who have been at the expence of reſtoring and repairing thoſe noble channels of health, pleaſure, and convenience. This great plenty of water, nevertheleſs,

has not induced the Romans to be cleanly. Their ſtreets, and even their palaces, are diſgraced with filth. The noble piazza Navona is adorned with three or four fountains, one of which is perhaps the moſt magnificent that Europe can produce, and all of them diſcharge vaſt ſtreams of water: But, notwithſtanding this proviſion, the piazza is almoſt as dirty as Weſt-Smithfield, where the cattle are ſold in London. The corridores, arcades, and even ſtair-caſes belonging to their moſt elegant palaces, are depoſitories of naſtineſs, and indeed in ſummer ſmell as ſtrong as ſpirit of hartſhorn. I have a great notion that their anceſtors were not much more cleanly. If we conſider that the city and ſuburbs of Rome, in the reign of Claudius, contained about ſeven millions of inhabitants, a number equal at leaſt to the ſum total of all the ſouls in England; that great part of ancient Rome was allotted to temples, porticos, baſilicæ, theatres, thermæ, circi, public and private walks and gardens, where very few, if any, of this great number lodged; that by far the greater part of thoſe inhabitants were ſlaves and poor people who did not enjoy the conveniencies of life; and that the uſe of linen was ſcarce known; we muſt naturally conclude they were ſtrangely crowded together, and that in general they were a very frowzy generation. That they were crowded together appears from the height of their houſes, which the poet Rutilius compared to towers made for ſcaling heaven. In order to remedy this inconvenience, Auguſtus Cæſar publiſhed a decree, that, for the future, no houſes ſhould be built above ſeventy feet high, which, at a moderate computation, might make ſix ſtories. But what ſeems to prove beyond all diſpute, that the ancient Romans were dirty creatures, are theſe two particulars. Veſpaſian laid a tax upon urine and ordure, on pretence of being at a great expence in clearing the ſtreets from ſuch nuiſances; an impoſition which amounted to about fourteen pence a-year for every individual; and when Heliogabalus ordered all the cobwebs of the city and ſuburbs to be collected, they were found to weigh ten thouſand pounds. This was intended as a demonſtration of the great number of inhabitants; but it was a

proof of their dirt, rather than of their populoſity. I might likewiſe add the delicate cuſtom of taking vomits at each other's houſes, when they were invited to dinner or ſupper, that they might prepare their ſtomach for gormandizing; a beaſtly proof of their naſtineſs as well as gluttony. Horace, in his deſcription of the banquet of Naſiedenus, ſays, when the canopy under which they ſat fell down, it brought along with it as much dirt as is raiſed by a hard gale of wind in dry weather:

——" trahentia pulveris atri,
" Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris."

I might obſerve that the ſtreets were often encumbered with the putrifying carcaſes of criminals, who had been dragged through them by the heels, and precipitated from the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, or Tarpeian rock, before they were thrown into the Tiber, which was the general receptacle of the *cloaca maxima*, and all the filth of Rome: Beſides, the bodies of all thoſe who made away with themſelves without ſufficient cauſe; of ſuch as were condemned for ſacrilege, or killed by thunder, were left unburned and unburied to rot above ground.

I believe the moderns retain more of the cuſtoms of the ancient Romans than is generally imagined.—When I firſt ſaw the infants at the *enfans trouvés* in Paris, ſo ſwathed with bandages, that the very ſight of them made my eyes water, I little dreamed that the preſcription of the ancients could be pleaded for this cuſtom, equally ſhocking and abſurd; but in the Capitol at Rome, I met with the antique ſtatue of a child *emailloté*, exactly in the ſame manner, rolled up like an Egyptian mummy from the feet. The circulation of the blood, in ſuch a caſe, muſt be obſtructed on the whole ſurface of the body, and nothing at liberty but the head, which is the only part of the child that ought to be confined. It is not ſurpriſing that common ſenſe ſhould not point out, even to the moſt ignorant, that thoſe accurſed bandages muſt heat the tender infant into a fever; muſt hinder the action of the muſcles, and the play of the joints, ſo neceſſary to health and nutrition; and that,

while the refluent blood is obſtructed in the veins, which run on the ſurface of the body, the arteries, which lie deep, without the reach of compreſſion, are continually pouring their contents into the head, where the blood meets with no reſiſtance? The veſſels of the brain are naturally lax, and the very ſutures of the ſkull are yet uncloſed. What are the conſequences of this cruel ſwaddling? The limbs are waſted; the joints grow ricketty; the brain is compreſſed; and a hydrocephalus, with a great head and ſore eyes, enſues. I take this abominable practice to be one great cauſe of the bandy legs, diminutive bodies, and large heads, ſo frequent in the ſouth of France and in Italy.

I was no leſs ſurpriſed to find the modern faſhion of curling the hair, borrowed in a great meaſure from the coxcombs and coquettes of antiquity. I ſaw a buſt of Nero in the gallery at Florence, the hair repreſented in rows of buckles, like that of a French petit maitre, conformable to the picture drawn of him by Suetonius: *Circa cultum adeo pudendum, ut comam ſemper in gradus formatam peregrinatione Achaica, etiam pene vertiſem ſumpſerit.* I was very ſorry, however, to find that this foppery came from Greece. As for Otho, he wore a galericulum, or tour, on account of thin hair, *propter raritatem capillorum.* He had no right to imitate the example of Julius Cæſar, who concealed his bald head with a wreath of laurel. But there is a buſt in the Capitol of Julia Pia, the ſecond wife of Septimius Severus, with a moveable peruke, dreſſed exactly in the faſhionable mode, with this difference, that there is no part of it frizzled; nor is there any appearance of pomatum and powder. Theſe improvements the beau-monde have borrowed from the natives of the Cape of Good Hope.

Modern Rome does not cover more than one third of the ſpace within the walls; and thoſe parts that were moſt frequented of old are now entirely abandoned.—From the Capitol to the Coliſeum, including the Forum Romanum and Boarium, there is nothing entire but one or two churches, built with the fragments of ancient edifices. You deſcend from the Capitol between the

remaining pillars of two temples, the pedeſtals and part of the ſhafts ſunk in the rubbiſh; then paſſing through the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, you proceed along the foot of Mons Palatinus, which ſtands on your right hand, quite covered with the ruins of the ancient palace belonging to the Roman emperors, and at the foot of it there are ſome beautiful detached pillars ſtill ſtanding. On the left you ſee the remains of the *Templum Pacis*, which ſeems to have been the largeſt and moſt magnificent of all the temples in Rome. It was built and dedicated by the emperor Veſpaſian, who brought into it all the treaſure and precious veſſels which he found in the temple of Jeruſalem. The columns of the portico he removed from Nero's golden houſe, which he levelled with the ground. This temple was likewiſe famous for its library, mentioned by Aulus Gellius. Farther on is the arch of Conſtantine on the right, a moſt noble piece of architecture, almoſt entire, with the remains of the *Meta Sudans* before it; and, fronting you, the noble ruins of that vaſt amphitheatre called the Coloſſæum, now Coliſeo, which has been diſmantled and dilapidated by the Gothic popes and princes of modern Rome, to build and adorn their paltry palaces. Behind the amphitheatre were the thermæ of the ſame emperor Titus Veſpaſian. In the ſame quarter was the *Circus Maximus*; and the whole ſpace from hence on both ſides to the walls of Rome, comprehending above twice as much ground as the modern city, is almoſt covered with the monuments of antiquity. I ſuppoſe there is more concealed below ground than appears above. The miſerable houſes, and even garden-walls of the peaſants in this diſtrict, are built with theſe precious materials, I mean ſhafts and capitals of marble columns, heads, arms, legs, and mutilated trunks of ſtatues. What pity it is, that, among all the remains of antiquity at Rome, there is not one lodging-houſe remaining. I ſhould be glad to know how the ſenators of Rome were lodged. I want to be better informed touching the *cava ædium*, the *focus*, the *ara deorum penatum*, the *conclavia*, *triclinia*, and *cænationes*; the *atria* where the women reſided, and employed themſelves in

the woollen manufacture; the *prætoria*, which were ſo ſpacious as to become a nuiſance in the reign of Auguſtus; and the *xyſta*, which were ſhady walks between two porticos, where the men exerciſed themſelves in the winter. I am diſguſted by the modern taſte of architecture, though I am no judge of the art. The churches and palaces of theſe days are crowded with petty ornaments, which diſtract the eye, and, by breaking the deſign into a variety of little parts, deſtroy the effect of the whole. Every door and window has its ſeparate ornaments, its moulding, frize, cornice, and tympanum; then there is ſuch an aſſemblage of uſeleſs feſtoons, pillars, pilaſters, with their architraves, entablatures, and I know not what, that nothing great or uniform remains to fill the view; and we in vain look for that ſimplicity of grandeur, thoſe large maſſes of light and ſhadow, and the inexpreſſible ΕΥΣΥΝΟΠΤΟΝ, which characterize the edifices of the ancients. A great edifice, to have its full effect, ought to be *iſolé*, that is, detached from all others, with a large ſpace around it: But the palaces of Rome, and indeed of all the other cities of Italy, which I have ſeen, are ſo engaged among other mean houſes, that their beauty and magnificence are in a great meaſure concealed. Even thoſe which face open ſtreets and piazzas are only clear in front. The other apartments are darkened by the vicinity of ordinary houſes; and their views are confined by dirty and diſagreeable objects. Within the court there is generally a noble colonade all round, and an open corridore above; but the ſtairs are uſually narrow, ſteep, and high: The want of ſaſh-windows, the dullneſs of their ſmall glaſs lozenges, the duſty brick floors, and the crimſon hangings laced with gold, contribute to give a gloomy air to their apartments: I might add to theſe cauſes a number of pictures executed on melancholy ſubjects, antique mutilated ſtatues, buſts, baſſo relievos, urns, and ſepulchral ſtones, with which their rooms are adorned. It muſt be owned, however, there are ſome exceptions to this general rule. The villa of Cardinal Alexander Albani is light, gay, and airy; yet the rooms are too ſmall, and too much decorated with carving and gilding,

which is a kind of gingerbread work. The apartments of one of the princes Borgheſe are furniſhed in the Engliſh taſte; and in the *palazzo di colonna conneſtabile*, there is a ſaloon or gallery, which for the proportions, lights, furniture, and ornaments, is the moſt noble, elegant, and agreeable apartment I ever ſaw.

It is diverting to hear an Italian expatiate upon the greatneſs of modern Rome. He will tell you there are above three hundred palaces in the city; that there is ſcarce a Roman prince whoſe revenue does not exceed two hundred thouſand crowns; and that Rome produces not only the moſt learned men, but alſo the moſt refined politicians in the univerſe. To one of them talking in this ſtrain, I replied, that, inſtead of three hundred palaces, the number did not exceed fourſcore; that I had been informed, on good authority, there were not ſix individuals in Rome who had ſo much as forty thouſand crowns a-year, about ten thouſand pounds Sterling; and that to ſay their princes were ſo rich, and their politicians ſo refined, was, in effect, a ſevere ſatire upon them, for not employing their wealth and their talents for the advantage of their country. I aſked why their cardinals and princes did not invite and encourage induſtrious people to ſettle and cultivate the Campania of Rome, which is a deſert? why they did not raiſe a ſubſcription to drain the marſhes in the neighbourhood of the city, and thus meliorate the air, which is rendered extremely unwholeſome in the ſummer, by putrid exhalations from thoſe moraſſes? I demanded of them, why they did not contribute their wealth, and exert their political refinements, in augmenting their forces by ſea and land, for the defence of their country, introducing commerce and manufactures, and in giving ſome conſequence to their ſtate, which was no more than a mite in the political ſcale of Europe? I expreſſed a deſire to know what became of all thoſe ſums of money, inſomuch as there was hardly any circulation of gold and ſilver in Rome, and the very bankers, on whom ſtrangers have their credit, make intereſt to pay their tradeſmens bills with paper notes of the bank of Spirito Santo? And now I am upon this ſubject, it

may not be amiſs to obſerve, that I was ſtrangely miſled by all the books I conſulted about the current coin of Italy. In Tuſcany, and the Eccleſiaſtical State, one ſees nothing but zequines in gold, and pieces of two paoli, one paolo, and half a paolo, in ſilver. Beſides theſe, there is a copper coin in Rome, called Bajocco and Mezzo Bajocco. Ten bajocchi make a ſcudo, which is an imaginary piece: Two ſcudi make a zequine; and a French Loui'dore is worth about two zequines.

Rome has nothing to fear from the catholic powers, who reſpect it with a ſuperſtitious veneration as the metropolitan ſeat of their religion: But the popes will do well to avoid miſunderſtandings with the maritime Proteſtant ſtates, eſpecially the Engliſh, who being maſters of the Mediterranean, and in poſſeſſion of Minorca, have it in their power at all times to land a body of troops within four leagues of Rome, and to take the city, without oppoſition. Rome is ſurrounded with an old wall, but altogether incapable of defence; or, if it was, the circuit of the walls is ſo extenſive, that it would require a garriſon of twenty thouſand men. The only appearance of a fortification in this city is the caſtle of St. Angelo, ſituated on the further bank of the Tiber, to which there is acceſs by a handſome bridge: But this caſtle, which was formerly the *moles Adriani*, could not hold out half a day againſt a battery of ten pieces of cannon properly directed. It was an expedient left to the invention of the modern Romans, to convert an ancient tomb into a citadel. It could only ſerve as a temporary retreat for the pope in times of popular commotion, and on other ſudden emergencies; as it happened in the caſe of Pope Clement VII. when the troops of the emperor took the city by aſſault; and this only while he reſided at the Vatican, from whence there is a covered gallery continued to the caſtle: It can never ſerve this purpoſe again, while the pontiff lives on Monte Cavallo, which is at the other end of the city. The caſtle of St. Angelo, howſoever ridiculous as a fortreſs, appears reſpectable as a noble monument of antiquity, and, though ſtanding in a low ſituation, is one of the firſt objects that ſtrike the eye of a ſtranger approaching Rome. On the

oppoſite ſide of the river are the wretched remains of the Mauſoleum Auguſti, which was ſtill more magnificent. Part of the wall is ſtanding, and the terraces are converted into garden ground. In viewing theſe ruins, I remembered Virgil's pathetic deſcription of Marcellus, who was here entombed:

Quantos ille virûm magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus, vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.

The beautiful poem of Ovid *de Conſolatione ad Liviam*, written after the aſhes of Auguſtus and his nephew Marcellus, of Germanicus, Agrippa, and Druſus, were depoſited in this mauſoleum, concludes with theſe lines, which are extremely tender:

Claudite jam Parcæ nimium reſerata ſepulchra;
Claudite, plus juſto jam domus iſta patet!

What the author ſaid of the monument, you will be tempted to ſay of this letter, which I ſhall therefore cloſe in the old ſtyle, aſſuring you that I ever am,

Yours moſt affectionately.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 5. 1765.

IN my laſt I gave you my opinion freely of the modern palaces of Italy. I ſhall now hazard my thoughts upon the gardens of this country, which the inhabitants extol with all the hyperboles of admiration and applauſe. I muſt acknowledge, however, I have not ſeen the famous villas at Fraſcati and Tivoli, which are celebrated for their gardens and waterworks. I intended to viſit theſe places; but was prevented by an unexpected change of weather, which deterred me from going to the country. On the laſt day of September, the mountains of Paleſtrina were covered with ſnow; and the air became ſo cold at Rome, that I was forced to put on my winter clothes. This objec-

tion continued, till I found it neceſſary to ſet out on my return to Florence. But I have ſeen the gardens of the *Poggio Imperiale*, and the *Palazzo di Pitti* at Florence, and thoſe of the Vatican, of the pope's palace on Monte Cavallo, of the Villa Ludoviſia, Medicea, and Pinciana, at Rome; ſo that I think I have ſome right to judge of the Italian taſte in gardening. Among thoſe I have mentioned, that of the Villa Pinciana is the moſt remarkable and the moſt extenſive, including a ſpace of three miles in circuit, hard by the walls of Rome, containing a variety of ſituations, high and low, which favour all the natural embelliſhments one would expect to meet with in a garden, and exhibit a diverſity of noble views of the city and adjacent country.

In a fine extenſive garden or park, an Engliſhman expects to ſee a number of groves and glades intermixed with an agreeable negligence, which ſeems to be the effect of nature and accident. He looks for ſhady walks encruſted with gravel; for open lawns covered with verdure as ſmooth as velvet, but much more lively and agreeable: for ponds, canals, baſons, caſcades, and running ſtreams of water; for clumps of trees, woods, and wilderneſſes, cut into delightful alleys, perfumed with honey-ſuckle and ſweet-briar, and reſounding with the mingled melody of all the ſinging birds of heaven: He looks for plats of flowers in different parts to refreſh the ſenſe, and pleaſe the fancy; for arbours, grottos, hermitages, temples, and alcoves, to ſhelter him from the ſun, and afford him means of contemplation and repoſe; and he expects to find the hedges, groves, and walks, and lawns kept with the utmoſt order and propriety. He who loves the beauties of ſimple nature, and the charms of neatneſs, will ſeek for them in vain amidſt the groves of Italy. In the garden of the Villa Pinciana, there is a plantation of four hundred pines, or rather firs, which the Italians view with rapture and admiration: There is likewiſe a long walk of trees extending from the garden-gate to the palace; and plenty of ſhade, with alleys and hedges in different parts of the ground: But the groves are neglected; the walks are laid with nothing but common mould or ſand,

black and duſty; the hedges are tall, thin, and ſhabby; the trees ſtunted; the open ground, brown and parched, has ſcarce any appearance of verdure. The flat regular alleys of evergreens are cut into fantaſtic figures; the flower-gardens embelliſhed with thin cyphers and flouriſhed figures in box, while the flowers grow in rows of earthen pots, and the groond appears as duſky as if it was coyered with the cinders of a blackſmith's forge. The water, of which there is great plenty, inſtead of being collected in large pieces, or conveyed in little rivulets and ſtreams, to refreſh the thirſty ſoil, or managed ſo as to form agreeable caſcades, is ſquirted from fountains in different parts of the garden, through tubes little bigger than common glyſter-pipes. It muſt be owned indeed that the fountains have their merit in the way of ſculpture and architecture; and that here is a great number of ſtatues which merit attention: But they ſerve only to encumber the ground, and deſtroy that effect of rural ſimplicity which our gardens are deſigned to produce. In a word, here we ſee a variety of walks, and groves, and fountains, a wood of four hundred pines, a paddock with a few meagre deer, a flower-garden, an aviary, a grotto, and a fiſh-pond; and in ſpite of all theſe particulars, it is, in my opinion, a very contemptible garden, when compared to that of Stowe in Buckinghamſhire, or even to thoſe of Kenſington and Richmond. The Italians underſtand, becauſe they ſtudy, the excellencies of art; but they have no idea of the beauties of nature. This Villa Pinciana, which belongs to the Borgheſe family, would make a complete academy for painting and ſculpture, eſpecially for the ſtudy of ancient marbles; for, excluſive of the ſtatues and buſts in the garden, and the vaſt collection in the different apartments, almoſt the whole outſide of the houſe is covered with curious pieces in baſſo and alto relievo. The moſt maſterly is that of Curtius on horſeback, leaping into the gulf or opening of the earth, which is ſaid to have cloſed on receiving this ſacrifice. Among the exhibitions of art within the houſe, I was much ſtruck with a Bacchus, and the death of Meleager, repreſented on an ancient ſepulchre. There is alſo an admirable ſtatue of

Silenus, with the infant Bacchus in his arms; a moſt beautiful gladiator; a curious Moor of black marble, with a ſhirt of white alabaſter; a finely proportioned bull of black marble alſo, ſtanding upon a table of alabaſter; a black gipſey, with a head, hands, and feet of braſs; and the famous hermaphrodite, which vies with that of Florence; though the moſt curious circumſtance of this article, is the matraſs, executed and placed by Bernini, with ſuch art and dexterity, that to the view it rivals the ſoftneſs of wool, and ſeems to retain the marks of preſſure, according to the figure of the ſuperincumbent ſtatue. Let us likewiſe own, for the honour of the moderns, that the ſame artiſt has produced two fine ſtatues, which we find among the ornaments of this villa, namely, a David with his ſling, in the attitude of throwing the ſtone at the giant Goliah; and a Daphne changing into laurel at the approach of Apollo. On the baſe of this figure, are the two following elegant lines, written by Pope Urban VIII. in his younger years:

Quiſquis amans ſequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.

I ought not forget two exquiſite antique ſtatues of Venus, the weeping ſlave, and the youth pulling a thorn out of his foot.

I do not pretend to give a methodical detail of the curioſities of Rome: They have been already deſcribed by different authors, who were much better qualified than I am for the taſk: But you ſhall have what obſervations I made on the moſt remarkable objects, without method, juſt as they occur to my remembrance; and I proteſt the remarks are all my own: So that if they deſerve any commendation, I claim all the merit; and if they are impertinent, I muſt be contented to bear all the blame.

The piazza of St. Peter's church is altogether ſublime. The double colonnade on each ſide extending in a ſemicircular ſweep, the ſtupendous Ægyptian obeliſk, the two fountains, the portico, and the admirable façade of the church, form ſuch an aſſemblage of magnificent ob-

jects, as cannot fail to impreſs the mind with awe and admiration: But the church would have produced a ſtill greater effect, had it been detached entirely from the buildings of the Vatican. It would then have been a maſter-piece of architecture, complete in all its parts, entire and perfect: Whereas, at preſent, it is no more than a beautiful member attached to a vaſt undigeſted and irregular pile of building. As to the architecture of this famous temple, I ſhall ſay nothing; neither do I pretend to deſcribe the internal ornaments. The great picture of Moſaic work, and that of St. Peter's bark toſſed by the tempeſt, which appear over the gate of the church, though rude in compariſon with modern pieces, are nevertheleſs great curioſities, when conſidered as the work of Giotto, who flouriſhed in the beginning of the fourteenth century. His maſter was Cimabue, who learned painting and architecture of the Grecian artiſts, who came from Conſtantinople, and firſt revived theſe arts in Italy. But, to return to St. Peter's, I was not at all pleaſed with the famous ſtatue of the dead Chriſt in his mother's lap, by Michael Angelo. The figure of Chriſt is as much ematiated as if he had died of a conſumption: Beſides, there is ſomething indelicate, not to ſay indecent, in the attitude and deſign of a man's body, ſtark naked, lying upon the knees of a woman. Here are ſome good pictures, I ſhould rather ſay copies of good pictures, done in Moſaic to great perfection; particularly a St. Sebaſtian by Domenichino, and Michael the Archangel, from a painting of Guido Rheni. I am extremely fond of all this artiſt's pieces. There is a tenderneſs and delicacy in his manner; and his figures are all exquiſitely beautiful, though his expreſſion is often erroneous, and his attitudes are always affected and unnatural. In this very piece the archangel has all the air of a French dancing-maſter; and I have ſeen a Madonna by the ſame hand, I think it is in the Palazzo di Barberini, in which, though the figures are enchanting, the Virgin is repreſented holding up the drapery of the Infant, with the ridiculous affectation of a finger on the ſtage of our Italian opera. The Moſaic work, though brought to a wonderful degree of improvement, and ad-

mirably calculated for churches, the dampneſs of which is pernicious to the colours of the pallet, I will not yet compare to the productions of the pencil. The glaſſyneſs (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) of the ſurface, throws, in my opinion, a falſe light on ſome parts of the picture; and, when you approach it, the joinings of the pieces look like ſo many cracks on painted canvas. Beſides, this method is extremely tedious and expenſive. I went to ſee the artiſts at work, in a houſe that ſtands near the church, where I was much pleaſed with the ingenuity of the proceſs; and not a little ſurpriſed at the great number of different colours and tints, which are kept in ſeparate drawers, marked with numbers as far as ſeventeen thouſand. For a ſingle head done in Moſaic, they aſked me fifty zequines. But to return to the church. The altar of St. Peter's choir, notwithſtanding all the ornaments which have been laviſhed upon it, is no more than a heap of puerile finery, better adapted to an Indian pagod, than to a temple built upon the principles of the Greek architecture. The four coloſſal figures that ſupport the chair are both clumſy and diſproportioned. The drapery of ſtatues, whether in braſs or ſtone, when thrown into large maſſes, appears hard and unpleaſant to the eye; and for that reaſon the ancients always imitated wet linen, which, exhibiting the ſhape of the limbs underneath, and hanging in a multiplicity of wet folds, gives an air of lightneſs, ſoftneſs, and ductility to the whole.

Theſe two ſtatues weigh 116,257 pounds, and as they ſuſtain nothing but a chair, are out of all proportion, inaſmuch as the ſupporters ought to be ſuitable to the things ſupported. Here are four giants holding up the old wooden chair of the apoſtle Peter, if we may believe the book *De Identitate Cathedræ Romanæ.* The implements of popiſh ſuperſtition; ſuch as relicks of pretended ſaints, ill proportioned ſpires and belfrys, and the nauſeous repetition of the figure of the croſs, which is in itſelf a very mean and diſagreeable object, only fit for the priſons of condemned criminals, have contributed to introduce a vicious taſte into the external architecture, as well as in the internal ornaments of our temples. All

churches are built in the figure of a croſs, which effectually prevents the eye from taking in the ſcope of the building, either without ſide or within; conſequently robs the edifice of its proper effect. The palace of the Eſcurial in Spain is laid out in the ſhape of a gridiron, becauſe the convent was built in conſequence of a vow to St. Laurence, who was broiled to death like a barbecued pig. What pity it is, that the labours of painting ſhould have been ſo much employed on the ſhocking ſubjects of the martyrology. Beſides numberleſs pictures of the flagellation, crucifixion, and deſcent from the croſs, we have Judith with the head of Holofernes, Herodias with the head of John the Baptiſt, Jael aſſaſſinating Siſera in his ſleep, Peter writhing on the croſs, Stephen battered with ſtones, Sebaſtian ſtuck full of arrows, Laurence frying upon the coals, Bartholomew flaed alive, and a hundred other pictures equally frightful, which can only ſerve to fill the mind with gloomy ideas, and encourage a ſpirit of religious fanataciſm, which has always been attended with miſchievous conſequences to the community where it reigned.

The tribune of the great altar, conſiſting of four wreathed braſs pillars, gilt, ſupporting a canopy, is doubtleſs very magnificent, if not overcharged with ſculpture, fluting, foliage, feſtoons, and figures of boys and angels, which, with the hundred and twenty-two lamps of ſilver, continually burning below, ſerve rather to dazzle the eyes, and kindle the devotion of the ignorant vulgar, than to excite the admiration of a judicious obſerver.

There is nothing, I believe, in this famous ſtructure, ſo worthy of applauſe, as the admirable ſymmetry and proportion of its parts. Notwithſtanding all the carving, gilding, baſſo relievos, medallions, urns, ſtatues, columns, and pictures with which it abounds, it does not, on the whole, appear over-crowded with ornaments. When you firſt enter, your eye is filled ſo equally and regularly, that nothing appears ſtupendous; and the church ſeems conſiderably ſmaller than it really is. The ſtatues of children, that ſupport the founts of holy water, when obſerved from the door, ſeem to be of the

natural ſize; but as you draw near, you perceive they are gigantic. In the ſame manner, the figures of the doves, with olive branches in their beaks, which are repreſented on the wall, appear to be within your reach; but as you approach them, they recede to a conſiderable height, as if they had flown upwards to avoid being taken.

I was much diſappointed at ſight of the Pantheon, which, after all that has been ſaid of it, looks like a huge cockpit, open at top. The portico, which Agrippa added to the building, is undoubtedly very noble, though, in my opinion, it correſponds but ill with the ſimplicity of the edifice. With all my veneration for the ancients, I cannot ſee in what the beauty of the rotunda conſiſts. It is no more than a plain unpierced cylinder, or circular wall, with two fillets and a cornice, having a vaulted roof or cupola, open in the centre. I mean the original building, without conſidering the veſtibule of Agrippa. Within ſide it has much the air of a mauſoleum. It was this appearance which, in all probability, ſuggeſted the thought to Boniface IV. to tranſport hither eight-and-twenty cart loads of old rotten bones, dug from different burying-places, and then dedicate it as a church to the bleſſed Virgin and all the holy martyrs. I am not one of thoſe who think it is well lighted by the hole at the top, which is about nine-and-twenty feet in diameter, although the author of the Grand Tour calls is but nine. The ſame author ſays, there is a deſcent of eleven ſteps to go into it; that it is a hundred and forty-four feet in height, and as many in breadth; that it was covered with copper, which, with the braſs nails of the portico, Pope Urban VIII. took away, and converted into the four wreathed pillars that ſupport the canopy of the high altar in the church of St. Peter, &c. The truth is, before the time of Pope Alexander VII. the earth was ſo raiſed as to cover part of the temple, and there was a deſcent of ſome ſteps into the porch: But that pontiff ordered the ground to be pared away to the very pedeſtal or baſe of the portico, which is now even with the ſtreet, ſo that there is no deſcent whatſoever. The height is two hundred palmi, and the breadth two hundred and eighteen; which, rec-

koning the palmi at nine inches, will bring the height to one hundred and fifty, and the breadth to one hundred and ſixty-three feet ſix inches. It was not any covering of copper which Pope Urban VIII. removed, but large braſs beams, which ſupported the roof of the portico. They weighed 186,392 pounds; and afforded metal enough not only for the pillars in St. Peter's church, but alſo for ſeveral pieces of artillery. What is more extraordinary, the gilding of thoſe columns is ſaid to have coſt forty thouſand golden crowns: Sure money was never worſe laid out. Urban VIII. likewiſe added two belfry towers to the rotunda; and I wonder he did not cover the central hole with glaſs, as it muſt be very inconvenient and diſagreeable to thoſe who go to church below, to be expoſed to the rain in wet weather, which muſt alſo render it very damp and unwholeſome. I viſited it ſeveral times, and each time it looked more and more gloomy and ſepulchral.

The magnificence of the Romans was not ſo conſpicuous in their temples, as in their theatres, amphitheatres, circuſſes, naumachia, aqueducts, triumphal arches, porticoes, baſilicæ, but eſpecially their thermæ, or bathing-places. A great number of their temples were ſmall and inconſiderable; not one of them was comparable, either for ſize or magnificence, to the modern church of St. Peter of the Vatican. The famous tempie of Jupiter Capitolinus was neither half ſo long, nor half ſo broad: It was but two hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty-five in breadth; whereas, the length of St. Peter's extends to ſix hundred and thirty-eight feet, and the breadth to above five hundred. It is very near twice as large as the temple of Jupiter Olympius in Greece, which was counted one of the ſeven wonders of the world. But I ſhall take another opportunity to explain myſelf further on the antiquities of this city; a ſubject upon which I am diſpoſed to be (perhaps impertinently) circumſtantial. When I begin to run riot, you ſhould check me with the freedom of a friend. The moſt diſtant hint will be ſufficient to,

Dear Sir,

Yours aſſuredly.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 10. 1765.

THE coloſſæum or amphitheatre built by Flavius Veſpaſian, is the moſt ſtupendous work of the kind which antiquity can produce. Near one half of the external circuit ſtill remains, conſiſting of four tire of arcades, adorned with columns of four orders, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Compoſite. The height and extent of it may be gueſſed from the number of ſpectators it contained, amounting to one hundred thouſand; and yet, according to Fontana's menſuration, it could not contain above thirty-four thouſand perſons ſitting, allowing a foot and a half for each perſon: For the circuit of the whole building did not exceed one thouſand five hundred and ſixty feet. The amphitheatre at Verona is one thouſand two hundred and ninety feet in circumference; and that of Niſmes one thouſand and eighty. The coloſſæum was built by Veſpaſian, who employed thirty thouſand Jewiſh ſlaves in the work; but finiſhed and dedicated by his ſon Titus, who on the firſt day of its being opened, produced fifty thouſand wild beaſts, which were all killed in the arena. The Romans were undoubtedly a barbarous people, who delighted in horrible ſpectacles. They viewed with pleaſure the dead bodies of criminals dragged through the ſtreets, or thrown down the Scalæ Gemoniæ and Tarpeian rock for their contemplation. Their roſtra were generally adorned with the heads of ſome remarkable citizens, like Temple Bar at London. They even bore the ſight of Tully's head fixed upon that very roſtrum where he had ſo often raviſhed their ears with all the charms of eloquence, in pleading the cauſe of innocence and public virtue. They took delight in ſeeing their fellow-creatures torn in pieces by wild beaſts in the amphitheatre. They ſhouted with applauſe when they ſaw a poor dwarf or ſlave killed by his adverſary; but their tranſports were altogether extravagant, when the devoted captives were obliged to fight in troops, till one ſide was

entirely butchered by the other. Nero produced four hundred ſenators, and ſix hundred of the equeſtrian order, as gladiators in the public arena: Even the women fought with wild beaſts, as well as with each other, and drenched the amphitheatres with their blood. Tacitus ſays, "*Sed fœminarum illuſtrium, ſenatorumque filiorum plures per arenam fœdati ſunt.*" The execrable cuſtom of ſacrificing captives or ſlaves at the tombs of their maſters and great men, which is ſtill preſerved among the negroes of Africa, obtained alſo among the ancients, Greeks as well as Romans. I could never, without horror and indignation, read that paſſage in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, which deſcribes twelve valiant Trojan captives, ſacrificed by the inhuman Achilles, at the tomb of his friend Patroclus.

Δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἷας ἀρίστους
Τῆς αμα σὺν πάντας πῦρ ἐδάϊσε.

It is not at all clear to me, that a people is the more brave, the more they are accuſtomed to bloodſhed in their public entertainments. True bravery is not ſavage, but humane. Some of this ſanguinary ſpirit is inherited by the inhabitants of a certain iſland that ſhall be nameleſs—but, mum for that. You will naturally ſuppoſe that the Coliſeo was ruined by the barbarians who ſacked the city of Rome: In effect, they robbed it of its ornaments and valuable materials; but it was reſerved for the Goths and Vandals of modern Rome to diſmantle the edifice, and reduce it to its preſent ruinous condition. One part of it was demoliſhed by Pope Paul II. that he might employ the ſtones of it in building the palace of St. Mark. It was afterwards dilapidated for the ſame purpoſes by the cardinals Riarius and Farneſe, which laſt aſſumed the tiara under the name of Paul III. Notwithſtanding theſe injuries, there is enough ſtanding to convey a very ſublime idea of ancient magnificence.

The circi naumachia, if conſidered as buildings and artificial baſons, are admirable; but if examined as areæ intended for horſe and chariot races, and artificial ſeas for exhibiting naval engagements, they ſeem to

prove, that the ancient Romans were but indifferently ſkilled and exerciſed either in horſemanſhip or naval armaments. The encloſure of the emperor Caracalla's circus is ſtill ſtanding, and ſcarce affords breathing room for an Engliſh hunter. The Circus Maximus, by far the largeſt in Rome, was not ſo long as the Mall; and I will venture to affirm, that St. James's Park would make a much more ample and convenient ſcene for thoſe diverſions. I imagine an old Roman would be very much ſurpriſed to ſee an Engliſh race on the courſe at New Market. The Circus Maximus was but three hundred yards in breadth. A good part of this was taken up by the ſpina, or middle ſpace, adorned with temples, ſtatues, and two great obeliſks; as well as by the euripus, or canal made by order of Julius Cæſar, to contain crocodiles, and other equatic animals, which were killed occaſionally. This was ſo large, that Heliogabalus, having filled it with excellent wine, exhibited naval engagements in it, for the amuſement of the people. It ſurrounded three ſides of the ſquare, ſo that the whole extent of the race did not much exceed an Engliſh mile; and when Probus was at the expence of filling the plain of it with fir-trees, to form a wood for the chaſe of wild beaſts, I queſtion much if this foreſt was not more extenſive than the plantation in St. James's Park, on the ſouth ſide of the canal: Now I leave you to judge what ridicule a king of England would incur, by converting this part of the park into a chaſe for any ſpecies of animals which are counted game in our country.

The Roman emperors ſeemed more diſpoſed to elevate and ſurpriſe, than to conduct the public diverſions according to the rules of reaſon and propriety. One would imagine, it was with this view they inſtituted their naumachia, or naval engagements, performed by half a dozen ſmall galleys of a ſide in an artificial baſon of freſh water. Theſe galleys, I ſuppoſe, were not ſo large as common fiſhing ſmacks, for they were moved by two, three, and four oars of a ſide, according to their different rates, biremes, triremes, and quadriremes. I know this is a knotty point not yet determined; and

that ſome antiquarians believe the Roman galleys had different tires or decks of oars; but this is a notion very ill ſupported, and quite contrary to all the figures of them that are preſerved on ancient coins and medals. Suetonius, in the reign of Domitian, ſpeaking of theſe nuamachia, ſays, "*Edidit navales pugnas, pene juſtarum claſſium, effoſſo et circumductо juxta Tyberim lacu, atque inter maximas imbres proſpectavit.*" This artificial lake was not larger than the piece of water in Hyde Park; and yet the hiſtorian ſays, it was almoſt large enough for real or entire fleets. How would it ſound in the ears of a Britiſh ſailor, an advertiſement that a mock engagement between two ſquadrons of men of war would be exhibited on ſuch a day in the Serpentine River? or that the ſhips of the line taken from the enemy would be carried in proceſſion from Hyde Park Corner to Tower-wharf? Certain it is, Lucullus, in one of his triumphs, had one hundred and ten ſhips of war (*naves longas*) carried through the ſtreets of Rome. Nothing can give a more contemptible idea of their naval power, than this teſtimony of their hiſtorians, who declare, that their ſeamen, or mariners, were formed by exerciſing ſmall row-boats in an encloſed pool of freſh water. Had they not the ſea within a few miles of them, and the river Tyber running through their capital! even this would have been much more proper for exerciſing their watermen, than a pond of ſtill water, not much larger than a cold bath. I do believe, in my conſcience, that half a dozen Engliſh frigates would have been able to defeat both the contending fleets at the famous battle of Actium, which has been ſo much celebrated in the annals of antiquity, as an event that decided the fate of empire.

It would employ me a whole month to deſcribe the thermæ, or baths, the vaſt ruins of which are ſtill to be ſeen within the walls of Rome, like the remains of ſo many ſeparate citadels. The Thermæ Diocleſianæ might be termed an auguſt academy for the uſe and inſtruction of the Roman people. The pinacotheca of this building was a complete muſæum of all the curioſities of art and nature; and there were public ſchools for all the

ſciences. If I may judge by my eye, however, the Thermæ Antonianæ, built by Caracalla, were ſtill more extenſive and magnificent; they contained cells ſufficient for two thouſand three hundred perſons to bathe at one time, without being ſeen by one another. They were adorned with all the charms of painting, architecture, and ſculpture. The pipes for conveying the water were of ſilver. Many of the lavacra were of precious marble, illuminated by lamps of cryſtal. Among the ſtatues were found the famous Toro, and Hercole Farneſe.

Bathing was certainly neceſſary to health and cleanlineſs in a hot country like Italy, eſpecially before the uſe of linen was known; but theſe purpoſes would have been much better anſwered by plunging into the Tyber, than by uſing the warm bath in the thermæ, which became altogether a point of luxury borrowed from the effeminate Aſiatics, and tended to debilitate the fibres, already too much relaxed by the heat of the climate.—True it is, they had baths of cool water for the ſummer; but in general they uſed it milk warm, and often perfumed: They likewiſe indulged in vapour baths, in order to enjoy a pleaſing relaxation, which they likewiſe improved with odoriferous ointments. The thermæ conſiſted of a great variety of parts and conveniences; the natationes or ſwimming places; the portici, where people amuſed themſelves in walking, converſing, and diſputing together, as Cicero ſays, *In porticibus deambulantes diſputabant.*; the baſilicæ, where the bathers aſſembled, before they entered, and after they came out of the bath; the atria, or ample courts, adorned with noble colonades of Numidian marble and oriental granite; the ephibia, where the young men inured themſelves to wreſtling and other exerciſes; the frigidaria, or places kept cool by a conſtant draught of air, promoted by the diſpoſition and number of the windows; the calidaria, where the water was warmed for the baths; the platanones, or delightful groves of ſycamore; the ſtadia for the performances of the athletæ; the exedræ, or reſting-places, provided with ſeats for thoſe that were weary; the paleſtræ, where every one choſe that exerciſe which pleaſed him beſt; the gymnaſia, where poets,

orators, and philoſophers recited their works, and harangued for diverſion; the eleoteſia, where the fragrant oils and ointments were kept for the uſe of the bathers; and the coniſteria, where the wreſtlers were ſmeared with ſand before they engaged. Of the thermæ in Rome ſome were mercenary, and ſome opened gratis. Marcus Agrippa, when he was edile, opened one hundred and ſeventy private paths for the uſe of the people. In the public baths where money was taken, each perſon paid a quadrans, about the value of our halfpenny, as Juvenal obſerves—

"Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari."

But, after the hour of bathing was paſt, it ſometimes coſt a great deal more, according to Martial,

"Balnea poſt decimam, laſſo centumque petuntur
"Quandrantes"———————

Though there was no diſtinction in the places between the firſt patrician and the loweſt plebeian, yet the nobility uſed their own ſilver and gold plate, for waſhing, eating, and drinking in the bath, together with towels of the fineſt linen. They likewiſe made uſe of the inſtrument called ſtrigil, which was a kind of fleſh bruſh; a cuſtom to which Perſius alludes in this line,

"I puer, et ſtrigiles Criſpini ad balnea defer."

The common people contented themſelves with ſponges. The bathing time was from noon till the evening, when the Romans ate their principal meal. Notice was given by a bell, or ſome ſuch inſtrument, when the baths were opened, as we learn from Juvenal,

"Redde Pilam, ſonat Æs thermarum, ludere pergis?
"Virgine vis ſola lotus abire domum."

There were ſeparate places for the two ſexes; and indeed there were baths opened for the uſe of women only, at the expence of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and ſome other matrons of the firſt quality. The uſe of bathing was become ſo habitual to the conſtitutions of the Romans, that Galen, in his book *De Sanitate tuenda*, mentions a certain philoſopher, who, if he intermit-

ted but one day in his bathing, was certainly attacked with a fever. In order to preſerve decorum in the baths, a ſet of laws and regulations were publiſhed, and the thermæ were put under the inſpection of a cenſor, who was generally one of the firſt ſenators in Rome.—Agrippa left his gardens and baths, which ſtood near the Pantheon, to the Roman people: Among the ſtatues that adorned them was that of a youth naked, as going into the bath, ſo elegantly formed by the hand of Lyſippus, that Tiberius, being ſtruck with the beauty of it, ordered it to be transferred into his own palace; but the populace raiſed ſuch a clamour againſt him, that he was fain to have it reconveyed to its former place. Theſe noble baths were reſtored by Adrian, as we read in Spartian; but at preſent no part of them remains.

With reſpect to the preſent ſtate of the old aqueducts, I can give you very little ſatisfaction. I only ſaw the ruins of that which conveyed the Aqua Claudia near the Porta Maggiore, and the Piazza of the Lateran.—You know there were fourteen of thoſe ancient aqueducts, ſome of which brought water to Rome from the diſtance of forty miles. The channels of them were large enough to admit a man armed on horſeback; and therefore when Rome was beſieged by the Goths, who had cut off the water, Beliſarius fortified them with works, to prevent the enemy from entering the city by thoſe conveyances. After that period, I ſuppoſe the ancient aqueducts continued dry, and were ſuffered to run to ruins. Without all doubt, the Romans were greatly obliged to thoſe benefactors, who raiſed ſuch ſtupendous works for the benefit as well as the embelliſhment of their city; but it might have been ſupplied with the ſame water through pipes at one hundredth part of the expence; and in that caſe the enemy would not have found it ſuch an eaſy matter to cut it off. Thoſe popes who have provided the modern city ſo plentifully with excellent water are much to be commended for the care and expence they have beſtowed in reſtoring the ſtreams called Acqua Virgine, Acqua Felici, and Acqua Paolina, which affords ſuch abundance of water as would plentifully ſupply a much larger city than modern Rome.

It is no wonder that M. Agrippa, the ſon-in-law, friend, and favourite of Auguſtus, ſhould at the ſame time have been the idol of the people, conſidering how ſurpriſingly he exerted himſelf for the emolument, convenience, and pleaſure of his fellow-citizens. It was he who firſt conducted this Aqua Virgine to Rome: He formed ſeven hundred reſervoirs in this city; erected one hundred and five fountains; one hundred and thirty *caſtella*, or conduits, which works he adorned with three hundred ſtatues, and four hundred pillars of marble, in the ſpace of one year. He alſo brought into Rome, the Aqua Julia, and reſtored the aqueduct of the Aqua Marzia, which had fallen to decay. I have already obſerved the great number of baths which he opened for the people, and the magnificent thermæ, with ſpacious gardens, which he bequeathed to them as a legacy. But theſe benefactions, great and munificent as they ſeem to be, were not the moſt important ſervices he performed for the city of Rome. The common ſewers were firſt made by order of Tarquinius Priſcus, not ſo much with a view to cleanlineſs, as by way of ſubterranean drains to the Vilabrum, which was marſhy, and in order to carry off the ſtagnant water, which remained in the lower parts, after heavy rains. The different branches of theſe channels, united at the Forum, from whence by the Cloaca Maxima, their contents were conveyed into the Tyber. This great cloaca was the work of Tarquinius Superbus. Other ſewers were added by Marcus Cato and Valerius Flaccus, the cenſors. All theſe drains having been choked up and ruinous, were cleared and reſtored by Marcus Agrippa, who likewiſe undermined the whole city with canals of the ſame kind, for carrying off the filth; he ſtrengthened and enlarged the Cloaca Maxima, ſo as to make it capable of receiving a large cart loaded with hay; and directed ſeven ſtreams of water into theſe ſubterranean paſſages, in order to keep them always clean and open. If, notwithſtanding all theſe conveniences, Veſpaſian was put to great expence in removing the ordure from the public ſtreets, we have certainly a right to conclude, that the ancient Romans were not more cleanly than the modern Italians.

After the mauſolea of Auguſtus and Adrian, which I have already mentioned, the moſt remarkable ancient ſepulchres at Rome are thoſe of Caius Ceſtius and Cecilia Metella. The firſt, which ſtands by the Porta di S. Paolo, is a beautiful pyramid, one hundred and twenty feet high, ſtill preſerved entire, having a vaulted chamber withinſide, adorned with ſome ancient painting, which is now almoſt effaced. The building is of brick, but caſed with marble. This Caius Ceſtius had been conſul, was very rich, and acted as one of the ſeven *Epulones*, who ſuperintended the feaſt of the gods, called *Lectiſternia*, and *Pervigilia*. He bequeathed his whole fortune to his friend M. Agrippa, who was ſo generous as to give it up to the relations of the teſtator. The monument of Cecilia Metella, commonly called *Capo di Bove*, is without the walls on the Via Appia. This lady was daughter of Metellus Creticus, and wife to Craſſus, who erected this noble monument to her memory. It conſiſted of two orders or ſtories, the firſt of which was a ſquare of hewn ſtone; the ſecond was a circular tower, having a cornice, adorned with ox heads in baſſo relievo, a circumſtance from which it takes the name of *Capo di Bove*. The ox was ſuppoſed to be a moſt grateful ſacrifice to the gods. Pliny, ſpeaking of bulls and oxen, ſays, *Hinc victimæ optimæ et laudatiſſima deorum placatio*. This tower was ſurmounted by a noble cupola or dome, enriched with all the ornaments of architecture. The door of the building was of braſs; and withinſide the aſhes of Cecilia were depoſited in a fluted marble urn, of curious workmanſhip, which is ſtill kept in the Palazzo Farneſe. At preſent the ſurface of the ground is raiſed ſo much as to cover the firſt order of the edifice: What we ſee is no more than the round tower, without the dome and its ornaments; and the following inſcription ſtill remains near the top, facing the Via Appia:

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ
CRASSI.

Now we are talking of ſepulchral inſcriptions, I ſhall conclude this letter with the copy of a very ſingular

will, made by Favonius Jocundus, who died in Portugal, by which will the precise situation of the famous temple of Sylvanus is ascertained.

Jocundi.

Ego Gallus Favonius Jocundus P. Favoni F. qui bello contra Viriatum succubui, Jocundum et Prudentem filios, e me et Quintia Fabia conjuge mea ortos, et bonorum Jocundi patris mei, et eorum quæ mihi ipsi acquisivi, hæredes relinquo; hac tamen conditione, ut ab urbe Romana huc veniant, et ossa hic mea intra quinquennium exportent, et via Latina condant in sepulchro jussu meo condito, et mea voluntate; in quo velim neminem mecum, neque servum neque libertum, inferi; et velim ossa quorumcunque sepulchro statim meo eruantur, et jura Romanorum serventur, in sepulchris ritu majorum retinendis, juxta voluntatem testatoris; et si secus fecerint, nisi legittime oriantur causæ, velim ea omnia, quæ filiis meis relinquo, pro reparando templo dei Sylvani, quod sub Viminali monte est, *attribui; manesque mei a pont. max. a flaminibus dialibus, qui in Capitolio sunt, opem implorent, ad liberorum meorum impietatem ulciscendam; teneanturque sacerdotes dei Sylvani, me in urbem referre, et sepulchro me meo condere. Volo quoque vernas quo domi meæ sunt, omnes a prætore urbano liberos, cum matribus dimitti, singulisque libram argenti puri, et vestem unam dari. In Lusitania in agro* viii. *kal. Quintilis, bello Viriatino.*

My paper scarce affords room to assure you that I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 29. 1765.

YOU must not imagine I saw one half of the valuable pictures and statues of Rome; there is such a vast number of both in this capital, that I might have spent a

whole year in taking even a tranſient view of them; and, after all, ſome of them would have been overlooked. The moſt celebrated pieces, however, I have ſeen; and therefore my curioſity is ſatisfied. Perhaps, if I had the nice diſcernment and delicate ſenſibility of a true connoiſſeur, this ſuperficial glimpſe would have ſerved only to whet my appetite, and detain me a whole winter at Rome. In my progreſs through the Vatican, I was much pleaſed with the School of Athens, by Raphael, a piece which hath ſuffered from the dampneſs of the air. The four boys attending to the demonſtration of a methematician are admirably varied in the expreſſion. Mr. Webb's criticiſm on this artiſt is certainly juſt. He was perhaps the beſt ethic painter that ever the world produced. No man ever expreſſed the ſentiments ſo happily in viſage, attitude, and geſture: But he ſeems to have had too much phlegm to ſtrike off the grand paſſions, or reach the ſublime parts of painting. He has the ſerenity of Virgil, but wants the fire of Homer. There is nothing in his Parnaſſus which ſtruck me, but the ludicrus impropriety of Apollo's playing upon a fiddle, for the entertainment of the nine Muſes.

The Laſt Judgment, by Buonaroti, in the Chapel of Sixtus IV. produced to my eye the ſame ſort of confuſion that perplexes my ear at a grand concert, conſiſting of a great variety of inſtruments; or rather, when a number of people are talking all at once. I was pleaſed with the ſtrength of expreſſion exhibited in ſingle figures, and ſeparate groupes; but the whole together is a mere mob, without ſubordination, keeping, or repoſe. A painter ought to avoid all ſubjects that require a multiplicity of groupes and figures; becauſe it is not in the power of that art to unite a great number in one point of view, ſo as to maintain that dependence which they ought to have upon one another. Michael Angelo, with all his ſkill in anatomy, his correctneſs of deſign, his grand compoſition, his fire and force of expreſſion, ſeems to have had very little idea of grace. One would imagine he had choſen his kings, heroes, cardinals, and prelates, from among the *facchini* of Rome; that he really drew his Jeſus on the croſs, from the ago-

nies of ſome vulgar aſſaſſin expiring on the wheel; and that the originals of his Bambini, with their mothers, were literally found in a ſtable. In the Sala Regia, from whence the Syſtian chapel is detached, we ſee, among other exploits of Catholic heroes, a repreſentation of the maſſacre of the Proteſtants in Paris, Thouloufe, and other parts of France, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, thus deſcribed in the *Diſcrizione di Roma*, "Nella prima pittura, eſprime Georgio Vaſari l'iſtoria del Coligni, grand 'amiraglio di Francia, che come capo de rebelli e degl 'Ugonotti, fu uccifo; e nel 'altra vicina, la ſtrange fatta in Parigi, e nel regno, de rebelli, e degl 'Ugonotti." "In the firſt picture, George Vaſari repreſents the hiſtory of Coligni, high admiral of France, who was ſlain as head of the rebels and Huegonots; and in another near it, the ſlaughter that was made of the rebels and Huegonots in Paris and other parts of the kingdom." Thus the court of Rome hath employed their artiſts to celebrate and perpetuate, as a meritorious action, the moſt perfidious, cruel, and infamous maſſacre, that ever diſgraced the annals of any nation.

I need not mention the two equeſtrian ſtatues of Conſtantine the Great, and Charlemagne, which ſtand at oppoſite ends of the great portico of St. Peter's church; becauſe there is nothing in them which particularly engaged my attention. The ſleeping Cleopatra, as you enter the court of the Belvidere, in the Vatican, is much admired; but I was better pleaſed with the Apollo which I take to be the moſt beautiful ſtatue that ever was formed. The Nile, which lies in the open court, ſurmounted with the little children, has infinite merit; but is much damaged, and altogether neglected. Whether it is the ſame deſcribed in Pliny, as having been placed by Veſpaſian in the Temple of Peace, I do not know. The ſixteen children playing about it, denoted the ſwelling of the Nile, which never roſe above ſixteen cubits. As for the famous groupe of Laocoon, it ſurpaſſed my expectation. It was not without reaſon that Buonaroti called it a portentous work, and Pliny has done it no more than juſtice in ſaying it is the moſt excellent piece that ever was cut in marble; and yet the

famous Fulvius Urſini is of opinion that this is not the ſame ſtatue which Pliny deſcribed. His reaſons mentioned by Mountfaucon, are theſe. The ſtatues deſcribed by Pliny were of one ſtone; but theſe are not. Antonioli, the antiquary, has in his poſſeſſion pieces of Laocoon's ſnakes, which were found in the ground where the baths of Titus actually ſtood, agreeably to Pliny, who ſays, theſe ſtatues were placed in the buildings of Titus. Be that as it may, the work which we now ſee does honour to antiquity. As you have ſeen innumerable copies and caſts of it in marble, plaſter, copper, lead, drawings, and prints, and read the deſcription of it in Keyſlar, and twenty other books of travels, I ſhall ſay nothing more on the ſubject; but that neither they nor I, nor any other perſon, could ſay too much in its praiſe. It is not of one piece indeed. In that particular Pliny himſelf might be miſtaken. "*Opus omnibus et picturæ et ſtatuariæ artis præponendum. Ex uno lapide eum et liberos draconumque mirabiles nexus de concilii ſententia fecere ſummi artifices.*" Buonaroti diſcovered the joinings, though they were ſo artfully concealed as to be inviſible. This amazing groupe is the work of three Rhodian ſculptors, called Ageſander, Polydore, and Athenodorus, and was found in the Thermæ of Titus Veſpaſian, ſtill ſuppoſing it to be the true antique. As for the *torſo*, or mutilated trunk of a ſtatue, which is called the School of Michael Angelo, I had not time to conſider it attentively, nor taſte enough to perceive its beauties at firſt ſight. The famous horſes on Monte Cavallo, before the Pope's palace, which are ſaid to have been made in emulation by Phidias and Praxiteles, I have ſeen, and likewiſe thoſe in the front of the Capitol, with the ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux; but what pleaſed me infinitely more than all of them together, is the equeſtrian ſtatue of Corinthian braſs, ſtanding in the middle of this piazza (I mean at the Capitol), ſaid to repreſent the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Others ſuppoſe it was intended for Lucius Verus; a third ſet of antiquaries contend for Lucius Septimius Severus; and a fourth for Conſtantine, becauſe it ſtood in the piazza of the Lateran pa-

lace, built by that emperor, from whence Pope Paul III. cauſed it to be removed to the Capitol. I conſidered the trophy of Marius as a very curious piece of ſculpture, and admired the two ſphinxes at the bottom of the ſtairs leading to this piazza, as the only good repreſentation of life I had ever ſeen from Egypt: For the two idols of that country, which ſtand in the ground-floor of the muſæum of the Capitol, and indeed all the Egyptian ſtatues in the Camera Egyptiaca of this very building, are ſuch monſtrous miſrepreſentations of nature, that they never could have obtained a place among the ſtatues of Rome, except as curioſities of foreign ſuperſtition, or on account of the materials, as they are generally of baſaltes, porphyry, or oriental granite.

At the further end of the court of this muſæum, fronting the entrance, is a handſome fountain, with the ſtatue of a river-god reclining on his urn: This is no other than the famous Marforio, ſo called from its having been found in Martis Foro. It is remarkable only as being the conveyance of the anſwers to the ſatires which are found paſted upon Paſquin, another mutilated ſtatue, ſtanding at the corner of a ſtreet.

The marble coffin, ſuppoſed to have contained the aſhes of Alexander Severus, which we find in one of thoſe apartments, is a curious antique, valuable for its ſculpture in baſſo relievo, eſpecially for the figures on the cover, repreſenting that emperor and his mother Julia Mammea.

I was ſorry I had not time to conſider the ancient plan of Rome, diſpoſed in ſix claſſes, on the ſtair-caſe of this muſæum, which was brought hither from a temple that ſtood in the Forum Boarium, now called Campo Vaccino.

It would be ridiculous in me to enter into a detail of the vaſt collection of marbles, baſſo relievos, inſcriptions, urns, buſts, and ſtatues, which are placed in the upper apartments of this edifice. I ſaw them but once, and then I was ſtruck with the following particulars. A Bacchanalian drunk; a Jupiter and Leda, at leaſt equal to that in the gallery at Florence; an old *præfica*, or hired mourner, very much reſembling thoſe wrinkled

hags ſtill employed in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, to ſing the *coronach* at funerals, in praiſe of the deceaſed; the famous Antinous, an elegant figure, which Pauſſin ſtudied as the canon or rule of ſymmetry; the two fawns; and, above all, the *mirmillone*, or dying gladiator; the attitude of the body, the expreſſion of the countenance, the elegance of the limbs, and the ſwelling of the muſcles, in this ſtatue, are univerſally admired; but the execution of the back is incredibly delicate. The courſe of the muſcles called *longiſſimi dorſi*, are ſo naturally marked and tenderly executed, that the marble actually emulates the ſoftneſs of fleſh; and you may count all the ſpines of the vertebræ, raiſing up the ſkin as in the living body; yet this ſtatue, with all its merit, ſeems inferior to the celebrated dying gladiator of Cteſilas, as deſcribed by Pliny, who ſays the expreſſion of it was ſuch, as appears altogether incredible. In the court, on the oppoſite ſide of the Capitol, there is an admirable ſtatue of a lion devouring a horſe, which was found by the gate of Oſtia, near the pyramid of Caius Ceſtius; and here on the left hand, under a colonade, is what they call the Columna Roſtrata, erected in honour of Caius Duilius, who firſt triumphed over the Carthaginians by ſea. But this is a modern pillar, with the old inſcription, which is ſo defaced as not to be legible. Among the pictures in the gallery and ſaloon above, what pleaſed me moſt was the Bacchus and Ariadne of Guido Rheni; and the wolf ſuckling Romulus and Remus, by Rubens. The court of the Palazzo Farneſe is ſurrounded with antique ſtatues, among which the moſt celebrated are, the Flora, with a moſt delicate drapery; the gladiator, with a dead boy over his ſhoulder; the Hercules, with the ſpoils of the Nemean lion; but that which the connoiſſeurs juſtly eſteem above all the reſt, is the Hercules, by Glycon, which you know as well as I do, by the great reputation it has acquired. This admirable ſtatue having been found without the legs, theſe were ſupplied by Gulielmo de la Porta, ſo happily, that when afterwards the original limbs were diſcovered, Michael Angelo preferred the modern ones, both in grace and proportion; and

they have been retained accordingly. In a little houſe or ſhed behind the court, is preſerved the wonderful groupe of Dirce, commonly called the Toro Farneſe, which was brought hither from the Thermæ Caracallæ. There is ſuch ſpirit, ferocity, and indignant reſiſtance expreſſed in the bull, to whoſe horns Dirce is tied by the hair, that I have never ſeen any thing like it, either upon canvaſs, or in ſtone. The ſtatues of the two brothers endeavouring to throw him into the ſea, are beautiful figures, finely contraſted; and the rope, which one of them holds in a ſort of looſe coil, is ſo ſurpriſingly chizzled, that one can hardly believe it is of ſtone. As for Dirce herſelf, ſhe ſeems to be but a ſubaltern character; but there is a dog upon his hind legs barking at the bull, which is much admired. This amazing groupe was cut out of one ſtone, by Appollonius and Tauriſcus, two ſculptors of Rhodes; and is mentioned by Pliny in the thirty-ſixth book of his Natural Hiſtory. All the precious monuments of art which have come down to us from antiquity, are the productions of Greek artiſts. The Romans had taſte enough to admire the arts of Greece, as plainly appears by the great collections they made of their ſtatues and pictures, as well as by adopting their architecture and muſic: But I do not remember to have read of any Roman who made a great figure either as a painter or a ſtatuary. It is not enough to ſay thoſe profeſſions were not honourable in Rome, becauſe painting, ſculpture, and muſic, even rhetoric, phyſic, and philoſophy, were practiſed and taught by ſlaves. The arts were always honoured and revered at Rome, even when the profeſſors of them happened to be ſlaves by the accidents and iniquity of fortune. The buſineſs of painting and ſtatuary was ſo profitable, that in a free republic like that of Rome, they muſt have been greedily embraced by a great number of individuals: But in all probability the Roman ſoil produced no extraordinary genius for thoſe arts. Like the Engliſh of this day, they made a figure in poetry, hiſtory, and ethics; but the excellence of painting, ſculpture, architecture, and muſic, they never could attain. In the Palazzo Picchini, I ſaw three beautiful

figures, the celebrated ſtatues of Meleager, the boar and dog; together with a wolf, of excellent workmanſhip. The celebrated ſtatue of Moſes, by Michael Angelo, in the church of St. Peter in Vincula, I beheld with pleaſure; as well as that of Chriſt, by the ſame hand, in the church of S. Maria Sopra Minerva. The right foot, covered with bronze gilt, is much kiſſed by the devotees. I ſuppoſe it is looked upon as a ſpecific for the tooth-ache; for I ſaw a cavalier in years, and an old woman, ſucceſſively rub their gums upon it, with the appearance of the moſt painful perſeverance.

You need not doubt but that I went to the church of St. Peter in Montorio, to view the celebrated tranſfiguration, by Raphael, which, if it was mine, I would cut in two parts. The three figures in the air attract the eye ſo ſtrongly, that little or no attention is paid to thoſe below on the mountain. I apprehend that the nature of the ſubject does not admit of that keeping and dependence which ought to be maintained in the diſpoſition of the lights and ſhadows in a picture. The groupes ſeem to be entirely independent of each other. The extraordinary merit of this piece, I imagine, conſiſts not only in the expreſſion of divinity on the face of Chriſt, but alſo in the ſurpriſing lightneſs of the figure, that hovers like a beautiful exhalation in the air. In the church of St. Luke, I was not at all ſtruck by the picture of that ſaint, drawing the portrait of the Virgin Mary, although it is admired as one of the beſt pieces of Raphael. Indeed it made ſo little impreſſion upon me, that I do not even remember the diſpoſition of the figures. The altar piece, by Andrea Sacchi, in the church of St. Romauldus, would have more merit, if the figure of the ſaint himſelf had more conſequence, and was repreſented in a ſtronger light. In the Palazzo Borgheſe I chiefly admired the following pieces: A Venus with two nymphs, and another with Cupid, both by Titian: An excellent Roman Piety, by Leonardo da Vinci; and the celebrated Muſe, by Dominechino, which is a fine, jolly, buxom figure. At the palace of Colonna Conneſtabile, I was charmed with the Herodias, by Guido Rheni; a young Chriſt, and a Madonna, by Ra-

phael; and four landſcapes, two by Claude Lorraine, and the other two by Salvator Roſa. In the *palazetta*, or ſummer-houſe belonging to the Palazzo Roſpigliofi, I had the ſatisfaction of contemplating the Aurora of Guido, the colours of which ſtill remain in high perfection, notwithſtanding the common report that the piece is ſpoiled by the dampneſs of the apartment. The print of this picture, by Freij, with all its merit, conveys but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the original. In the Palazzo Barberini, there is a great collection of marbles and pictures: Among the firſt, I was attracted by a beautiful ſtatue of Venus; a ſleeping fawn, of curious workmanſhip; a charming Bacchus, lying on an ancient ſculpture, and the famous Narciſſus. Of the pictures, what gave me moſt pleaſure was the Magdalen of Guido, infinitely ſuperior to that by Le Brun in the church of the Carmelites at Paris; the Virgin by Titian; a Madonna by Raphael; but not comparable to that which is in the Palazzo de Pitti, at Florence; and the death of Germanicus, by Pauſſin, which I take to be one of the beſt pieces in this great collection. In the Palazzo Falconeri, there is a beautiful St. Cecilia, by Guercino; a holy family by Raphael; and a fine expreſſive figure of St. Peter weeping, by Dominechino. In the Palazzo Altieri, I admired a picture, by Carlo Maratti, repreſenting a ſaint calling down lightning from heaven to deſtroy blaſphemers. It was the figure of the ſaint I admired, merely as a portrait. The execution of the other parts was tame enough: Perhaps they were purpoſely kept down, in order to preſerve the importance of the principal figure. I imagine Salvator Roſa would have made a different diſpoſition on the ſame ſubject: That, amidſt the darkneſs of a tempeſt, he would have illuminated the blaſphemer with the flaſh of lightning by which he was deſtroyed: This would have thrown a diſmal gleam upon his countenance, diſtorted by the horror of his ſituation, as well as by the effects of the fire; and rendered the whole ſcene dreadfully picturesque. In the ſame palace I ſaw the famous holy family, by Corregio, which he left unfiniſhed, and no other artiſt would un-

dertake to ſupply; for what reaſon I know not. Here too is a judgment of Paris, by Titian, which is reckoned a very valuable piece. In the Palazzo Odeſcalchi, there is a holy family, by Buonaroti, and another by Raphael, both counted excellent, though in very different ſtyles, extremely characteriſtic of thoſe two great rival artiſts.

If I was ſilly enough to make a parade, I might mention ſome hundreds more of marbles and pictures, which I really ſaw at Rome; and even eke out that number with a huge liſt of thoſe I did not ſee: But, whatever vanity I may have, it has not taken this turn; and I aſſure you, upon my word and honour, I have deſcribed nothing but what actually fell under my own obſervation. As for my critical remarks, I am afraid you will think them too ſuperficial and capricious to belong to any other perſon but

Your humble ſervant.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, April* 2. 1765.

I HAVE nothing to communicate touching the library of the Vatican, which, with reſpect to the apartments and their ornaments, is undoubtedly magnificent. The number of books it contains does not exceed forty thouſand volumes, which are all concealed from the view, and locked up in preſſes: As for the manuſcripts, I ſaw none but ſuch as are commonly preſented to ſtrangers of our nation; ſome very old copies of Virgil and Terence; two or three Miſſals curiouſly illuminated; the book De Septem Sacramentis, written in Latin by Henry VIII. againſt Luther; and ſome of that prince's love letters to Anne Boleyn. I likewiſe viſited the Libreria Caſanetenſe, belonging to the convent of the church called S. Maria Sopra Minerva. I had a recommendation to the principal librarian, a Dominican friar, who received me very politely, and regaled me with a ſight of ſeveral curious MSS. of the claſſics.

Having ſatisfied my curioſity at Rome, I prepared for my departure; and, as the road between Radicofani and Monteſiaſcone is very ſtony and diſagreeable, I aſked the banker Barazzi if there was not a better way of returning to Florence, expreſſing a deſire at the ſame time to ſee the caſcade of Terni. He aſſured me that the road by Terni was forty miles ſhorter than the other, much more ſafe and eaſy, and accommodated with exceeding good auberges. Had I taken the trouble to caſt my eyes upon the map, I muſt have ſeen, that the road by Terni, inſtead of being forty miles ſhorter, was much longer than the other: But this was not the only miſtake of Signiore Barazzi. Great part of this way lies over ſteep mountains, or along the ſide of precipices, which render travelling in a carriage exceeding tedious, dreadful, and dangerous; and as for the public houſes, they are in all reſpects the moſt execrable that ever I entered. I will venture to ſay, that a common priſoner in the Marchalſea, or King's Bench, is more cleanly and commodiouſly lodged than we were in many places on this road. The houſes are abominably naſty, and generally deſtitute of proviſion: When catables were found, we were almoſt poiſoned by their cookery: Their beds were without curtains or bedſtead, and their windows without glaſs; and for this ſort of entertainment we paid as much as if we had been genteelly lodged, and ſumptuouſly treated. I repeat it again, of all the people I ever knew, the Italians are the moſt villanouſly rapacious. The firſt day, having paſſed Civita Caſtellana, a ſmall town ſtanding on the top of a hill, we put up at what was called an excellent inn, where cardinals, prelates, and princes, often lodged. Being meagre day, there was nothing but bread, eggs, and anchovies, in the houſe. I went to bed without ſupper, and lay in a pallet, where I was half devoured by vermin. Next day, our road, in ſome places, lay along precipices, which overhang the Nera or Nar, celebrated in antiquity for its white foam, and the ſulphurous quality of its waters,

Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fonteſque Velini.

It is a ſmall but rapid ſtream, which runs not far from

hence into the Tyber. Paſſing Utricoli, near the ruins of ancient Ocricoli, and the romantic town of Narni, ſituated on the top of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of which is ſtill ſeen ſtanding one arch of the ſtupendous bridge built by Auguſtus Cæſar, we arrived at Terni, and hiring a couple of chaiſes before dinner, went to ſee the famous Caſcata delle Marmore, which is at the diſtance of three miles. We aſcended a ſteep mountain by a narrow road, formed for a conſiderable way along the brink of a precipice, at the bottom of which brawls the furious river Nera, after having received the Velino. This laſt is the ſtream which, running from the Lago delle Marmore, forms the caſcade by falling over a precipice about one hundred and ſixty feet high. Such a body of water ruſhing down the mountain; the ſmoke, vapour, and thick white miſt which it raiſes; the double rainbow which theſe particles continually exhibit while the ſun ſhines; the deafening ſound of the cataract; the vicinity of a great number of other ſtupendous rocks and precipices, with the daſhing, boiling, and foaming of the two rivers below, produce altogether an object of tremendous ſublimity: Yet great part of its effect is loſt, for want of a proper point of view from which it might be contemplated. The caſcade would appear much more aſtoniſhing, were it not in ſome meaſure eclipſed by the ſuperior height of the neighbouring mountains. You have not a front perſpective; but are obliged to view it obliquely on one ſide, ſtanding upon the brink of a precipice, which cannot be approached without horror. This ſtation might be rendered much more acceſſible, and altogether ſecure, for the expence of four or five zequines; and a ſmall tax might be levied for the purpoſe from travellers by the aubergiſte at Terni, who lets his calaſſes for half a zequine a-piece to thoſe that are curious to ſee this phenomenon. Beſides the two poſtillions whom I paid for this excurſion, at the rate of one ſtage in poſting, there was a fellow who poſted himſelf behind one of the chaiſes, by way of going to point out the different views of the caſcade; and his demand amounted to four or five pauls. To give

you an idea of the extortion of thoſe villanous publicans, I muſt tell you, that for a dinner and ſupper, which even hunger could not tempt us to eat, and a night's lodging in three truckle beds, I paid eighty pauls, amounting to forty ſhillings Sterling. You aſk me why I ſubmitted to ſuch impoſition? I will tell you —I have more than once in my travels made a formal complaint of the exorbitancy of a publican, to the magiſtrate of the place; but I never received any ſatisfaction, and have loſt abundance of time. Had I proceeded to manual correction, I ſhould have alarmed and terrified the women: Had I peremptorily refuſed to pay the ſum total, the landlord, who was the poſt-maſter, would not have ſupplied me with horſes to proceed on my journey. I tried the experiment at Muy in France, where I put myſelf into a violent paſſion, had abundance of trouble, was detained till it was almoſt night, and after all found myſelf obliged to ſubmit, furniſhing at the ſame time matter of infinite triumph to the mob, which had ſurrounded the coach, and intereſted themſelves warmly in favour of their townſman. If ſome young patriot, in good health and ſpirits would take the trouble, as often as he is impoſed upon by the road in travelling, to have recourſe to the fountain-head, and prefer a regular complaint to the comptroller of the poſts, either in France or Italy, he would have ample ſatisfaction, and do great ſervice to the community. Terni is an agreeable town, pretty well built, and ſituated in a pleaſant valley, between two branches of the river Nera, whence it was called by the ancients Interamna. Here is an agreeable piazza, where ſtands a church that was of old a heathen temple. There are ſome valuable paintings in the church. The people are ſaid to be very civil, and proviſions to be extremely cheap. It was the birth-place of the emperor Tacitus, as well as of the hiſtorian of the ſame name. In our journey from hence to Spoleto, we paſſed over a high mountain (I think it is called Somna), where it was neceſſary to have two additional horſes to the carriage, and the road winds along a precipice, which is equally dangerous and dreadful. We paſſed through part of Spoleto, the ca-

pital of Umbria, which is a pretty large city. Of this, however, I can give no other account from my own obſervation, but that I ſaw at a diſtance the famous Gothic aqueduct of brick: This is mentioned by Addiſon as a ſtructure, which, for the height of its arches, is not equalled by any thing in Europe. The road from hence to Foligno, where we lay, is kept in good order, and lies through a delightful plain, laid out into beautiful encloſures, abounding with wine, oil, corn, and cattle, and watered by the paſtoral ſtreams of the famous river Clitumnus, which takes its riſe in three or four ſeparate rivulets iſſuing from a rock near the highway. On the right hand, we ſaw ſeveral towns ſituated on riſing grounds, and, among the reſt, that of Aſſiſio, famous for the birth of St. Francis, whoſe body, being here depoſited, occaſions a great concourſe of pilgrims. We met a Roman princeſs going thither with a grand retinue, in conſequence of a vow ſhe had made, for the re-eſtabliſhment of her health. Foligno, the Fulginium of the ancients, is a ſmall town, not unpleaſant, lying in the midſt of mulberry plantations, vineyards, and corn fields, and built on both ſides of the little river Topino. In chooſing our beds at the inn, I perceived one chamber locked, and deſired it might be opened; upon which the cameriere declared, with ſome reluctance, "*Beſogna dire a ſu' excellenza; poco fa, che una beſtia e morta in queſta camera e non e ancora luſtrata.*" When I inquired what beaſt it was, he replied, "*Un eretico Ingleſe.*" I ſuppoſe he would not have made ſo free with our country and religion, if he had not taken us for German Catholics, as we afterwards learned from Mr. R——i. Next day we croſſed the Tyber over a handſome bridge, and in mounting the ſteep hill upon which the city of Perugia ſtands, our horſes being exhauſted, were dragged backwards by the weight of the carriage, to the very edge of a precipice, where, happily for us, a man paſſing that way placed a large ſtone behind one of the wheels, which ſtopped their motion, otherwiſe we ſhould have been all daſhed in pieces. We had another ugly hill to aſcend within the city, which was more difficult and dangerous than the other: But the poſtillions and the other beaſts made ſuch efforts,

that we mounted without the leaſt ſtop, to the ſummit, where we found ourſelves in a large piazza, where the horſes are always changed. There being no relays at the poſt, we were obliged to ſtay the whole day and night at Perugia, which is a conſiderable city, built upon the acclivity of a hill, adorned with ſome elegant fountains, and ſeveral handſome churches, containing ſome valuable pictures by Guido, Raphael, and his maſter Pietro Perugino, who was a native of this place. The next ſtage is on the banks of the lake, which was the Thraſimene of the ancients, a beautiful piece of water, above thirty miles in circumference, having three iſlands abounding with excellent fiſh: Upon a peninſula of it there is a town and caſtle. It was in this neighbourhood where the conſul Flaminius was totally defeated with great ſlaughter by Hannibal. From Perugia to Florence, the poſts are all double, and the road is ſo bad, that we never could travel above eight and twenty miles a day. We were often obliged to quit the carriage, and walk up ſteep mountains; and the way in general was ſo unequal and ſtony, that we were jolted even to the danger of our lives. I never felt any ſort of exerciſe or fatigue ſo intolerable; and I did not fail to beſtow an hundred benedictions per diem upon the banker Barazzi, by whoſe advice we had taken this road; yet there was no remedy but patience. If the coach had not been incredibly ſtrong, it muſt have been ſhattered to pieces. The fifth night we paſſed at a place called Camoccia, a miſerable cabaret, where we were fain to cook our own ſupper, and lay in a muſty chamber, which had never known a fire, and indeed had no fire-place, and where we run the riſk of being devoured by rats. Next day one of the irons of the coach gave way at Arezzo, where we were detained two hours before it could be accommodated. I might have taken this opportunity to view the remains of the ancient Etruſcan amphitheatre, and the temple of Hercules, deſcribed by the cavalier Lorenzo Guazzeſi, as ſtanding in the neighbourhood of this place: But the blackſmith aſſured me his work would be finiſhed in a few minutes; and as I had nothing ſo much at heart as the ſpeedy ac-

compliſhment of this diſagreeable journey, I choſe to ſuppreſs my curioſity, rather than be the occaſion of a moment's delay. But all the nights we had hitherto paſſed, were comfortable in compariſon to this, which we ſuffered at a ſmall village, the name of which I do not remember. The houſe was diſmal and dirty beyond all deſcription; the bed-clothes filthy enough to turn the ſtomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in ſuch a manner, that even a Hottentot could not have beheld them without loathing. We had ſheets of our own, which were ſpread upon a matreſs, and here I took my repoſe, wrapped in a great coat, if that could be called repoſe which was interrupted by the innumerable ſtings of vermin. In the morning, I was ſeized with a dangerous fit of the hooping-cough, which terrified my wife, alarmed my people, and brought the whole community into the houſe. I had undergone juſt ſuch another at Paris, about a year before. This forenoon, one of our coach wheels flew off in the neighbourhood of Anciſa, a ſmall town, where we were detained above two hours by this accident; a delay which was productive of much diſappointment, danger, vexation, and fatigue. There being no horſes at the laſt poſt, we were obliged to wait until thoſe which brought us thither ſhould be ſufficiently refreſhed to proceed. Underſtanding that all the gates of Florence are ſhut at ſix, except two that are kept open for the accommodation of travellers; and that to reach the neareſt of theſe gates, it was neceſſary to paſs the river Arno in a ferry-boat, which could not tranſport the carriage; I determined to ſend my ſervant before with a light chaiſe to enter the neareſt gate before it was ſhut, and provide a coach to come and take us up at the ſide of the river, where we ſhould be obliged to paſs in the boat; for I could not bear the thoughts of lying another night in a common cabaret. Here, however, another difficulty occurred. There was but one chaiſe, and a dragoon officer in the imperial troops inſiſted upon his having beſpoke it for himſelf and his ſervant. A long diſpute enſued, which had like to have produced a quarrel: But, at length, I accommodated matters, by telling the

officer that he ſhould have a place in it gratis, and his ſervant might ride a-horſeback. He accepted the offer without heſitation; but, in the mean time, we ſet out in the coach before them, and having proceeded about a couple of miles, the road was ſo deep from a heavy rain, and the beaſts were ſo fatigued, that they could not proceed. The poſtillions ſcourging the poor animals with great barbarity, they made an effort, and pulled the coach to the brink of a precipice, or rather a kind of hollow way, which might be about ſeven or eight feet lower than the road. Here my wife and I leaped out, and ſtood under the rain, up to the ancles in mud; while the poſtillions ſtill exerciſing their whips, one of the fore-horſes fairly tumbled down the deſcent, and hung by the neck, ſo that he was almoſt ſtrangled before he could be diſengaged from the traces, by the aſſiſtance of ſome foot travellers that happened to paſs. While we remained in this dilemma, the chaiſe, with the officer and my ſervant, coming up, we exchanged places; my wife and I proceeded in the chaiſe, and left them with Miſs C—— and Mr. R——, to follow in the coach. The road from hence to Florence is nothing but a ſucceſſion of ſteep mountains, paved and conducted in ſuch a manner, that one would imagine the deſign had been to render it impracticable by any ſort of wheel-carriage. Notwithſtanding all our endeavours, I found it would be impoſſible to enter Florence before the gates were ſhut. I flattered and threatened the driver by turns: But the fellow, who had been remarkably civil at firſt, grew ſullen and impertinent. He told me I muſt not think of reaching Florence: That the boat would not take the carriage on board; and that from the other ſide, I muſt walk five miles before I ſhould reach the gate that was open: But he would carry me to an excellent oſteria, where I ſhould be entertained and lodged like a prince. I was now convinced that he had lingered on purpoſe to ſerve this inn-keeper; and I took it for granted that what he told me of the diſtance between the ferry and the gate was a lie. It was eight o'clock when we arrived at his inn. I alighted with my wife to view the chambers, deſiring he would

not put up his horſes. Finding it was a villanous houſe, we came forth, and, by this time, the horſes were put up. I aſked the fellow how he durſt preſume to contradict my orders, and commanded him to put them to the chaiſe. He aſked in his turn if I was mad? If I thought I and the lady had ſtrength and courage enough to walk five miles in the dark, through a road which we did not know, and which was broke up by a continued rain of two days? I told him he was an impertinent raſcal, and, as he ſtill heſitated, I collared him with one hand, and ſhook my cane over his head with the other. It was the only weapon I had, either offenſive or defenſive; for I had left my ſword and muſquetoon in the coach. At length the fellow obeyed, though with great reluctance, cracking many ſevere jokes upon us in the mean time, and being joined in his raillery by the inn-keeper, who had all the external marks of a ruffian. The houſe ſtood in a ſolitary ſituation, and not a ſoul appeared but theſe two miſcreants, ſo that they might have murdered us without fear of detection. "You do not like the apartments? (ſaid one) to be ſure they were not fitted up for perſons of your rank and quality!" "You will be glad of a worſe chamber (continued the other), before you get to bed." "If you walk to Florence to night, you will ſleep ſo ſound, that the fleas will not diſturb you." "Take care you do not take up your night's lodging in the middle of the road, or in the ditch of the city-wall." I fired inwardly at theſe ſarcaſms, to which, however, I made no reply; and my wife was almoſt dead with fear. In the road from hence to the boat, we met with an ill-looking fellow, who offered his ſervice to conduct us into the city; and ſuch was our ſituation, that I was fain to accept his propoſal, eſpecially as we had two ſmall boxes in the chaiſe by accident, containing ſome caps and laces belonging to my wife. I ſtill hoped the poſtillion had exaggerated in the diſtance between the boat and the city gate, and was confirmed in this opinion by the ferry-man, who ſaid we had not above half a league to walk. Behold us then in this expedition; myſelf wrapped up in a very heavy

great-coat, and my cane in my hand. I did not imagine I could have walked a couple of miles in this equipage, had my life been depending; my wife, a delicate creature, who had ſcarce ever walked a mile in her life, and the ragamuffin before us, with our boxes under his arm. The night was dark and wet; the road ſlippery and dirty; not a ſoul was ſeen, nor a ſound was heard: All was ſilent, dreary, and horrible. I laid my account with a violent fit of illneſs from the cold I ſhould infallibly catch, if I eſcaped aſſaſſination, the fears of which were the more troubleſome, as I had no weapon to defend our lives. While I laboured under the weight of my great-coat, which made the ſtreams of ſweat flow down my face and ſhoulders, I was plunging in the mud, up to the mid-leg, at every ſtep; and at the ſame time obliged to ſupport my wife, who wept in ſilence, half dead with terror and fatigue. To crown our vexation, our conductor walked ſo faſt, that he was often out of ſight, and I imagined he had run away with the boxes. All I could do, on theſe occaſions, was to hollow as loud as I could, and ſwear horribly that I would blow his brains out. I did not know but theſe oaths and menaces might keep other rogues in awe. In this manner did we travel four long miles, making almoſt an entire circuit of the city-wall, without ſeeing the face of a human creature, and at length reached the gate, where we were examined by the guard, and allowed to paſs, after they had told us it was a long mile from hence to the houſe of Vanini, where we propoſed to lodge. No matter; being now fairly within the city, I plucked up my ſpirits, and performed the reſt of the journey with ſuch eaſe, that I am perſuaded I could have walked at the ſame pace all night long, without being very much fatigued. It was near ten at night when we entered the auberge, in ſuch a draggled and miſerable condition, that Mrs. Vanini almoſt fainted at ſight of us, on the ſuppoſition that we had met with ſome terrible diſaſter, and that the reſt of the company were killed. My wife and I were immediately accommodated with dry ſtockings and ſhoes, a warm apartment, and a good ſupper, which I ate with great ſatis-

faction, ariſing not only from our having happily ſurvived the adventure, but alſo from a conviction that my ſtrength and conſtitution were wonderfully repaired: Not but that I ſtill expected a ſevere cold, attended with a terrible fit of the aſthma; but in this I was luckily diſappointed. I now, for the firſt time, drank to the health of my phyſician Barazzi, fully perſuaded that the hardſhips and violent exerciſe I underwent by following his advice had greatly contributed to the re-eſtabliſhment of my health. In this particular, I imitate the gratitude of Tavernier, who was radically cured of the gout by a Turkiſh aga in Egypt, who gave him the baſtinado, becauſe he would not look at the head of the baſhaw of Cairo, which the aga carried in a bag to be preſented to the grand ſignior at Conſtantinople.

I did not expect to ſee the reſt of our company that night, as I never doubted but they would ſtay with the coach at the inn on the other ſide of the Arno: But at midnight we were joined by Miſs C— and Mr. R—, who had left the carriage at the inn, under the auſpices of the captain and my ſervant, and followed our footſteps, by walking from the ferry-boat to Florence, conducted by one of the boatmen. Mr. R— ſeemed to be much ruffled and chagreened; but, as he did not think proper to explain the cauſe, he had no right to expect that I ſhould give him ſatisfaction for ſome inſult he had received from my ſervant. They had been expoſed to a variety of diſagreeable adventures from the impracticability of the road. The coach had been ſeveral times in the moſt imminent hazard of being loſt, with all our baggage; and at two different places, it was neceſſary to hire a dozen of oxen, and as many men, to diſengage it from the holes into which it had run. It was in the confuſion of theſe adventures, that the captain and his valet, Mr. R— and my ſervant, had like to have gone all by the ears together. The peace was with difficulty preſerved by the interpoſition of Miſs C—, who ſuffered incredibly from cold and wet, terror, vexation, and fatigue: Yet happily no bad conſequence enſued. The coach and baggage were brought ſafely into Florence next

morning, when all of us found ourſelves well refreſhed, and in good ſpirits. I am afraid this is not the caſe with you, who muſt by this time be quite jaded with this long epiſtle, which ſhall therefore be cloſed without further ceremony by,

Yours always.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 20. 1765.

THE ſeaſon being far advanced, and the weather growing boiſterous, I made but a ſhort ſtay at Florence, and ſet out for Piſa, with full reſolution to take the neareſt road to Lerici, where we propoſed to hire a felucca for Genoa. I had a great deſire to ſee Leghorn and Lucca; but the dread of a winter's voyage by ſea in an open boat effectually reſtrained my curioſity. To avoid the trouble of having our baggage ſhifted every poſt, I hired two chaiſes to Piſa for a couple of zequines, and there we arrived about ſeven in the evening, though not without fear of the conſequence, as the caleſſes were quite open, and it rained all the way. I muſt own I was ſo ſick of the wretched accommodation one meets with in every part of Italy, except the great cities, ſo averſe to the ſea at this ſeaſon, and ſo fond of the city of Piſa, that I ſhould certainly have ſtaid here the winter, had I not been ſeparated from my books and papers, as well as from other conveniences and connections which I had at Nice; and foreſeen that the thoughts of performing the ſame diſagreeable voyage in the ſpring would embitter my whole winter's enjoyment. I again hired two caleſſes for Lerici, propoſing to lie at Sarzana, three miles ſhort of that place, where we were told we ſhould find comfortable lodging, and to embark next day without halting. When we departed in the morning, it rained very hard, and the Cerchio, which the chaiſes had formerly paſſed, almoſt without wetting the wheels, was now ſwelled to a mighty river, broad, and deep, and

rapid. It was with great difficulty I could perſuade my wife to enter the boat; for it blew a ſtorm, and ſhe had ſeen it in coming over from the other ſide hurried down a conſiderable way by the rapidity of the current, notwithſtanding all the efforts of the watermen. Near two hours were ſpent in tranſporting us with our chaiſes. The road between this and Spirito Santo was rendered almoſt impaſſable. When we arrived at Maſſa, it began to grow dark, and the poſt-maſter aſſured us that the road to Sarzana was overflowed in ſuch a manner as not to be paſſed in the day-time, without imminent danger. We therefore took up our lodging for the night at this houſe, which was in all reſpects one of the worſt we had yet entered. Next day, we found the Magra as large and violent as the Cerchio; however, we paſſed it without any accident, and in the afternoon arrived at Lerici. There we were immediately beſieged by a number of patrons of feluccas, from among whom I choſe a Spaniard, partly becauſe he looked like an honeſt man, and produced an ample certificate, ſigned by an Engliſh gentleman; and partly becauſe he was not an Italian; for by this time I had imbibed a ſtrong prejudice againſt the common people of that country. We embarked in the morning before day, with a gale that made us run the lee-gunwale in the water; but when we pretended to turn the point of Porto Venere, we found the wind full in our teeth, and were obliged to return to our quarters, where we had been ſhamefully fleeced by the landlord, who nevertheleſs was not ſuch an exorbitant knave as the poſt-maſter, whoſe houſe I would adviſe all travellers to avoid. Here, indeed, I had occaſion to ſee an inſtance of prudence and economy, which I ſhould certainly imitate if ever I had occaſion to travel this way by myſelf. An Engliſhman, who had hired a felucca from Antibes to Leghorn, was put in here by ſtreſs of weather; but being aware of the extortion of innkeepers, and the bad accommodation in their houſes, he ſlept on board on his own mattreſſes; and there likewiſe he had all his conveniencies for eating. He ſent his ſervant on ſhore occaſionally to buy proviſion, and ſee it cooked according to his direction in ſome public

houſe; and had his meals regularly in the felucca. This evening he came aſhore to ſtretch his legs, and took a ſolitary walk on the beach, avoiding us with great care, although he knew we were Engliſh: His valet, who was abundantly communicative, told my ſervant, that in coming through France, his maſter had travelled three days in company with two other Engliſh gentlemen, whom he met upon the road, and in all that time he never ſpoke a word to either: Yet in other reſpects he was a good man, mild, charitable, and humane. This is a character truly Britiſh. At five o'clock in the morning we put to ſea again, and though the wind was contrary, made ſhift to reach the town of Seſtri di Levante, where we were moſt graciouſly received by the publican butcher and his family. The houſe was in much better order than before: the people were much more obliging; we paſſed a very tolerable night, and had a very reaſonable bill to pay in the morning. I cannot account for this favourable change any other way, than by aſcribing it to the effects of a terrible ſtorm, which had two days before tore up a great number of their olive-trees by the roots, and done ſuch damage as terrified them into humility and ſubmiſſion. Next day, the water being delightful, we arrived by one o'clock in the afternoon at Genoa. Here I made another bargain with our patron Antonio to carry us to Nice. He had been hitherto remarkably obliging, and ſeemingly modeſt. He ſpoke Latin fluently, and was tinctured with the ſciences. I began to imagine he was a perſon of a good family, who had met with misfortunes in life, and reſpected him accordingly; but I found him mercenary, mean, and rapacious. The wind being ſtill contrary, when we departed from Genoa, we could get no further than Finale, where we lodged in a very diſmal habitation, which was recommended to us as the beſt auberge in the place. What rendered it the more uncomfortable, the night was cold, and there was not a fire-place in the houſe, except in the kitchen. The beds (if they deſerved that name) were ſo ſhockingly naſty, that we could not have uſed them, had not a friend of Mr. R— ſupplied us with mattreſſes, ſheets, and coverlets; for our own ſheets

were on board the felucca, which was anchored at a diſtance from the ſhore. Our fare was equally wretched: The maſter of the houſe was a ſurly aſſaſſin, and his cameriere, or waiter, ſtark-ſtaring mad. Our ſituation was at the ſame time ſhocking and ridiculous. Mr. R— quarrelled over-night with the maſter, who ſwore inbroken French to my man, that he had a good mind topoignard that impertinent Piedmonteſe. In the morning before day, Mr. R—, coming into my chamber, gave me to underſtand, that he had been inſulted by the landlord, who demanded ſix and thirty livres for our ſupper and lodging Incenſed at the raſcal's preſumption, I aſſured him I would make him take half the money, and a good beating into the bargain. He replied, that he would have ſaved me the trouble of beating him, had not the cameriere, who was a very ſenſible fellow, aſſured him the patron was out of his ſenſes, and, if roughly handled, might commit ſome extravagance. Though I was exceedingly ruffled, I could not help laughing at the mad cameriere's palming himſelf upon R—, as a ſenſible fellow, and transferring the charge of madneſs upon his maſter, who ſeemed to be much more knave than fool. While Mr. R— went to maſs, I deſired the cameriere to bid his maſter bring the bill, and to tell him that if it was not reaſonable, I would carry him before the commandant. In the mean time, I armed myſelf with my ſword in one hand, and my cane in the other. The inn-keeper immediately entered, pale and ſtaring, and when I demanded his bill, he told me, with a profound reverence, that he ſhould be ſatisfied with whatever I myſelf thought proper to give. Surpriſed at this moderation, I aſked if he ſhould be content with twelve livres, and he anſwered, "Contiſſimo," with another proſtration. Then he made an apology for the bad accommodation of his houſe, and complained, that the reproaches of the other gentleman, whom he was pleaſed to call my major duomo, had almoſt turned his brain. When he quitted the room, his cameriere, laying hold of his maſter's laſt words, pointed to his own forehead, and ſaid, he had informed the gentleman over-night that his patron was mad. This day,

we were, by a high wind in the afternoon, driven for ſhelter into Porto Mauritio, where we found the poſt-houſe even worſe than that of Finale; and what rendered it more ſhocking, was a girl quite covered with the confluent ſmall-pox, who lay in a room through which it was neceſſary to paſs to the other chambers, and who ſmelled ſo ſtrong as to perfume the whole houſe. We were but fifteen miles from St. Remo, where I knew the auberge was tolerable, and thither I reſolved to travel by land. I accordingly ordered five mules to travel by poſt, and a very ridiculous cavalcade we formed, the women being obliged to uſe common ſaddles; for in this country even the ladies ſit aſtride. The road lay along one continued precipice, and was ſo difficult, that the beaſts never could exceed a walking pace. In ſome places we were obliged to alight. Seven hours were ſpent in travelling fifteen ſhort miles: At length we arrived at our old lodgings in St. Remo, which we found white-waſhed, and in great order. We ſupped pretty comfortably, ſlept well, and had no reaſon to complain of impoſition in paying the bill. This was not the caſe in the article of the mules, for which I was obliged to pay fifty livres, according to the regulation of the poſts. The poſt-maſter, who came along with us, had the effrontery to tell me, that if I had hired the mules to carry me and my company to St. Remo, in the way of common travelling, they would have coſt me but fifteen livres; but as I demanded poſt-horſes, I muſt ſubmit to the regulations. This is a diſtinction the more abſurd, as the road is of ſuch a nature as renders it impoſſible to travel faſter in one way than in another; nor indeed is there the leaſt difference either in the carriage or convenience, between travelling poſt and journey riding. A publican might with the ſame reaſon charge me three livres a pound for whiting, and if queſtioned about the impoſition, reply, That if I had aſked for fiſh, I ſhould have had the very ſame whiting for the fifth part of the money; but that he made a very wide difference between ſelling it as fiſh, and ſelling it as whiting. Our felucca came round from Porto Mauritio in the night,

and embarking next morning, we arrived at Nice about four in the afternoon.

Thus have I given you a circumſtantial detail of my Italian expedition, during which I was expoſed to a great number of hardſhips, which I thought my weakened conſtitution could not have bore; as well as to violent fits of paſſion, chequered, however, with tranſports of a more agreeable nature; inſomuch that I may ſay I was for two months continually agitated either in mind or body, and very often in both at the ſame time. As my diſorder at firſt aroſe from a ſedentary life, producing a relaxation of the fibres, which naturally brought on a liſtleſſneſs, indolence, and dejection of the ſpirits, I am convinced that this hard exerciſe of mind and body, co-operated with the change of air and objects, to brace up the relaxed conſtitution, and promote a more vigorous circulation of the juices, which had long languiſhed even almoſt to ſtagnation. For ſome years I had been as ſubject to colds as a delicate woman new delivered. If I ventured to go abroad when there was the leaſt moiſture either in the air, or upon the ground, I was ſure to be laid up a fortnight with a cough and aſthma. But, in this journey, I ſuffered cold and rain, and ſtood and walked in the wet, heated myſelf with exerciſe, and ſweated violently, without feeling the leaſt diſorder; but, on the contrary, felt myſelf growing ſtronger every day in the midſt of theſe exceſſes. Since my return to Nice, it has rained the beſt part of two months, to the aſtoniſhment of all the people in the country; yet, during all that time I have enjoyed good health and ſpirits. On Chriſtmas eve, I went to the cathedral at midnight, to hear high maſs celebrated by the new biſhop of Nice, in pontificalibus, and ſtood near two hours uncovered in a cold gallery, without having any cauſe in the ſequel to repent of my curioſity. In a word, I am now ſo well that I no longer deſpair of ſeeing you and the reſt of my friends in England; a pleaſure which is eagerly deſired by

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 23. 1765.

You aſk whether I think the French people are more taxed than the Engliſh; but I apprehended, the queſtion would be more apropos, if you aſked whether the French taxes are more unſupportable than the Engliſh; for, in comparing burdens, we ought always to conſider the ſtrength of the ſhoulders that bear them. I know no better way of eſtimating the ſtrength, than by examining the face of the country, and obſerving the appearance of the common people, who conſtitute the bulk of every nation. When I therefore ſee the country of England ſmiling with cultivation; the grounds exhibiting all the perfections of agriculture, parcelled out into beautiful incloſures, corn fields, hay and paſture, woodland and common; when I ſee her meadows well ſtocked with black cattle; her downs covered with ſheep; when I view her teams of horſes and oxen, large and ſtrong, fat and ſleek; when I ſee her farm houſes the habitations of plenty, cleanlineſs, and convenience; and her peaſants well fed, well lodged, well clothed, tall and ſtout, and hale and jolly; I cannot help concluding that the people are well able to bear thoſe impoſitions which the public neceſſities have rendered neceſſary. On the other hand, when I perceive ſuch ſigns of poverty, miſery, and dirt, among the commonalty of France, their unfenced fields dug up in deſpair, without the intervention of meadow or fallow ground, without cattle to furniſh manure, without horſes to execute the plans of agriculture; their farm houſes mean, their furniture wretched, their apparel beggarly; themſelves and their beaſts the images of famine; I cannot help thinking they groan under oppreſſion, either from their landlords or their government; probably from both.

The principal impoſitions of the French government are theſe: Firſt, The taille, paid by all the commons, except thoſe that are privileged: Secondly, The capitation, from which no perſons (not even the nobles) are

excepted: Thirdly, The tenths and twentieths, called Dixiêmes and Vingtiêmes, which every body pays. This tax was originally levied as an occaſional aid in times of war, and other emergencies; but, by degrees, is become a ſtanding revenue even in time of peace. All the money ariſing from theſe impoſitions goes directly to the king's treaſury; and muſt undoubtedly amount to a very great ſum. Beſides theſe, he has the revenue of the farms, conſiſting of the droits d'aydes, or exciſe on wine, brandy, &c. of the cuſtom-houſe duties; of the gabelle, comprehending that moſt oppreſſive obligation on individuals to take a certain quantity of ſalt at the price which the farmers ſhall pleaſe to fix; of the excluſive privilege to ſell tobacco; of the droits de controlle, inſinuation, centiême denier, franchiefs, aubeine, echange et contre-echange ariſing from the acts of voluntary juriſdiction, as well as certain law-ſuits. Theſe farms are ſaid to bring into the king's coffers above one hundred and twenty millions of livres yearly, amounting to near five millions Sterling: But the poor people are ſaid to pay about a third more than this ſum, which the farmers retain to enrich themſelves, and bribe the great for their protection; which protection of the great is the true reaſon why this moſt iniquitous, oppreſſive, and abſurd method of levying money is not laid aſide. Over and above thoſe articles I have mentioned, the French king draws conſiderable ſums from his clergy, under the denomination of dons gratuits, or free-gifts; as well as from the ſubſidies given by the pays d'etats, ſuch as Provence, Languedoc, and Bretagne, which are exempted from the taille. The whole revenue of the French king amounts to between twelve and thirteen millions Sterling. Theſe are great reſources for the king: But they will always keep the poor miſerable, and effectually prevent them from making ſuch improvements as might turn their lands to the beſt advantage. But beſides being eaſed in the article of taxes, there is ſomething elſe required to make them exert themſelves for the benefit of their country. They muſt be free in their perſons, ſecure in their property, indulged with reaſonable leaſes, and effectually protected by law from the inſolence and oppreſſion of their ſuperiors.

Great as the French king's reſources may appear, they are hardly ſufficient to defray the enormous expence of his government. About two millions Sterling per annum of his revenue are ſaid to be anticipated for paying the intereſt of the public debts; and the reſt is found inadequate to the charge of a prodigious ſtanding army, a double frontier of fortified towns, and the extravagant appointments of ambaſſadors, generals, governors, intendants, commandants, and other officers of the crown, all of whom affect a pomp, which is equally ridiculous and prodigal. A French general in the field is always attended by thirty or forty cooks; and thinks it is incumbent upon him, for the glory of France, to give a hundred diſhes every day at his table. When Don Philip, and the mareſchal Duke de Belliſle, had their quarters at Nice, there were fifty ſcullions conſtantly employed in the great ſquare, in plucking poultry. This abſurd luxury infects their whole army. Even the commiſſaries keep open table; and nothing is ſeen but prodigality and profuſion. The king of Sardinia proceeds upon another plan. His troops are better clothed, better paid, and better fed than thoſe of France. The commandant of Nice has about four hundred a-year of appointments, which enables him to live decently, and even to entertain ſtrangers. On the other hand, the commandant of Antibes, which is in all reſpects more inconſiderable than Nice, has from the French king above five times the ſum to ſupport the glory of his monarch, which all the ſenſible part of mankind treat with ridicule and contempt. But the finances of France are ſo ill managed, that many of their commandants, and other officers, have not been able to draw their appointments theſe two years. In vain they complain and remonſtrate. When they grow troubleſome, they are removed. How then muſt they ſupport the glory of France? how, but by oppreſſing the poor people. The treaſurer makes uſe of their money for his own benefit. The king knows it; he knows his officers, thus defrauded, fleece, and oppreſs the people; but he thinks proper to wink at theſe abuſes. That government may be ſaid to be weak and tottering which finds itſelf obliged

to connive at ſuch proceedings. The king of France, in order to give ſtrength and ſtability to his adminiſtration, ought to have ſenſe to adopt a ſage plan of economy, and vigour of mind ſufficient to execute it in all its parts, with the moſt rigorous exactneſs. He ought to have courage enough to find fault, and even to puniſh the delinquents, of what quality ſoever they may be; and the firſt act of reformation ought to be a total abolition of all the farms. There are undoubtedly many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French government, and in all probability the ſubjects of France will be the firſt to take the advantage of it. There is at preſent a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which, under the reign of a very weak prince, or during a long minority, may produce a great change in the conſtitution. In proportion to the progreſs of reaſon and philoſophy, which have made great advances in this kingdom, ſuperſtition loſes ground; ancient prejudices give way; a ſpirit of freedom takes the aſcendant. All the learned laity of France deteſt the hierarchy as a plan of deſpotiſm, founded on impoſture and uſurpation. The proteſtants, who are very numerous in the ſouthern parts, abhor it with all the rancour of religious fanaticiſm. Many of the commons, enriched by commerce and manufacture, grow impatient of thoſe odious diſtinctions, which exclude them from the honours and privileges due to their importance in the commonwealth; and all the parliaments or tribunals of juſtice in the kingdom, ſeem bent upon aſſerting their rights and independence in the face of the king's prerogative, and even at the expence of his power and authority. Should any prince therefore be ſeduced by evil counſellors, or miſled by his own bigotry, to take ſome arbitrary ſtep, that may be extremely diſagreeable to all thoſe communities, without having ſpirit to exert the violence of his power for the ſupport of his meaſures, he will become equally deteſted and deſpiſed; and the influence of the commons will inſenſibly encroach upon the pretenſions of the crown. But if, in the time of a minority, the power of the government ſhould be divided among the different competitors for the regen-

cy, the parliaments and people will find it ſtill more eaſy to acquire and aſcertain the liberty at which they aſpire, becauſe they will have the balance of power in their hands, and be able to make either ſcale preponderate. I could ſay a great deal more upon this ſubject; and I have ſome remarks to make relating to the methods which might be taken in caſe of a freſh rupture with France, for making a vigorous impreſſion on that kingdom. But theſe I muſt defer till another occaſion, having neither room nor leiſure at preſent to add any thing, but that I am, with great truth,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, April* 2. 1765.

As I have now paſſed a ſecond winter at Nice, I think myſelf qualified to make ſome farther remarks on this climate. During the heats of laſt ſummer, I flattered myſelf with the proſpect of the fine weather I ſhould enjoy in the winter; but neither I, nor any perſon in this country, could foreſee the rainy weather that prevailed from the middle of November till the twentieth of March. In this ſhort period of four months, we have had fifty-ſix days of rain, which I take to be a greater quantity than generally falls during the ſix worſt months of the year in the county of Middleſex, eſpecially as it was, for the moſt part, a heavy continued rain. The ſouth winds generally predominate in the wet ſeaſon at Nice: But this winter the rain was accompanied with every wind that blows, except the ſouth; though the moſt frequent were thoſe that came from the eaſt and north quarters. Notwithſtanding theſe great rains, ſuch as were never known before at Nice in the memory of man, the intermediate days of fair weather were delightful, and the ground ſeemed perfectly dry. The air itſelf was perfectly free from moiſture. Though I live

upon a ground floor, ſurrounded on three ſides by a garden, I could not perceive the leaſt damp, either on the floors or the furniture; neither was I much incommoded by the aſthma, which uſed always to haraſs me moſt in wet weather. In a word, I paſſed the winter here much more comfortably than I expected. About the vernal equinox, however, I caught a violent cold, which was attended with a difficulty of breathing, and, as the ſun advances towards the tropic, I find myſelf ſtill more ſubject to rheums. As the heat increaſes, the humours of the body are rarified, and, of conſequence, the pores of the ſkin are opened; while the eaſt wind, ſweeping over the Alps and Appennines, covered with ſnow, continues ſurpriſingly ſharp and penetrating. Even the people of the country, who enjoy good health, are afraid of expoſing themſelves to the air at this ſeaſon, the intemperature of which may laſt till the middle of May, when all the ſnow on the mountains will probably be melted; then the air will become mild and balmy, till, in the progreſs of ſummer, it grows diſagreeably hot, and the ſtrong evaporation from the ſea makes it ſo ſaline, as to be unhealthy for thoſe who have a ſcorbutical habit. When the ſea breeze is high, this evaporation is ſo great as to cover the ſurface of the body with a kind of volatile brine, as I plainly perceived laſt ſummer. I am more and more convinced that this climate is unfavourable to the ſcurvy. Were I obliged to paſs my life in it, I would endeavour to find a country retreat among the mountains, at ſome diſtance from the ſea, where I might enjoy a cool air free from this impregnation, unmoleſted by thoſe flies, gnats, and other vermin, which render the lower parts almoſt uninhabitable. To this place I would retire in the month of June, and there continue till the beginning of October, when I would return to my habitation in Nice, where the winter is remarkably mild and agreeable. In March and April, however, I would not adviſe a valetudinarian to go forth, without taking precaution againſt the cold. An agreeable ſummer retreat may be found on the other ſide of the Var, at or near the town of Graſſe, which is pleaſantly ſituated on the aſcent of a hill in Provence,

about ſeven Engliſh miles from Nice. This place is famous for its pomatum, gloves, waſh-balls, perfumes, and toilette boxes, lined with bergamot. I am told it affords good lodging, and is well ſupplied with proviſions.

We are now preparing for our journey to England, from the exerciſe of which I promiſe myſelf much benefit: A journey extremely agreeable, not only on that account, but alſo becauſe it will reſtore me to the company of my friends, and remove me from a place, where I leave nothing but the air, which I can poſſibly regret. The only friendſhips I have contracted at Nice are with ſtrangers, who, like myſelf, only ſojourn here for a ſeaſon. I now find by experience it is great folly to buy furniture, unleſs one is reſolved to ſettle here for ſome years. The Niſſards aſſured me, with great confidence, that I ſhould always be able to ſell it for a very little loſs; whereas I find myſelf obliged to part with it for about one third of what it coſt. I have ſent for a coach to Aix, and, as ſoon as it arrives, ſhall take my departure; ſo that the next letter you receive from me will be dated from ſome place on the road. I propoſe to take Antibes, Toulon, Marſeilles, Aix, Avignon, and Orange, in my way; places which I have not yet ſeen, and where, perhaps, I ſhall find ſomething for your amuſement, which will always be a conſideration of ſome weight with,

Dear Sir,

Yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To DR. S——, *at Nice.*

DEAR SIR, *Turin, March* 18. 1765.

I AM juſt returned from an excurſion to Turin, which is about thirty leagues from hence, the greater part of the way lying over frightful mountains covered with ſnow. The difficulty of the road, however, reaches no

farther than Coni, from whence there is an open highway through a fine plain country, as far as the capital of Piedmont, and the traveller is accommodated with chaiſe and horſes to proceed either poſt, or by cambiatura, as in other parts of Italy. There are only two ways of performing the journey over the mountains from Nice; one is to ride a mule-back, and the other to be carried in a chair. The former I choſe, and ſet out with my ſervant on the ſeventh day of February at two in the afternoon. I was hardly clear of Nice, when it began to rain ſo hard, that in leſs than an hour the mud was half a foot deep in many parts of the road. This was the only inconvenience we ſuffered, the way being in other reſpects practicable enough; for there is but one ſmall hill to croſs on this ſide of the village of L'Eſcarene, where we arrived about ſix in the evening. The ground in this neighbourhood is tolerably cultivated, and the mountains are planted to the tops with olive trees. The accommodation here is ſo very bad, that I had no inclination to be a-bed longer than was abſolutely neceſſary for refreſhment; and therefore I proceeded on my journey at two in the morning, conducted by a guide, whom I hired for this purpoſe at the rate of three livres a-day. Having aſcended one ſide, and deſcended the other, of the mountain called Braus, which took up four hours, though the road is not bad, we at ſix reached the village of Soſpello, which is agreeably ſituated in a ſmall valley, ſurrounded by prodigious high and barren mountains. This little plain is pretty fertile, and, being watered by a pleaſant ſtream, forms a delightful contraſt with the hideous rocks that ſurround it. Having repoſed myſelf and my mules two hours at this place, we continued our journey over the ſecond mountain, called Brovis, which is rather more conſiderable than the firſt, and in four hours arrived at La Giandola, a tolerable inn, ſituated betwixt the high road and a ſmall river, about a gunſhot from the town of Brieglie, which we left on the right. As we jogged along in the gray of the morning, I was a little ſtartled at two figures which I ſaw before me, and began to put my piſtols in order. It muſt be ob-

ſerved, that theſe mountains are infeſted with *contrabandiers*, a ſet of ſmuggling peaſants, very bold and deſperate, who make a traffic of ſelling tobacco, ſalt, and other merchandiſe, which have not paid duty, and ſometimes lay travellers under contribution. I did not doubt but there was a gang of theſe freebooters at hand; but as no more than two perſons appeared, I reſolved to let them know we were prepared for defence, and fired one of my piſtols, in hope that the report of it, echoed from the ſurrounding rocks, would produce a proper effect: But, the mountains and roads being entirely covered with ſnow to a conſiderable depth, there was little or no reverberation, and the ſound was not louder than that of a pop-gun, although the piece contained a good charge of powder. Nevertheleſs, it did not fail to engage the attention of the ſtrangers, one of whom immediately wheeled to the left about, and being by this time very near me, gave me an opportunity of contemplating his whole perſon. He was very tall, meagre, and yellow, with a long hooked noſe, and ſmall twinkling eyes. His head was caſed in a woollen night cap, over which he wore a flapped hat; he had a ſilk handkerchief about his neck, and his mouth was furniſhed with a ſhort wooden pipe, from which he diſcharged wreathing clouds of tobacco-ſmoke. He was wrapped in a kind of capot of green baize, lined with wolf-ſkin, had a pair of monſtrous boots, quilted on the inſide with cotton, was almoſt covered with dirt, and rode a mule ſo low that his long legs hung dangling within ſix inches of the ground. This groteſque figure was ſo much more ludicrous than terrible, that I could not help laughing; when taking his pipe out of his mouth, he very politely accoſted me by name. You may eaſily gueſs I was exceedingly ſurpriſed at ſuch an addreſs on the top of the mountain Brovis; but he forthwith put an end to it, by diſcovering himſelf to be the Marquis M. whom I had the honour to be acquainted with at Nice. After having rallied him upon his equipage, he gave me to underſtand he had ſet out from Nice in the morning of the ſame day that I departed; that he was going to Turin, and that he had ſent one of his ſervants before him to

Coni with his baggage. Knowing him to be an agreeable companion, I was glad of this encounter, and we reſolved to travel the reſt of the way together. We dined at La Giandola, and in the afternoon rode along the little river Rioda, which runs in a bottom between frightful precipices, and in ſeveral places forms natural caſcades, the noiſe of which had well nigh deprived us of the ſenſe of hearing; after a winding courſe among theſe mountains, it diſcharges itſelf into the Mediterranean at Ventimiglia, in the territory of Genoa. As the ſnow did not lie on theſe mountains, when we cracked our whips, there was ſuch a repercuſſion of the ſound as is altogether inconceivable. We paſſed by the village of Saorgio, ſituated on an eminence, where there is a ſmall fortreſs which commands the whole paſs, and in five hours arrived at our inn, on this ſide the Col de Tende, where we took up our quarters, but had very little reaſon to boaſt of our entertainment. Our greateſt difficulty, however, conſiſted in pulling off the marquis's boots, which were of the kind called Seafarot, by this time ſo loaded with dirt on the outſide, and ſo ſwelled with the rain within, that he could neither drag them after him as he walked, nor diſencumber his legs of them, without ſuch violence as ſeemed almoſt ſufficient to tear him limb from limb. In a word, we were obliged to tie a rope about his heel, and all the people in the houſe aſſiſting to pull, the poor marquis was drawn from one end of the apartment to the other before the boot would give way: At laſt his legs were happily diſengaged, and the machines carefully dried and ſtuffed for next day's journey.

We took our departure from hence, at three in the morning, and at four began to mount the Col de Tende, which is by far the higheſt mountain in the whole journey: It was now quite covered with ſnow, which at the top of it was near twenty feet thick. Half way up, there are quarters for a detachment of ſoldiers, poſted here to prevent ſmuggling, and an inn called La Ca, which in the language of the country ſignifies the houſe. At this place, we hired ſix men to aſſiſt us in aſcending the mountain, each of them provided with a kind of

hoe to break the ice, and make a ſort of ſteps for the mules. When we were near the top, however, we were obliged to alight, and climb the mountain, ſupported each by two of thoſe men, called Coulants, who walk upon the ſnow with great firmneſs and ſecurity. We were followed by the mules; and though they are very ſure-footed animals, and were froſt-ſhod for the occaſion, they ſtumbled and fell very often; the ice being ſo hard that the ſharp-headed nails in their ſhoes could not penetrate. Having reached the top of this mountain, from whence there is no proſpect but of other rocks and mountains, we prepared for deſcending on the other ſide by the Leze, which is an occaſional ſledge made of two pieces of wood, carried up by the coulants for this purpoſe. I did not much reliſh this kind of carriage, eſpecially as the mountain was very ſteep, and covered with ſuch a thick fog that we could hardly ſee two or three yards before us. Nevertheleſs, our guides were ſo confident, and my companion, who had paſſed the ſame way on other occaſions, was ſo ſecure, that I ventured to place myſelf on this machine, one of the coulants ſtanding behind me, and the other ſitting before, as the conductor, with his feet paddling among the ſnow, in order to moderate the velocity of its deſcent. Thus accommodated, we deſcended the mountain with ſuch rapidity, that in an hour we reached Limon, which is the native place of almoſt all the muleteers who tranſport merchandiſe from Nice to Coni and Turin. Here we waited full two hours for the mules, which travelled with the ſervants by the common road. To each of the coulants we paid forty ſols, which are nearly equal to two ſhillings Sterling. Leaving Limon, we were in two hours quite diſengaged from the gorges of the mountains, which are partly covered with wood and paſturage, though altogether inacceſſible, except in ſummer; but from the foot of the Col de Tende, the road lies through a plain all the way to Turin. We took ſix hours to travel from the inn where we had lodged over the mountain to Limon, and five hours from thence to Coni. Here we found our baggage, which we had ſent off by the carriers one day before we departed from

Nice; and here we diſmiſſed our guides, together with the mules. In winter, you have a mule for this whole journey at the rate of twenty livres: and the guides are paid at the rate of two livres a-day, reckoning ſix days, three for the journey to Coni, and three for their return to Nice. We ſet out ſo early in the morning, in order to avoid the inconveniences and dangers that attend the paſſage of this mountain. The firſt of theſe ariſes from your meeting with long ſtrings of loaded mules in a ſlippery road, the breadth of which does not exceed a foot and a half. As it is altogether impoſſible for two mules to paſs each other in ſuch a narrow path, the muleteers have made doublings or elbows in different parts, and when the troops of mules meet, the leaſt numerous is obliged to turn off into one of theſe doublings, and there halt until the others are paſt. Travellers, in order to avoid this diſagreeable delay, which is the more vexatious, conſidering the exceſſive cold, begin the aſcent of the mountain early in the morning, before the mules quit their inns. But the great danger of travelling here when the ſun is up, proceeds from what they call the Valanches. Theſe are balls of ſnow detached from the mountains which overtop the road, either by the heat of the ſun, or the humidity of the weather. A piece of ſnow thus looſened from the rock, though perhaps not above three or four feet in diameter, increaſes ſometimes in its deſcent to ſuch a degree, as to become two hundred paces in length, and rolls down with ſuch rapidity, that the traveller is cruſhed to death before he can make three ſteps on the road. Theſe dreadful heaps drag every thing along with them in their deſcent. They tear up huge trees by the roots, and if they chance to fall upon a houſe, demoliſh it to the foundation. Accidents of this kind ſeldom happen in the winter while the weather is dry; and yet ſcarce a year paſſes in which ſome mules and their drivers do not periſh by the valanches. At Coni we found the Counteſs C—— from Nice, who had made the ſame journey in a chair carried by porters. This is no other than a common elbow-chair of wood, with a ſtraw bottom, covered above with wax cloth, to protect the traveller

from the rain or ſnow, and provided with a foot-board upon which the feet reſt. It is carried like a ſedan-chair; and for this purpoſe ſix or eight porters are employed at the rate of three or four livres a-head per day, according to the ſeaſon, allowing three days for their return. Of theſe ſix men, two are between the poles carrying like common chairmen, and each of theſe is ſupported by the other two, one at each hand: But as thoſe in the middle ſuſtain the greateſt burden, they are relieved by the others in a regular rotation. In deſcending the mountain, they carry the poles on their ſhoulders, and in that caſe four men are employed, one at each end.

At Coni, you may have a chaiſe to go with the ſame horſes to Turin, for which you pay fifteen livres, and are a day and a half on the way. You may poſt it, however, in one day, and then the price is ſeven livres ten ſols per poſt, and ten ſols to the poſtillion. The method we took was that of cambiatura. This is a chaiſe with horſes ſhifted at the ſame ſtages that are uſed in poſting: But as it is ſuppoſed to move ſlower, we pay but five livres per poſt, and ten ſols to the poſtillion. In order to quicken its pace, we gave ten ſols extraordinary to each poſtillion, and for this gratification he drove us even faſter than the poſt. The chaiſes are like thoſe of Italy, and will take on near two hundred weight of baggage.

Coni is ſituated between two ſmall ſtreams, and, though neither very large nor populous, is conſiderable for the ſtrength of its fortifications. It is honoured with the title of the Maiden Fortreſs, becauſe, though ſeveral times beſieged, it was never taken. The prince of Conti inveſted it in the war of 1744; but he was obliged to raiſe the ſiege, after having given battle to the king of Sardinia. The place was gallantly defended by the baron Leutrum, a German proteſtant, the beſt general in the Sardinian ſervice: But what contributed moſt to the miſcarriage of the enemy, was a long tract of heavy rains, which deſtroyed all their works, and rendered their advances impracticable.

I need not tell you that Piedmont is one of the moſt

fertile and agreeable countries in Europe, and this the moſt agreeable part of Piedmont, though it now appeared to diſadvantage from the rigorous ſeaſon of the year: I ſhall only obſerve, that we paſſed through Sabellian, which is a conſiderable town, and arrived in the evening at Turin. We entered this fine city by the gate of Nice, and paſſing through the elegant Piazza di San Carlo, took up our quarters at the Bona Fama, which ſtands at one corner of the great ſquare, called La Piazza Caſtel.

Were I even diſpoſed to give a deſcription of Turin, I ſhould be obliged to poſtpone it till another opportunity, having no room at preſent to ſay any thing more, but that I am always

Yours.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR, *Aix en Provence, May* 10. 1765.

I AM thus far on my way to England. I had reſolved to leave Nice without having the leaſt diſpute with any one native of the place; but I found it impoſſible to keep this reſolution. My landlord, Mr. C——, a man of faſhion, with whoſe family we had always lived in friendſhip, was ſo reaſonable as to expect I ſhould give him up the houſe and garden, though they were to be paid for till Michaelmas, and peremptorily declared I ſhould not be permitted to ſub-let them to any other perſon. He had of his own accord aſſured me more than once, that he would take my furniture off my hands, and, truſting to his aſſurance, I had loſt the opportunity of diſpoſing of it to advantage: But, when the time of my departure drew near, he refuſed to take it, at the ſame time inſiſting upon having the key of the houſe and garden, as well as on being paid the whole rent directly, though it would not be due till the middle of September. I was ſo exaſperated at this treatment, from a man whom I had cultivated with particular re-

ſpect, that I determined to conteſt it at law: But the affair was accommodated by the mediation of a father of the Minims, a friend to both, and a merchant of Nice, who charged himſelf with the care of the houſe and furniture. A ſtranger muſt conduct himſelf with the utmoſt circumſpection to be able to live among theſe people without being the dupe of impoſition.

I had ſent to Aix for a coach and four horſes, which I hired at the rate of eighteen French livres a-day, being equal to fifteen ſhillings and nine pence Sterling. The river Var was ſo ſwelled by the melting of the ſnow on the mountains, as to be impaſſable by any wheel carriage; and therefore the coach remained at Antibes, to which we went by water, the diſtance being about nine or ten miles. This is the Antipolis of the ancients, ſaid to have been built like Nice, by a colony from Marſeilles. In all probability, however, it was later than the foundation of Nice, and took its name from its being ſituated directly oppoſite to that city. Pliny ſays it was famous for its tunny-fiſhery; and to this circumſtance Martial alludes in the following lines:

"Antipolitani, fateor, ſum filia thynni.
"Eſſem ſi Scombri non tibi miſſa forem."

At preſent, it is the frontier of France towards Italy, pretty ſtrongly fortified, and garriſoned by a battalion of ſoldiers. The town is ſmall and inconſiderable; but the baſon of the harbour is ſurrounded to ſeaward by a curious bulwark founded upon piles driven in the water, conſiſting of a wall, ramparts, caſemates, and quay. Veſſels lie very ſafe in this harbour; but there is not water at the entrance of it to admit of ſhips of any burden. The ſhallows run ſo far off from the coaſt, that a ſhip of force cannot lie near enough to batter the town; but it was bombarded in the late war. Its chief ſtrength by land conſiſts in a ſmall quadrangular fort, detached from the body of the place, which, in a particular manner, commands the entrance of the harbour. The wall of the town built in the ſea has embraſures and ſaliant angles, on which a great number of cannon may be mounted.

I think the adjacent country is much more pleaſant

than that on the ſide of Nice; and there is certainly no eſſential difference in the climate. The ground here is not ſo encumbered; it is laid out in agreeable encloſures, with intervals of open fields, and the mountains riſe with an eaſy aſcent at a much greater diſtance from the ſea, than on the other ſide of the bay. Beſides, here are charming rides along the beach, which is ſmooth and firm. When we paſſed in the laſt week of April, the corn was then in ear; the cherries were almoſt ripe; and the figs had begun to blacken. I had embarked my heavy baggage on board a London ſhip, which happened to be at Nice, ready to ſail: As for our ſmall trunks or portmanteaus, which we carried along with us, they were examined at Antibes; but the ceremony was performed very ſuperficially, in conſequence of tipping the ſearcher with half a crown, which is a wonderful conciliator at all the bureaus in this country.

We lay at Cannes, a neat village, charmingly ſituated on the beach of the Mediterranean, exactly oppoſite to the iſles Marguerites, where ſtate priſoners are confined. As there are ſome good houſes in this place, I would rather live here for the ſake of the mild climate, than either at Antibes or Nice. Here you are not cooped up within walls, nor crowded with ſoldiers and people; but are already in the country, enjoy a fine air, and are well ſupplied with all ſorts of fiſh.

The mountain of Eſterelles, which in one of my former letters I deſcribed as a moſt romantic and noble plantation of ever-greens, trees, ſhrubs, and aromatic plants, is at preſent quite deſolate. Laſt ſummer, ſome execrable villains ſet fire to the pines, when the wind was high. It continued burning for months, and the conflagration extended above ten leagues, conſuming an incredible quantity of timber. The ground is now naked on each ſide of the road, or occupied by the black trunks of the trees which have been ſcorched without falling. They ſtand as ſo many monuments of the judgment of heaven, filling the mind with horror and compaſſion. I could hardly refrain from ſhedding tears at this diſmal ſpectacle, when I recalled the idea of what it was about eighteen months ago.

As we ſtaid all night at Frejus, I had an opportunity of viewing the amphitheatre at leiſure. As near as I can judge by the eye, it is of the ſame dimenſions with that of Niſmes; but ſhockingly dilapidated. The ſtone ſeats riſing from the arena are ſtill extant, and the cells under them where the wild beaſts were kept. There are likewiſe the remains of two galleries one over another; and two vomitoria, or great gateways, at oppoſite ſides of the arena, which is now a fine green, with a road through the middle of it: But all the external architecture and the ornaments are demoliſhed. The moſt entire part of the wall now conſtitutes part of a monaſtery, the monks of which, I am told, have helped to deſtroy the amphitheatre, by removing the ſtones for their own purpoſes of building. In the neighbourhood of this amphitheatre, which ſtands without the walls, are the veſtiges of an old edifice, ſaid to have been the palace where the imperator or preſident reſided: For it was a Roman colony, much favoured by Julius Cæſar, who gave it the name of Forum Julii, and Civitas Forojulienſis. In all probability, it was he who built the amphitheatre, and brought hither the water ten leagues from the river of Ciagne, by means of an aqueduct, ſome arcades of which are ſtill ſtanding on the other ſide of the town. A great number of ſtatues were found in this place, together with ancient inſcriptions, which have been publiſhed by different authors. I need not tell you that Julius Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, the hiſtorian, was a native of Frejus, which is now a very poor inconſiderable place. From hence the country opens to the left, forming an extenſive plain between the ſea and the mountains, which are a continuation of the Alps, that ſtretches through Provence and Dauphine. This plain, watered with pleaſant ſtreams, and varied with vineyards, corn-fields, and meadow-ground, afforded a moſt agreeable proſpect to our eyes, which were accuſtomed to the ſight of ſcorching ſands, rugged rocks, and abrupt mountains, in the neighbourhood of Nice. Although this has much the appearance of a corn country, I am told it does not produce enough for the conſumption of its inhabitants, who are obliged to have annual ſupplies

from abroad, imported at Marſeilles. A Frenchman, at an average, eats three times the quantity of bread that ſatisfies a native of England; and, indeed, it is undoubtedly the ſtaff of his life. I am therefore ſurpriſed, that the Provençaux do not convert part of their vineyards into corn fields: For they may boaſt of their wine as they pleaſe; but that which is drank by the common people, not only here, but alſo in all the wine countries of France, is neither ſo ſtrong, nouriſhing, nor in my opinion ſo pleaſant to the taſte, as the ſmall beer of England. It muſt be owned that all the peaſants who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive ſize, in compariſon of thoſe who uſe milk, beer, or even water; and it is a conſtant obſervation, that when there is a ſcarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than in thoſe ſeaſons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced, that wine, and all fermented liquors, are pernicious to the human conſtitution; and that, for the preſervation of health, and exhileration of the ſpirits, there is no beverage comparable to ſimple water. Between Luc and Toulon, the country is delightfully parcelled out into encloſures. Here is plenty of rich paſturage for black cattle, and a greater number of pure ſtreams and rivulets than I have obſerved in any other part of France.

Toulon is a conſidera le place, even excluſive of the baſon, docks, and arſenal, which indeed are ſuch as juſtify the remark made by a ſtranger when he viewed them, "The king of France (ſaid he) is greater at Toulon than at Verſailles." The quay, the jetties, the docks, and magazines, are contrived and executed with preciſion, order, ſolidity, and magnificence. I counted fourteen ſhips of the line lying unrigged in the baſon, beſides the Tonant of eighty guns, which was in dock repairing, and a new frigate on the ſtocks. I was credibly informed, that in the laſt war, the king of France was ſo ill ſerved with cannon for his navy, that in every action there was ſcarce a ſhip which had not ſeveral pieces burſt. Theſe accidents did great damage, and diſcouraged the French mariners to ſuch a degree, that they became more afraid of their own guns than of thoſe

of the Engliſh. There are now at Toulon above two thouſand pieces of iron cannon unfit for ſervice. This is an undeniable proof of the weakneſs and neglect of the French adminiſtration: But a more ſurpriſing proof of their imbecility, is the ſtate of the fortifications that defend the entrance of this very harbour. I have ſome reaſon to think that they truſted for its ſecurity entirely to our opinion that it muſt be inacceſſible. Captain E—, of one of our frigates, lately entered the harbour with a contrary wind, which, by obliging him to tack, afforded an opportunity of ſounding the whole breadth and length of the paſſage. He came in without a pilot, and made a pretence of buying cordage, or ſome other ſtores; but the French officers were much chagrined at the boldneſs of his enterpriſe. They alleged, that he came for no other reaſon but to ſound the channel; and that he had an engineer aboard, who made drawings of the land and the forts, their bearings and diſtances. In all probability, theſe ſuſpicions were communicated to the miniſtry; for an order immediately arrived, that no ſtranger ſhould be admitted into the docks and arſenal.

Part of the road from hence to Marſeilles lies through a vaſt mountain, which reſembles that of Eſterelles; but is not ſo well covered with wood, though it has the advantage of an agreeable ſtream running through the bottom.

I was much pleaſed with Marſeilles, which is indeed a noble city, large, populous, and flouriſhing. The ſtreets, for the moſt part, are open, airy, and ſpacious; the houſes well built, and even magnificent. The harbour is an oval baſon, ſurrounded on every ſide either by the buildings or the land, ſo that the ſhipping lies perfectly ſecure; and here is generally an incredible number of veſſels. On the city ſide, there is a ſemi-circular quay of free-ſtone, which extends thirteen hundred paces; and the ſpace between this, and the houſes that front it, is continually filled with a ſurpriſing crowd of people. The galleys, to the number of eight or nine, are moored with their ſterns to one part of the wharf, and the ſlaves are permitted to work for their own benefit at

their reſpective occupations, in little ſhops or booths, which they rent for a trifle. There you ſee tradeſmen of all kinds ſitting at work, chained by one foot, ſhoemakers, tailors, ſilverſmiths, watch and clock makers, barbers, ſtocking-weavers, jewellers, pattern-drawers, ſcriveners, bookſellers, cutlers, and all manner of ſhopkeepers. They pay about two ſols a-day to the king for this indulgence; live well, and look jolly; and can afford to ſell their goods and labour much cheaper than other dealers and tradeſmen. At night, however, they are obliged to lie aboard. Notwithſtanding the great face of buſineſs at Marſeilles, their trade is greatly on the decline; and their merchants are failing every day. This decay of commerce is in a great meaſure owing to the Engliſh, who, at the peace, poured in ſuch a quantity of European merchandiſe into Martinique and Guadaloupe, that when the merchants of Marſeilles ſent over their cargoes, they found the markets over-ſtocked, and were obliged to ſell for a conſiderable loſs. Beſides, the French coloniſts had ſuch a ſtock of ſugars, coffee, and other commodities lying by them during the war, that, upon the firſt notice of peace, they ſhipped them off in great quantities for Marſeilles. I am told that the produce of the iſlands is at preſent cheaper here than where it grows; and on the other hand the merchandiſe of this country ſells for leſs money at Martinique than in Provence.

A ſingle perſon, who travels in this country, may live at a reaſonable rate in theſe towns, by eating at the public ordinaries: But I would adviſe all families that come hither to make any ſtay, to take furniſhed lodgings as ſoon as they can; for the expence of living at an hotel is enormous. I was obliged to pay at Marſeilles four livres a-head for every meal, and half that price for my ſervant, and was charged ſix livres a-day beſides for the apartment; ſo that our daily expence, including breakfaſt and a valet de place, amounted to two Louidores. The ſame impoſition prevails all over the ſouth of France, though it is the cheapeſt and moſt plentiful part of the kingdom. Without all doubt, it muſt be owing to the folly and extravagance of Engliſh tra-

vellers, who have allowed themſelves to be fleeced without wincing, until this extortion is become authoriſed by cuſtom. It is very diſagreeable riding in the avenues of Marſeilles, becauſe you are confined in a duſty high-road, crowded with carriages and beaſts of burden, between two white walls, the reflection from which, while the ſun ſhines, is intolerable. But in this neighbourhood there is a vaſt number of pleaſant country-houſes, called Baſtides, ſaid to amount to twelve thouſand, ſome of which may be rented, ready furniſhed, at a very reaſonable price. Marſeilles is a gay city, and the inhabitants indulge themſelves in a variety of amuſements. They have aſſemblies, a concert ſpirituel, and a comedy. Here is alſo a ſpacious cours, or walk, ſhaded with trees, to which, in the evening there is a great reſort of well dreſſed people.

Marſeilles being a free port, there is a bureau about half a league from the city on the road to Aix, where all carriages undergo examination; and if any thing contraband is found, the vehicle, baggage, and even the horſes, are confiſcated. We eſcaped this diſagreeable ceremony by the ſagacity of our driver. Of his own accord, he declared at the bureau, that we had bought a pound of coffee and ſome ſugar at Marſeilles, and were ready to pay the duty, which amounted to about ten ſols. They took the money, gave him a receipt, and let the carriage paſs without further queſtion.

I propoſed to ſtay one night only at Aix: But Mr. A—, who is here, had found ſuch benefit from drinking the waters, that I was perſuaded to make trial of them for eight or ten days. I have accordingly taken private lodgings, and drank them every morning at the fountain head, not without finding conſiderable benefit. In my next, I ſhall ſay ſomething further of theſe waters, though I am afraid they will not prove a ſource of much entertainment. It will be ſufficient for me to find them contribute in any degree to the health of,

Dear Sir,

Yours aſſuredly.

LETTER XL.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Boulogne, May* 23. 1765.

I FOUND three Engliſh families at Aix, with whom I could have paſſed my time very agreeably; but the ſociety is now diſſolved. Mr. S—re and his lady left the place in a few days after we arrived. Mr. A—r and Lady Betty are gone to Geneva; and Mr. G—r with his family remains at Aix. This gentleman, who laboured under a moſt dreadful nervous aſthma, has obtained ſuch relief from this climate, that he intends to ſtay another year in the place: And Mr. A—r found ſurpriſing benefit from drinking the waters, for a ſcorbutical complaint. As I was incommoded by both theſe diſorders, I could not but, in juſtice to myſelf, try the united efforts of the air and the waters; eſpecially as this conſideration was reinforced by the kind and preſſing exhortations of Mr. A—r and lady Betty, which I could not in gratitude reſiſt.

Aix, the capital of Provence, is a large city, watered by the ſmall river Are. It was a Roman colony, ſaid to be founded by Caius Sextus Calvinus, above a century before the birth of Chriſt. From the ſource of mineral water here found, added to the conſul's name, it was called Aquæ Sextiæ. It was here that Marius, the conqueror of the Teutones, fixed his head quarters, and embelliſhed the place with temples, aqueducts, and thermæ, of which, however, nothing now remains. The city, as it now ſtands, is well built, though the ſtreets in general are narrow, and kept in a very dirty condition. But it has a noble *cours* planted with double rows of tall trees, and adorned with three or four fine fountains, the middlemoſt of which diſcharges hot water ſupplied from the ſource of the baths. On each ſide there is a row of elegant houſes, inhabited chiefly by the nobleſſe, of which there is here a conſiderable number. The parliament, which is held at Aix, brings hither a great reſort of people; and as many of the inhabitants are perſons of faſhion, they are well bred, gay,

and ſociable. The Duc de Villars, who is governor of the province, reſides on the ſpot, and keeps an open aſſembly, where ſtrangers are admitted without reſerve, and made very welcome, if they will engage in play, which is the ſole occupation of the whole company. Some of our Engliſh people complain, that when they were preſented to him, they met with a very cold reception. The French, as well as other foreigners, have no idea of a man of family and faſhion, without the title of duke, count, marquis, or lord, and where an Engliſh gentleman is introduced by the ſimple expreſſion of *monſieur tel*, they think he is ſome plebeian unworthy of any particular attention.

Aix is ſituated in a bottom, almoſt ſurrounded by hills which, however, do not ſcreen it from the Bize, or north wind, that blows extremely ſharp in the winter and ſpring, rendering the air almoſt inſupportably cold, and very dangerous to thoſe who have ſome kinds of pulmonary complaints, ſuch as tubercules, abſceſſes, or ſpitting of blood. Lord H——, who paſſed part of laſt winter in this place, afflicted with ſome of theſe ſymptoms, grew worſe every day while he continued at Aix: But he no ſooner removed to Marſeilles than all his complaints abated; ſuch a difference there is in the air of theſe two places, though the diſtance between them does not exceed ten or twelve miles. But the air of Marſeilles, though much more mild than that of Aix in the winter, is not near ſo warm as the climate of Nice, where we find in plenty ſuch flowers, fruit, and vegetables, even in the ſevereſt ſeaſons, as will not grow and ripen even in Marſeilles or Toulon.

If the air of Aix is diſagreeably cold in the winter, it is rendered quite inſufferable in the ſummer, from exceſſive heat, occaſioned by the reflection from the rocks and mountains, which at the ſame time obſtruct the circulation of air: For it muſt be obſered, that the ſame mountains which ſerve as funnels and canals, to collect and diſcharge the keen blaſts of winter, will provide ſcreens to intercept entirely the faint breezes of ſummer. Aix, though pretty well provided with butchers meat, is very ill ſupplied with pot-herbs; and they have no poultry, but what comes at a vaſt diſtance from the

Lionnois. They ſay their want of roots, cabbage, cauliflower, &c. is owing to a ſcarcity of water; but the truth is, they are very bad gardeners. Their oil is good and cheap; their wine is indifferent; but their chief care ſeems employed on the culture of ſilk, the ſtaple of Provence, which is every where ſhaded with plantations of mulberry trees, for the nouriſhment of the worms. Notwithſtanding the boaſted cheapneſs of every article of houſekeeping in the ſouth of France, I am perſuaded a family may live for leſs money at York, Durham, Hereford, and in many other cities of England, than at Aix in Provence; keep a more plentiful table, and be much more comfortably ſituated in all reſpects. I found lodging and proviſions at Aix fifty per cent. dearer than at Montpellier, which is counted the deareſt place in Languedoc.

The baths of Aix, ſo famous in antiquity, were quite demoliſhed by the irruptions of the Barbarians. The very ſource of the water was loſt, till the beginning of the preſent century (I think the year 1704), when it was diſcovered by accident, in digging for the foundation of a houſe, at the foot of a hill, juſt without the city wall. Near the ſame place was found a ſmall ſtone altar, with the figure of a Priapus, and ſome letters in capitals, which the antiquarians have differently interpreted. From this figure, it was ſuppoſed that the waters were efficacious in caſes of barrenneſs. It was a long time, however, before any perſon would venture to uſe them internally, as it did not appear that they had ever been drank by the ancients. On their re-appearance, they were chiefly uſed for baths to horſes, and other beaſts which had the mange, and other cutaneous eruptions. At length poor people began to bathe in them for the ſame diſorders, and received ſuch benefit from them, as attracted the attention of more curious inquirers. A very ſuperficial and imperfect analyſis was made and publiſhed, with a few remarkable hiſtories of the cures they had performed, by three different phyſicians of thoſe days; and thoſe little treatiſes, I ſuppoſe, encouraged valetudinarians to drink them without ceremony. They were found ſerviceable in the gout, the gravel, ſcurvy, dropſy, palſy, and

geſtion, aſthma, and conſumption; and their fame ſoon extended itſelf all over Languedoc, Gaſcony, Dauphiné, and Provence. The magiſtrates, with a view to render them more uſeful and commodious, have raiſed a plain building, in which there are a couple of private baths, with a bed-chamber adjoining to each, where individuals may uſe them both internally and externally, for a moderate expence. Theſe baths are paved with marble, and ſupplied with water, each by a large braſs cock, which you can turn at pleaſure. At one end of this edifice, there is an octagon, open at top, having a baſon, with a ſtone pillar in the middle, which diſcharges water from the ſame ſource, all round, by eight ſmall braſs cocks; and hither people of all ranks come of a morning, with their glaſſes, to drink the water, or waſh their ſores, or ſubject their contracted limbs to the ſtream. This laſt operation, called the *douche*, however, is more effectually undergone in the private bath, where the ſtream is much more powerful. The natural warmth of this water, as nearly as I can judge from recollection, is about the ſame degree of temperature with that in the Queen's Bath, at Bath, in Somerſetſhire. It is perfectly tranſparent, ſparkling in the glaſs, light and agreeable to the taſte, and may be drank without any preparation, to the quantity of three or four pints at a time. There are many people at Aix who ſwallow fourteen half-pint glaſſes every morning during the ſeaſon, which is in the month of May, though it may be taken with equal benefit all the year round. It has no ſenſible operation but by urine, an effect which pure water would produce, if drank in the ſame quantity.

If we may believe thoſe who have publiſhed their experiments, this water produces neither agitation, cloud, or change of colour, when mixed with acids, alcalies, tincture of galls, ſyrup of violets, or ſolution of ſilver. The reſidue, after boiling, evaporation, and filtration, affords a very ſmall proportion of purging ſalt, and calcareous earth, which laſt ferments with ſtrong acids. As I had neither hydrometer nor thermometer to aſcertain the weight and warmth of this water, nor time to procure the proper utenſils to make the preparations, and repeat the experiments neceſſary to ex-

hibit a complete analyſis, I did not pretend to enter upon this proceſs; but contented myſelf with drinking, bathing, and uſing the *douche*, which perfectly anſwered my expectation, having in eight days almoſt cured an ugly ſcorbutic tetter, which had for ſome time deprived me of the uſe of my right hand. I obſerved that the water, when uſed externally, left always a kind of oily appearance on the ſkin; that, when we boiled it at home in an earthen pot, the ſteams ſmelled like thoſe of ſulphur, and even affected my lungs in the ſame manner; but the bath itſelf ſmelled ſtrong of a lime kiln. The water after ſtanding all night in a bottle, yielded a remarkably vinous taſte and odour, ſomething analogous to that of dulcified ſpirit of nitre. Whether the active particles conſiſt of a volatile vitriol, or a very fine petroleum, or a mixture of both, I ſhall not pretend to determine; but the beſt way I know of diſcovering whether it is really impregnated with a vitriolic principle, too ſubtile and fugitive for the uſual operations of chemiſtry, is to place bottles filled with wine in the bath or adjacent room, which wine, if there is really a volatile acid, in any conſiderable quantity, will be pricked in eight and forty hours.

Having ordered our coach to be refitted, and provided with freſh horſes, as well as with another poſtillion, in conſequence of which improvements I paid at the rate of a Loui'dore per diem to Lyons and back again, we departed from Aix, and the ſecond day of our journey paſſing the Durance in a boat, lay at Avignon. This river, the Druentia of the ancients, is a conſiderable ſtream, extremely rapid, which deſcends from the mountains, and diſcharges itſelf in the Rhone. After violent rains, it extends its channel, ſo as to be impaſſable, and often overflows the country to a great extent. In the middle of a plain, betwixt Orgon and this river, we met the coach in which we had travelled eighteen months before, from Lyons to Montpellier conducted by our old driver Joſeph, who had no ſooner recognized my ſervant at a diſtance, by his muſquetoon, than he came running towards our carriage, and, ſeizing my hand, even ſhed tears of joy. Joſeph had been travelling

through Spain, and was ſo embrowned by the ſun, that he might have paſſed for an Iroquois. I was much pleaſed with the marks of gratitude which the poor fellow expreſſed towards his benefactors. He had ſome private converſation with our *voiturier*, whoſe name was Claude, to whom he gave ſuch a favourable character of us, as in all probability induced him to be wonderfully obliging during the whole journey.

You know Avignon is a large city belonging to the pope. It was the *Avenio Cavarum* of the ancients, and changed maſters ſeveral times, belonging ſucceſſively to the Romans, Burgundians, Franks, the kingdom of Arles, the counts of Provence, and the ſovereigns of Naples. It was ſold in the fourteenth century by Queen Jane I. of Naples, to Pope Clement VI. for the ſum of eighty thouſand florins, and, ſince that period, has continued under the dominion of the See of Rome. Not but that when the Duc de Crequi, the French ambaſſador, was inſulted at Rome in the year 1662, the parliament of Provence paſſed an arret, declaring the city of Avignon, and the county Venaiſſin, part of the ancient domain of Provence; and therefore re-united it to the crown of France, which accordingly took poſſeſſion; though it was afterwards reſtored to the Roman See at the peace of Piſa. The pope, however, holds it by a precarious title, at the mercy of the French king, who may one day be induced to reſume it, upon payment of the original purchaſe-money. As a ſucceſſion of popes reſided here for the ſpace of ſeventy years, the city could not fail to be adorned with a great number of magnificent churches and convents, which are richly embelliſhed with painting, ſculpture, ſhrines, reliques, and tombs. Among the laſt, is that of the celebrated Laura, whom Petrarch has immortalized by his poetry, and for whom Francis I. of France, took the trouble to write an epitaph. Avignon is governed by a vice-legate from the pope, and the police of the city is regulated by the conſuls. It is a large place, ſituated in a fruitful plain, ſurrounded by high walls built of hewn ſtone, which on the weſt ſide are waſhed by the Rhone. Here was a noble bridge over the river,

but it is now in ruins. On the other ſide, a branch of the Sorgue runs through part of the city. This is the river anciently called Sulga, formed by the famous fountain of Vaucluſe in this neighbourhood, where the poet Petrarch reſided. It is a charming tranſparent ſtream, abounding with excellent trout and cray fiſh. We paſſed over it on a ſtone bridge, in our way to Orange, the *Arauſio Cavarum* of the Romans, ſtill diſtinguiſhed by ſome noble monuments of antiquity. Theſe conſiſt of a circus, an aqueduct, a temple, and a triumphal arch, which laſt was erected in honour of Caius Marius, and Luctatius Catullus, after the great victory they obtained in this country over the Cimbri and Teutones. It is a very magnificent edifice, adorned on all ſides with trophies and battles in baſſo relievo. The ornaments of the architecture, and the ſculpture, are wonderfully elegant for the time in which it was erected; and the whole is ſurpriſingly well preſerved, conſidering its great antiquity. It ſeems to me to be as entire and perfect as the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. Next day we paſſed two very impetuous ſtreams, the Drome and the Iſere. The firſt, which very much reſembles the Var, we forded; but the Iſere we croſſed in a boat, which, as well as that upon the Durance, is managed by the *traille*, a moveable or running pulley, on a rope ſtretched between two wooden machines erected on the oppoſite ſides of the river. The contrivance is ſimple and effectual, and the paſſage equally ſafe and expeditious. The boatman has nothing to do, but, by means of a long maſſy rudder, to keep the head obliquely to the ſtream, the force of which puſhes the boat along, the block to which it is fixed ſliding upon the rope from one ſide to the other. All theſe rivers take their riſe from the mountains, which are continued through Provence and Dauphiné, and fall into the Rhone; and all of them, when ſwelled by ſudden rains, overflow the flat country. Although Dauphiné affords little or no oil, it produces excellent wines, particularly thoſe of Hermitage and Cote-roti. The firſt of theſe is ſold on the ſpot for three livres the bottle, and the other for two. The country likewiſe yields a conſider-

able quantity of corn, and a good deal of graſs. It is well watered with ſtreams, and agreeably ſhaded with wood. The weather was pleaſant, and we had a continued ſong of nightingales from Aix to Fountainbleau.

I cannot pretend to ſpecify the antiquities of Vienne, anciently called Vienna Allobrogum. It was a Roman colony, and a conſiderable city, which the ancients ſpared no pains and expence to embelliſh. It is ſtill a large town ſtanding among ſeveral hills on the banks of the Rhone, though all its former ſplendor is eclipſed, its commerce decayed, and moſt of its antiquities are buried in ruins. The church of Notre Dame de la Vie was undoubtedly a temple. On the left of the road, as you enter it, by the gate of Avignon, there is a handſome obeliſk, or rather pyramid, about thirty feet high, raiſed upon a vault ſupported by four pillars of the Tuſcan order. It is certainly a Roman work, and Montfaucon ſuppoſes it to be a tomb, as he perceived an oblong ſtone jetting out from the middle of the vault, in which the aſhes of the defunct were probably contained. The ſtory of Pontius Pilate, who is ſaid to have ended his days in this place, is a fable. On the ſeventh day of our journey from Aix, we arrived at Lyons, where I ſhall take my leave of you for the preſent, being with great truth,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne, June* 13. 1765.

I AM at laſt in a ſituation to indulge my view with a ſight of Britain, after an abſence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleaſure I feel while I ſurvey the white cliffs of Dover at this diſtance. Not that I am at all affected by the *neſcia qua dulcedine natalis ſoli* of Horace. That ſeems to be a kind of fanaticiſm founded on the prejudices of education, which induces a Laplander to place the terreſtrial paradiſe

among the ſnows of Norway, and a Swiſs to prefer the barren mountains of Solleure to the fruitful plains of Lombardy. I am attached to my county, becauſe it is the land of liberty, cleanlineſs, and convenience: But I love it ſtill more tenderly, as the ſcene of all my intereſting connections; as the habitation of my friends, for whoſe converſation, correſpondence, and eſteem, I wiſh alone to live.

Our journey hither from Lyons produced neither accident nor adventure worth notice; but abundance of little vexations, which may be termed the Plagues of Poſting. At Lyons, where we ſtaid only a few days, I found a return-coach, which I hired to Paris for ſix Loui'dores. It was a fine roomy carriage, elegantly furniſhed, and made for travelling, ſo ſtrong and ſoild in all its parts, that there was no danger of its being ſhaken to pieces by the roughneſs of the road: But its weight and ſolidity occaſioned ſo much friction between the wheels and the axle-tree, that we ran the riſk of being ſet on fire three or four times a-day. Upon a juſt compariſon of all circumſtances, poſting is much more eaſy, convenient, and reaſonable in England than in France. The Engliſh carriages, horſes, harneſs, and roads are much better; and the poſtillions more obliging and alert. The reaſon is plain and obvious. If I am ill uſed at the poſt-houſe in England, I can be accommodated elſewhere. The publicans on the road are ſenſible of this, and therefore they vie with each other in giving ſatisfaction to travellers. But in France, where the poſt is monopolized, the poſt-maſters and poſtillions, knowing that the traveller depends entirely upon them, are the more negligent and remiſs in their duty, as well as the more encouraged to inſolence and impoſition. Indeed, the ſtranger ſeems to be left entirely at the mercy of thoſe fellows, except in large towns, where he may have recourſe to the magiſtrate or commanding officer. The poſt ſtands very often by itſelf in a lone country ſituation, or in a paltry village, where the poſt-maſter is the principal inhabitant; and in ſuch a caſe, if you ſhould be ill-treated, by being ſupplied with bad horſes; if you ſhould be delayed on frivolous pretences, in order to ex-

tort money; if the poſtillions ſhould drive at a waggon pace, with a view to provoke your impatience; or ſhould you in any ſhape be inſulted by them or their maſters; I know not any redreſs you can have, except by a formal complaint to the comptroller of the poſts, who is generally one of the miniſters of ſtate, and pays little or no regard to any ſuch repreſentations. I know an Engliſh gentlemen, the brother of an earl, who wrote a letter of complaint to the Duc de Villars, governor of Provence, againſt the poſt-maſter of Antibes, who had inſulted and impoſed upon him. The duke anſwered his letter, promiſing to take order that the grievance ſhould be redreſſed; and never thought of it after. Another great inconvenience which attends poſting in France is, that if you are retarded by any accident, you cannot, in many parts of the kingdom, find a lodging, without perhaps travelling two or three poſts farther than you would chooſe to go, to the prejudice of your health, and even the hazard of your life; whereas, on any part of the poſt-road in England, you will meet with tolerable accommodation at every ſtage. Through the whole ſouth of France, except in large cities, the inns are cold, damp, dark, diſmal, and dirty; the landlords equally diſobliging and rapacious; the ſervants awkward, ſluttiſh, and ſlothful; and the poſtillions lazy, lounging, greedy, and impertinent. If you chide them for lingering, they will continue to delay you the longer: If you chaſtiſe them with ſword, cane, cudgel, or horſe-whip, they will either diſappear entirely, and leave you without reſource, or they will find means to take vengeance by overturning your carriage. The beſt method I know of travelling with any degree of comfort, is to allow yourſelf to become the dupe of impoſition, and ſtimulate their endeavours by extraordinary gratifications. I laid down a reſolution (and kept it) to give no more than four and twenty ſols per poſt between the two poſtillions; but I am now perſuaded, that for threepence a poſt more, I ſhould have been much better ſerved, and ſhould have performed the journey with much greater pleaſure. We met with no adventures upon the road worth reciting. The firſt day we were retarded above

two hours by the Ducheſs D——lle, and her ſon the Duc de R—f—t, who, by virtue of an order from the miniſter, had anticipated all the horſes at the poſt. They accoſted my ſervant, and aſked if his maſter was a lord? He thought proper to anſwer in the affirmative; upon which the duke declared he muſt certainly be of French extraction, inaſmuch as he obſerved the lilies of France in his arms on the coach. This young nobleman ſpoke a little Engliſh. He aſked whence we had come; and underſtanding we had been in Italy, deſired to know whether the man liked France or Italy beſt? Upon his giving France the preference, he clapped him on the ſhoulder, and ſaid he was a lad of good taſte. The ducheſs aſked if her ſon ſpoke Engliſh well, and ſeemed mightily pleaſed when my man aſſured her he did. They were much more free and condeſcending with my ſervant than with myſelf; for, though we ſaluted them in paſſing, and were even ſuppoſed to be perſons of quality, they did not open their lips while we ſtood cloſe by them at the inn door till their horſes were changed. They were going to Geneva; and their equipage conſiſted of three coaches and ſix, with five domeſtics a horſeback. The ducheſs was a tall, thin, raw-boned woman, with her head cloſe ſhaved. This delay obliged us to lie two poſts ſhort of Macon, at a ſolitary auberge called Maiſon Blanche, which had nothing white about it but the name. The Lionnois is one of the moſt agreeable and beſt cultivated countries I ever beheld, diverſified with hill, dale, wood, and water, laid out in extenſive cornfields and rich meadows, well ſtocked with black cattle; and adorned with a ſurpriſing number of towns, villages, villas, and convents, generally ſituated on the brows of gently ſwelling hills, ſo that they appear to the greateſt advantage. What contributes in a great meaſure to the beauty of this, and the Maconnis, is the charming paſtoral Soame, which from the city of Chalons winds its ſilent courſe ſo ſmooth and gentle, that one can ſcarce diſcern which way its current flows. It is this placid appearance that tempts ſo many people to bathe in it at Lyons, where a good number of individuals are drowned every ſummer: Whereas, there is no inſtance of any

perſons thus periſhing in the Rhone, the rapidity of it deterring every body from bathing in its ſtream. Next night we paſſed at Beaune, where we found nothing good but the wine, for which we paid forty ſols the bottle. At Chalons our axle-tree took fire; an accident which detained us ſo long, that it was ten before we arrived at Auxerre, where we lay. In all probability we muſt have lodged in the coach, had not we been content to take four horſes, and pay for ſix, two poſts ſucceſſively. The alternative was, either to proceed with four on thoſe terms, or ſtay till the other horſes ſhould come in and be refreſhed. In ſuch an emergency, I would adviſe the traveller to put up with the four, and he will find the poſtillions ſo much upon their mettle, that thoſe ſtages will be performed ſooner than the others in which you have the full compliment.

There was an Engliſh gentleman laid up at Auxerre with a broken arm, to whom I ſent my compliments, with offers of ſervice; but his ſervant told my man that he did not chooſe to ſee any company, and had no occaſion for my ſervice. This ſort of reſerve ſeems peculiar to the Engliſh diſpoſition. When two natives of any other country chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's embrace like old friends, even though they have never heard of one another till that moment; whereas, two Engliſhmen in the ſame ſituation maintain a mutual reſerve and diffidence, and keep without the ſphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulſive power. We only ſtopped to change horſes at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, which is a venerable old city; but we paſſed part of a day at Sens, and viſited a manufacture of that ſtuff we call Manchester velvet, which is here made and dyed to great perfection, under the direction of Engliſh workmen, who have been ſeduced from their own country. At Fountainbleau, we went to ſee the palace, or, as it is called, the caſtle, which, though an irregular pile of building, affords a great deal of lodging, and contains ſome very noble apartments, particularly the hall of audience, with the king's and queen's chambers, upon which the ornaments of carving and gilding are laviſhed with profuſion rather

than propriety. Here are ſome rich parterres of flower-garden, and a noble orangerie, which, however, we did not greatly admire, after having lived among the natural orange groves of Italy. Hitherto we had enjoyed fine ſummer weather, and I found myſelf ſo well, that I imagined my health was entirely reſtored: But betwixt Fountainbleau and Paris, we were overtaken by a black ſtorm of rain, ſleet, and hail, which ſeemed to reinſtate winter in all its rigour; for the cold weather continues to this day. There was no reſiſting this attack. I caught cold immediately; and this was reinforced at Paris, where I ſtaid but three days. The ſame man (Paſcal Sellier, rüe Guenegaud, Fauxbourg St. Germain) who owned the coach that brought us from Lyons, ſupplied me with a returned berline to Boulogne, for ſix Louid'ores, and we came hither by eaſy journeys. The firſt night we lodged at Breteuil, where we found an elegant inn, and very good accommodation. But the next we were forced to take up our quarters at the houſe where we had formerly paſſed a very diſagreeable night at Abbeville. I am now in tolerable lodging, where I ſhall remain a few weeks, merely for the ſake of a little repoſe; then I ſhall gladly tempt that invidious ſtrait which ſtill divides you from

Yours, &c.

A REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.

Kept at Nice, from November 1763 to March 1765.

Thermometers uſed in keeping the following Regiſter.

One of mercury, conſtructed after the manner of Reamur, having on the ſcale 10 degrees from ice to temperate, 20 degrees ſilk-worm heat, boiling-water 80 degrees. The exceſſive heat at Paris 1707, at 35 degrees.

One of ſpirit of wine, conſtructed by Chateauneuf, graduated in the ſame manner. The ſpirit in this Thermometer riſes at Senegal to 38, in France very rarely to 30, and in Peru, under the line, very ſeldom above 25.

They were placed in the ſhade, in a room without a fire, in a ſoutherly expoſition; and the obſervations made between ten and eleven in the forenoon.

The town of Nice is ſituated in the bay of Antibes, latitude forty-three degrees, forty minutes north; eaſt longitude from London, ſeven degrees, twenty-five minutes, equidiſtant from Marſeilles, Genoa, and Turin, that is about ninety Engliſh miles. The north wind blows over the maritime Alps, at the feet of which the town is ſituated; the ſouth from Cape Bona, on the coaſt of Barbary, ſweeping the iſlands of Sardinia and Corſica in its paſſage; the eaſt from the Riviera of Genoa; and the weſt from Provence.

The town of Nice is wedged between a ſteep rock to the eaſtward, and the river Paglion, which waſhes the wall upon the weſt, and falls into the Mediterranean, within thirty yards of the corner baſtion.

This river is but a ſcanty ſtream, fed chiefly by the melting of the ſnow upon the mountains. It is ſometimes ſwelled to a great depth, by ſudden torrents: But in the ſummer it is uſually dry.

The town of Nice is built of ſtone, and the ſtreets are narrow. It is ſaid to contain twelve thouſand inhabitants, in which caſe they muſt be much crowded, for the place is but ſmall. There is a bridge of three arches over the Paglion, which is the entrance from the ſide of Provence. Nice is ſurrounded on this ſide by a wall and rampart of no ſtrength: On the other ſide it is commanded by a high rock, on which appear the ruins of an old caſtle, which was once deemed impregnable. It was taken, and diſmantled by Mareſchal Catinat, in the reign of Victor Amadeus, father to the preſent king of Sardinia. To the eaſtward of this rock is the harbour of Nice, in which there is not depth of water ſufficient for ſhips of any burden. The hills begin to riſe about a ſhort mile from the north gate of the town. The Var falls into the ſea about four miles to the weſtward; and is fordable at the village of St. Laurent, which ſtands on the French ſide, near the mouth of the river. The ſpace between the Var and Nice, is a ſucceſſion of agreeable eminences, adorned with a great number of white houſes, or caſſines, ſurrounded by plantations of olives, vines, oranges, lemons, and citrons. The air of Nice is pure and penetrating, yet mild, generally dry, and elaſtic; and the ſky is remarkably clear and ſerene. The well-water is

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Mar.			
25	5 1-half	7 1-half	Wind north, cloudy, gleams of ſun-ſhine, calm.
26	7	9 1-half	north-north-eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm.
27	6 1-half	8 1-half	north-north-eaſt, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
28	9	11	eaſterly, a freſh breeze, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy—Evening, ſome rain.
29	8	10	eaſterly, fair weather } remarkably clear ſky, ſun warm, mercury and ſpirit riſe 3 deg. about noon.
30	9	11	eaſt, fair weather }
31	8 1-half	10 1-half	eaſt, fair weather }
Apr.			
1	9	10 1-half	ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, eclipſe of the ſun, at 9 hour 25 min. ended at 12 hour 29 min. its breadth 9 digits 46 min.
2	9	11	eaſterly, fair weather, } remarkably clear ſky, ſun hot.
3	9	10	eaſterly, fair weather, }
4	10	11 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, }
5	11	12	eaſterly, fair weather.
6	12	13	eaſterly, fair weather--Afternoon, calm and cloudy—At five, wind ſouth, a freſh breeze, ſprinkling drops of rain.
7	9 1-half	11	eaſterly, almoſt calm, rainy weather.
8	8 1-half	10	eaſterly, almoſt calm, rain.
9	8 1-half	10 1-half	ſoutherly, cloudy weather, ſhowers—Afternoon, heavy rain, mercury and ſpirit fell two degrees, ſnow upon the diſtant hills.
10	7 1-half	10	ſoutherly, fair weather—Afternoon, blows freſh, air cold—Heavy rain in the night, ſnow on the hills.
11	7	9	northerly, heavy ſhowers in the morning—At noon, blows freſh, ſky watery, ſnow on the hills.
12	7	9	north-weſt, blows freſh, fair weather, ſky watery.
13	10	11 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather.
14	10	11 1-half	weſterly, blows freſh, fair weather, air ſharp.
15	10 1-half	12	eaſterly, blows freſh, fair weather, air ſharp.
16	10 1-half	12	eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy, little wind in the morning—At noon, ſqually, at ſouth-ſouth-weſt, blows hard at night.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Apr.			
17	12	14	Wind ſouth-weſt, blows freſh, fair weather, ſky clear—At noon, calm—At five in the afternoon, ſudden ſqualls, which continued at ſhort intervals all night.
18	12 1-half	15	weſterly, blows freſh, clear ſky, warm.
19	12	13 1-half	weſterly, blows freſh, clear ſky, warm.
20	12 1-half	13 1-half	ſoutherly, clear ſky, warm, little wind —Orange harveſt.
21	11 1-half	13	ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, ſky a little cloudy, air ſharp, little wind.
22	11	12 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
23	9	10 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
24	9 1-half	11	eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, ſnow on the diſtant hills.
25	9 1-half	11	eaſterly, fair—Wind riſes like the ſea breeze in Jamaica, about nine in the morning, and ſubſides about four or five in the afternoon.
26	9 1-half	11	eaſterly, calm, cloudy—Ripe ſtrawberries, wheat in the ear, rye ſeven or eight feet high.
27	9	10 1-half	northerly, blows freſh, air ſharp—About noon, ſprinkling ſhowers, dark cloudy weather—Afternoon, fair weather, wind eaſterly, ſnow on the diſtant hills.
28	8	10	eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp—Strawberries in the market.
29	9	11	eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
30	8 1-half	10 1-half	eaſterly, ſky cloudy—Sprinkling rain at noon—Afternoon and evening, fair weather—Wheat in the ear.
May			
1	9 1-half	11	eaſterly, fair weather, air warm, clear ſky.
2	10	11 1-half	eaſterly, fair mild weather, ſnow ſtill upon the mountains, clear ſky.
3	10 1-half	11 1-half	ſouth-weſt, fair weather—The mercury in the thermometer at four in the afternoon, riſen to 14—Clear ſky—Ripe cherries.
4	11	12	ſouth-weſt, fair weather, ſun warm, clear ſky—Orange and lemon trees covered with bloſſoms.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
May			
5	11	13	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, mercury continues to riſe.
6	12 1-half	13	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky—Some ripe figs.
7	14	14	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky.
8	14	14	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky.
9	14 1-half	15	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky.
10	14	14 1-half	ſouth-eaſt, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
11	13	13 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky.
12	13	13 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſky a little cloudy.
13	13	13 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
14	14	14 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky—Afternoon, cloudy, ſome drops of rain.
15	14	14 1-half	eaſterly, ſky cloudy.
16	14 1-half	14 1-half	eaſterly, ſky cloudy—Afternoon, ſome drops of rain.
17	13 1-half	14	eaſterly, rain all day—Heavy ſhowers in the night.
18	13 1-half	14	ſouth-weſt, cloudy—Rain in the night.
19	12	13	eaſterly, cloudy.
20	12	12 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy, olive trees in bloſſom.
21	12	12 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy.
22	13	13 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky—Afternoon, the mercury roſe to 16, ſpirit to 17.
23	14	15	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
24	15 1-half	16	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
25	16	16 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot—Plump ſhower at ſeven in the evening.
26	17	17	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
27	17	17 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot—In the afternoon, the mercury and ſpirit up at 20 degrees, being the heat of ſilk worms.
28	17	17 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot—Afternoon, cloudy.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
May			
29	17	17 1-half	Wind eaſterly, fair weather——Evening, cloudy—Silk worms weaving.
30	17	17 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
31	17	17	eaſterly, fair weather—At noon, a little rain.
June			
1	16	16 1-4th	eaſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, wind ſoutherly, a freſh gale.
2	15 1-half	16	eaſterly, fair weather—Seaſon for winding the cocons of ſilk.
3	15	15	eaſterly, plump ſhower at four in the morning—Forenoon, fair weather.
4	15 1-4th	15 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather—Evening cloudy.
5	15	15 1-4th	ſoutherly, ſky cloudy——Afternoon, ſprinkling rain.
6	14 3-4ths	15	eaſterly, fair weather.
7	13 1-half	14	eaſterly, fair weather.
8	14	14 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather.
9	14 3-4ths	15	eaſterly, fair weather—Pears and plumbs in the market.
10	15 1-half	16	eaſterly, fair weather.
11	16 1-4th	16 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather.
12	17	17	eaſterly, fair weather—Corn ripe.
13	17	17	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, refreſhing
14	19	19	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, refreſhing
15	19 1-half	19	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, breezes
16	18 1-half	18 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—Ripe figs and apricots.
17	18	18	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
18	19 1-half	19	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, vermin troubleſome.
19	19 3-4ths	19	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—Removed to a country houſe within half a league of Nice.
20	20	20	eaſterly, fair weather, the two thermometers in the ſhade, the front of the houſe, expoſed to the eaſt and ſouth-eaſt.
21	21	21	eaſterly, ſky cloudy, ſun hot.
22	23	23 1-4th	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
23	23 1-half	23 1-4th	eaſterly, fair weather, great heat.
24	23 1-half	23 1-4th	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
25	23	22	eaſterly, fair weather, a little cloudy, ſun hot, refreſhing breeze.
26	22	21	eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing
27	22 1-half	21	eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing
28	22 1-3d	21 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, breezes.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
June			
29	24 1-half	24	Wind eaſterly, freſh gale—At three in the afternoon, the mercury up at 29 1-half, the ſpirit at 29, heat exceſſive.
30	22	21 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot—Returned to my houſe at Nice.
July			
1	21 1-half	21	eaſterly, fair weather, } warm.
2	22	21 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, }
3	22 1-half	21 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—Afternoon, plump ſhowers, mercury fallen to 18 1-3d, ſpirit to 18—Rain in the night.
4	19	19	northerly, cloudy—Evening, ſhowers.
5	18	18	eaſterly, fair weather—Seaſon for the anchovy fiſhery.
6	18	18	eaſterly, fair weather.
7	19	19	eaſterly, fair weather.
8	18 1-half	18	eaſterly, fair weather—In the evening, ſprinkling rain.
9	19	18 1-half	northerly, cloudy.
10	19 1-half	19	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—At night, a little ſprinkling rain.
11	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
12	19	19	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
13	20	19 1-half	ſouth, fair weather, at noon mercury roſe to 24 1-half.
14	21 1-half	20 1-half	weſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—Ripe peaches and apples.
15	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
16	20	19 1-half	ſoutherly, fair weather, ſun hot.
17	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, ſun hot.
18	19	18 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
19	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, ſky a little cloudy.
20	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
21	21	20 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot—Ripe water melons from Antibes.
22	22	21	eaſterly, fair weather, very hot.
23	22 1-half	21 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, very hot—Thunder in the night.
24	22	21	eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing breezes—At two in the afternoon, the mercury roſe to 26 1-half.
25	24	23	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot.
26	23	22	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
27	21 1-half	21	eaſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, wind weſterly.
28	23	22	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER
July			
29	22 1-half	21 1-half	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, ſultry.
30	23	22	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot—Ripe grapes—The mercury roſe at one to 26, the ſpirit to 25.
31	23	22	eaſterly, cloudy—Sprinkling ſhowers at noon.
Aug.			
1	22	21	eaſterly, fair weather—Some thunder in the afternoon.
2	22 1-half	22	ſouth-weſt, a freſh breeze, fair weather—Afternoon, wind increaſes, ſultry hot, the mercury and ſpirit in the thermometer riſe to 31.
3	23	22	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
4	22	21	eaſterly, fair weather.
5	21	20	eaſterly, fair weather.
6	21	20	eaſterly, fair weather.
7	21	20	ſoutherly, fair weather, a freſh breeze.
8	21	20	ſoutherly, freſh breeze, cloudy weather—Hard gale in the night at ſouth-weſt.
9	22	21	ſouth-weſt, a freſh breeze.
10	22	21	eaſterly, fair weather, freſh breeze.
11	21	20	north-weſt, cloudy—Forenoon, mizzling rain—Squalls in the evening.
12	21	20	weſt, fair weather.
13	21	20	eaſt, fair weather.
14	21	20	eaſt, fair weather.
15	20	19	eaſt, fair weather.
16	20	19	eaſt, fair weather—Noon, weather cloudy, wind north-weſt.
17	20	19	eaſt, fair weather.
18	20	19	eaſt, fair weather.
19	19	18	eaſterly, cloudy—At noon, a ſudden ſquall, with a little rain, wind ſouth-weſt, ſnow on the diſtant hills.
20	19	18	eaſterly, fair weather.
21	18	18	weſterly, fair weather.
22	19	19	eaſterly, fair weather.
23	19	19	eaſterly, fair weather.
24	19	18 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
25	19 1-half	19	eaſterly, fair weather—In the evening, cloſe and cloudy.
26	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather--Evening, cloudy.
27	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather—Evening, cloſe and cloudy.
28	20 1-half	20	eaſterly, fair weather--Evening, cloudy.
29	20 1-half	20	eaſterly, fair weather.

Day of the month.	*Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Aug.			
30	21	20 1-half	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
31	21 1-half	21	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
Sept.			
1	21 1-half	21	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
2	21 1-half	21	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
3	22	21 1-half	eaſterly, freſh breeze, cloudy—Afternoon, ſprinkling rain—In the night, thunder and lightning.
4	21	20	north-eaſt—Morning, thunder ſhowers—Forenoon, fair weather.
5	22	21	eaſterly—Morning, ſome clouds—Afternoon, wind weſterly, cloudy.
6	20 1-half	20	eaſterly—Morning, ſome clouds—Afternoon, fair weather.
7	19	18	eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
8	20	19	eaſterly, fair weather.
9	19 1-half	19	eaſterly, fair weather.
10	19	19	ſoutherly, fair weather—Afternoon, eaſterly wind—Evening, cloudy.
11	20	19 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather.
12	20 1-half	20	eaſterly, fair weather.
13	21	20 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather.
14	20	19	eaſterly, cloudy—At noon, ſome rain, wind weſterly—In the night, ſome rain and thunder.
15	20	19	ſoutherly, fair weather.
16	20	19	weſterly, fair weather.
17	19	18	weſterly, very high—Afternoon, mercury 20, ſpirit of wine 19, rain.
18	17	17	eaſterly, fair weather.
19	15 1-half	15 1-half	eaſterly, cloudy.
20	15	15	ſoutherly, fair weather.
21	14 1-half	15	eaſterly, cloudy.
22	15	15	eaſterly, fair weather.
23	15	15	weſterly, fair weather.
24	15	15	eaſterly, fair weather.
25	15	15	eaſterly, very high, fair weather.
26	15	15	eaſterly, fair weather.
27	14	14 1-half	weſterly, fair weather.
28	15	15	weſterly, fair weather.
29	13	13 1-half	weſterly, rain.
30	9	10	eaſterly, fair weather, ſnow upon the mountains.
Oct.			
1	8	9 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather——Afternoon, wind weſterly, very high.
2	9	10	weſterly, fair weather.
3	11	11	weſterly, fair weather.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Oct.			
4	12	12	Wind eaſterly, fair weather.
5	11	13	ſoutherly, cloudy weather.
6	13 1-half	14	eaſterly, fair weather.
7	13 1-half	14	ſoutherly, fair weather.
8	13	14	ſoutherly, cloudy—Afternoon, ſmall rain, vintage begun.
9	15	15	ſoutherly, fair weather.
10	15	15	eaſterly, fair weather——Afternoon, cloudy, ſome drops of rain.
11	14	14	eaſterly, fair weather.
12	15	15	weſterly, fair weather.
13	14 1-half	14	weſterly, cloudy——Afternoon, ſouth wind—Night, rain, ſouth wind, very high.
14	13	14	ſouth, cloudy.
15	12 1-half	13	ſoutherly, rain.
16	12	13	weſterly, cloudy.
17	12	13	weſterly, cloudy.
18	13	14	eaſterly, fair weather.
19	12	12 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather.
20	12 1-half	13	eaſterly, fair weather.
21	12 1-half	13	eaſterly, fair weather.
22	13 1-half	14	eaſterly, fair weather.
23	12 1-half	15	weſterly, fair weather——Afternoon, mercury 11 1-half, heavy rain, northerly wind.
24	8	9 1-half	northerly, cloudy.
25	8	10	northerly, clear ſky, ſharp air.
26	10 1-half	11 1-half	northerly, clear ſky.
27	7	8	northerly, ſky cloudy, air cold.
28	5 1-half	7	north-eaſt, ſky cloudy, air cold.
29	7 1-half	9	north eaſt, ſky clear, air very ſharp.
30	5	7	north, ſky clear, air very ſharp.
31	5 1-half	7 1-half	eaſt, ſky cloudy, air ſharp, oil harveſt begins.
Nov.			
1	5	7	north, ſky cloudy, air cold.
2	8	10	north-eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm,
3	10	11 1-half	north, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun warm, } little wind.
4	10	11 1-half	north, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun warm,
5	7 1-half	9	north, fair weather, ſun warm.
6	9	10 1-half	Little wind, eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm.
7	7	9	Wind weſt, blows freſh, ſky cloudy.
8	10	11 1-half	north, fair weather, ſun warm.

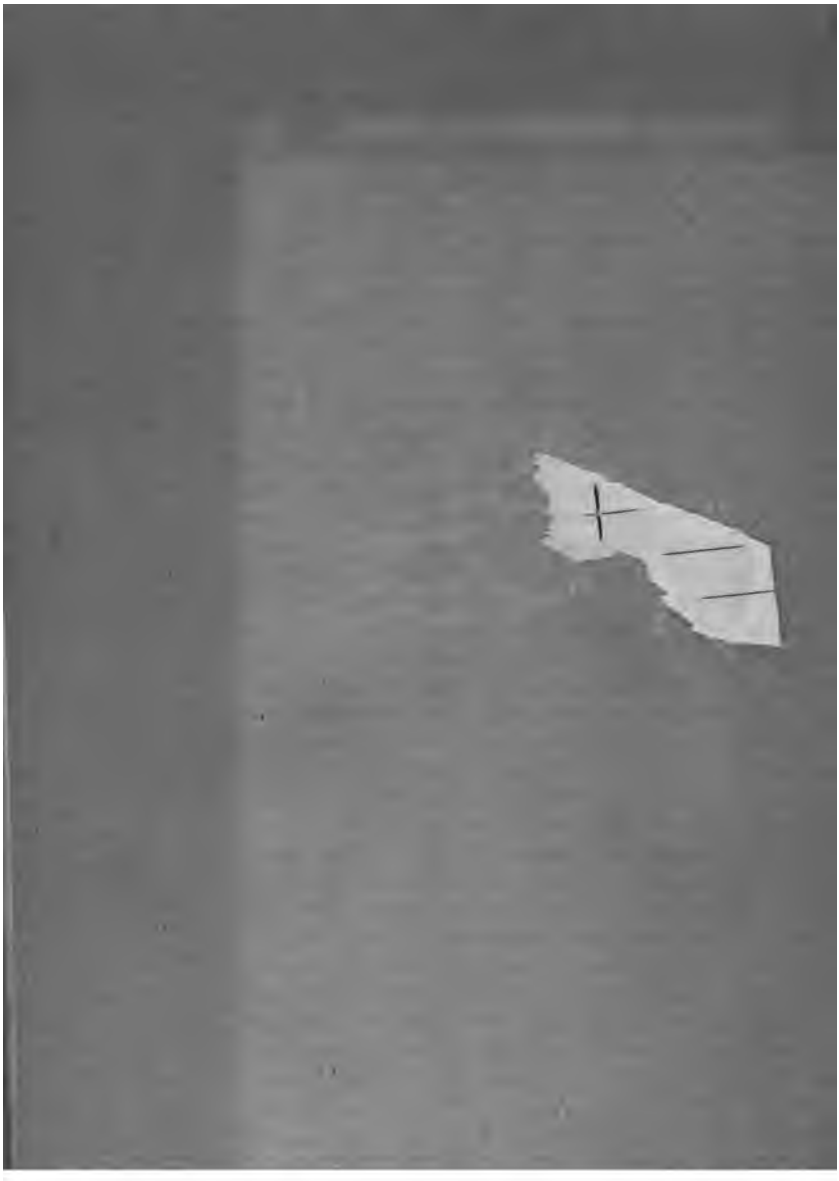
Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Nov.			
9	7	9	Wind eaſt, cloudy in the forenoon—Afternoon, fair weather.
10	7	9	north, cloudy.
11	7	9	eaſt, fair weather.
12	8 1-half	10	eaſt, cloudy.
13	10	11 1-half	eaſt, fine weather—Squalls of wind at night.
14	8	9 1-half	north-eaſt, fine weather.
15	7	9	north, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
16	5 1-half	7	north, mizzling rain—Heavy rain all night.
17	4	6	north-weſt—Rain all day, and in the night—Snow on the mountains.
18	5 1-half	7	eaſt, blows freſh, cloudy, with ſhowers—Heavy rain in the night.
19	6	8	north-weſt, cloudy, with ſhowers—At night, heavy rain.
20	5 1-half	7	north-weſt, cloudy, ſhowers—Heavy rain in the night.
21	5	7	north-weſt, cloudy.
22	4 1-half	5 1-half	weſterly, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather—Evening, overcaſt.
23	4	5	weſterly, cloudy—Afternoon and evening, rain.
24	3	4 1-half	eaſterly—Heavy rain all day, and all night.
25	3	4 1-half	north—Heavy rain all day—Snow on the mountains.
26	3 1-half	5	north, ſhowers, interſperſed with gleams of ſunſhine—Heavy rain in the night.
27	3 1-half	5	eaſterly, heavy ſhowers—Afternoon, fair weather.
28	3 1-half	5 1-half	eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky.
29	3 1-half	5 1-half	north-weſt, cloudy.
30	2 1-half	3 1-half	north, fair weather, clear ſky.
Dec.			
1	4	6	eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky.
2	2 1-half	4	north, fair weather, clear ſky.
3	3	5	north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather, clear ſky.
4	3	4 1-half	north, fair weather, clear ſky, air ſharp.
5	2 1-half	4 1-half	north, fair weather, clear ſky, air ſharp.
6	3	5	north, cloudy—High wind in the night.
7	3	5	eaſt, ſqualls and rain——Afternoon, windy.
8	2 1-half	4	north-weſt, clear weather.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. spirit deg. above Ice.	REGISTER of the WEATHER.
Dec.			
9	3	5	Wind north, clear weather.
10	3	5	north, fair weather.
11	2	5	weſt, rain in the forenoon—Afternoon, fair weather.
12	2	4	north, fair weather, air ſharp.
13	2 1-half	5	north, fair weather.
14	2	5	north, fair weather.
15	2	5	north-eaſt, cloudy——Evening, ſome rain.
16	2	5	north-eaſt, heavy rain and thunder at three in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy.
17	2	4 1-half	north-weſt, fair weather, air cold.
18	2	3 1-half	north, fair weather, air cold.
19	1 1-half	4	northerly, cloudy, air ſharp.
20	1	3 1-half	north-eaſt, mizzling rain.
21	1	3 1-half	north-weſt, mizzling rain.
22	1-half	3 1-half	north-weſt, weather damp and cloudy.
23	1	4	eaſterly, cloudy, damp weather—Rain in the night.
24	1	4	northerly, cloudy, damp weather.
25	1 1-half	5	eaſterly, cloudy, damp weather——Heavy rain in the night.
26	1 1-half	5	northerly, cloudy, damp weather——Heavy rain in the afternoon and evening.
27	1 1-half	4 1-half	northerly, fair weather.
28	1 1-half	4 1-half	northerly, cloudy.
29	1 1-half	4 1-half	northerly, cloudy—Mizzling rain in the evening.
30	1 3-4ths	5	eaſterly—Forenoon, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
31	2	5	eaſterly, cloudy weather.
1765. Jan.			
1	2 1-half	5 1-half	northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon, mizzling rain.
2	3	6	eaſterly, cloudy weather——Rain at noon—Heavy rain all the afternoon and night.
3		6	ſouth-eaſt, cloudy—Heavy rain, with ſome thunder in the afternoon and evening.
4	2 1-half	5	north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather.
5	2	4 1-half	north, fair weather.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Jan.			
6	2	4 1-half	Wind north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather.
7	2	5	north, cloudy—Sprinkling ſhower at one in the afternoon.
8	2 1-half	5 1-half	north, heavy rain at four in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy—Mizzling rain at noon.
9	2	5	eaſt, rain in the morning and forenoon.
10	2 1-half	5 1-half	eaſt, cloudy weather—Gleams of ſunſhine in the afternoon.
11	3	5 1-half	north-weſt, cloudy weather—Mizzling rain in the afternoon.
12	2	5	eaſterly, clear weather.
13	3	5 1-half	eaſterly, cloudy, with gleams of ſunſhine.
14	3	5 1-half	eaſterly, heavy rain, with ſqualls at three in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy——Afternoon and evening, heavy continued rain.
15	2 1-half	5	eaſterly, fair weather.
16	3	5 1-half	north, fair weather—At night, mizzling ſhowers,
17	3	5 1-half	eaſt, cloudy weather——Afternoon and evening, heavy rain.
18	3	5 1-half	north, cloudy weather.
			} great fall of ſnow on the mountains.
19	3	5 1-half	north, fair weather,
20	3	5 1-half	north, fair weather,
21	2 1-half	5	north, fair weather, } air ſharp.
22	3	5 1-half	eaſterly, blows freſh and cold, cloudy weather.
23	2	4 1-half	northerly, heavy rain.
24	2	4 1-half	northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon, rain.
25	1 1-half	4	eaſt, rainy weather—Evening, fair.
26	1 1-half	4	north-eaſt, blows freſh, heavy rain.
27	3	5	eaſterly, fair weather.
28	3	5	north, fair weather in the forenoon—Cloudy in the afternoon.
29	3	5 1-half	north, fair weather.
30	4	6	eaſt, fair weather.
31	4	6	eaſt, cloudy——Afternoon, mizzling rain.
Feb. 1	3	5	north-weſt, mizzling rain, fall of ſnow on the neighbouring mountains.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Feb.			
2	1 1-half	4	Wind north, cloudy.
3	1	3 1-half	eaſterly, cloudy and cold.
4	1-half	3	eaſterly, cloudy and cold—Afternoon, rain.
5	0	2 1-half	north, morning ſqually, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
6	0	2 1-half	north, fair weather—Evening, rain—Heavy rain in the night.
7	1-half	3	north, cloudy, with gleams of ſunſhine.
8	1-half	3 1-half	north, fair weather.
9	1	4	north, cloudy—Afternoon, clear.
10	1	4	north, cloudy, a ſprinkling rain.
11	1-half	3 1-half	north-weſt, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
12	1 1-half	4	north-weſt, fair weather.
13	1	3 1-half	north, fair weather.
14	1	3 1-half	ſouth-eaſt, cloudy—Evening, ſprinkling rain.
15	0	3	eaſt, cloudy and cold—Snow on the neighbouring hills.
16	1 deg. bel. ice.	2	north, dark and cold, with ſome ſleet—Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
17	3 ——	0	north—Morning, clear weather, air cold—Afternoon, overcaſt, rain and ſleet—Heavy rain in the night—Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
18	3 ——	0	north, cloudy, cold.
19	2 ——	2	north, cloudy, cold—Afternoon, evening, and night, heavy rain.
20	2 ——	2	northerly, heavy rain—Afternoon, fair.
21	2 ——	2	northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon, clear.
22	0	4	northerly, cloudy weathet—Afternoon and night, heavy rain, with ſome thunder.
23	0	3 1-half	northerly, cloudy.
24	1-half	3 1-half	north-eaſt, clear weather, } Evenings,
25	1	5	north-eaſt, fine weather. } fog on the
26	2 1-half	5 1-half	north-eaſt, fine weather. } mountains.
27	3	6	eaſterly, fine weather——Afternoon, cloudy—Rain all night.
28	3	5 1-half	eaſterly, rain all day and all night, with ſome thunder.
Mar.			
1	2	4 1-half	ſoutherly, rain.
2	1 1-half	4 1-half	northerly, fair weather, air ſharp.

Day of the month.	*Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER
Mar.			
3	3	5 1-half	Wind north-eaſt, fair weather, air ſharp.
4	2 1-half	4 1-half	north-eaſt, fair weather, air ſharp.
5	3	5 1-half	north-eaſt, fair weather—A little rain in the night.
6	3	5 1-half	eaſterly, mizzling rain.
7	4	5 1-half	north-weſt, rain, and cloudy weather.
8	3 1-half	6	eaſterly, cloudy weather in the morning, clears up at noon.
9	4 1-half	7	weſterly, fair weather——Afternoon ſhowers—Heavy rain in the night.
10	4	6	north-weſt, heavy rain all day.
11	3	5 1-half	north-weſt, blows freſh, clear weather.
12	3 1-half	6 1-half	north-weſt, blows freſh, cloudy—Rain in the night.
13	4	6 1-half	ſoutherly, rainy weather.
14	4	6	ſoutherly, fair weather.
15	5	7	ſoutherly, cloudy weather.
16	5	7	eaſterly, fair weather.
17	6 1-half	8 1-half	eaſterly, clouds and ſunſhine.
18	7	9	eaſterly, fair weather——Afternoon, overcaſt.
19	7 1-half	9 1-half	eaſterly, cloudy—Afternoon and evening, heavy rain.
20	7	9	eaſterly, cloudy—Afternoon, a little rain.
21	7	9	north-eaſt, cloudy.
22	7	9	eaſterly, fair weather.
23	7	9	eaſterly, fair weather.
24	8	10	eaſterly, clouds and ſunſhine.
25	8	10	eaſterly, cloudy.
26	8	10	eaſterly, fair weather.
27	8	10	eaſterly, clouds and ſunſhine.
28	8 1-half	11	eaſterly, fair weather.
29	9 1-half	11	eaſterly, fair weather—Evening, high wind at weſt.
30	9	11	weſterly, blows freſh.
31	9	11	northerly, fair weather, freſh breeze.
Apr.			
1			eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.
2			eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.
3			eaſterly, cloudy, air ſharp.
4			eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.
5			ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, air ſharp.
6			ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, air ſharp.
7			eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.
8			ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, a freſh breeze, air cold.

Day of the month.	*Reamur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.*	*Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.*	REGISTER *of the* WEATHER.
Apr.			
9			Wind eaſterly, fair weather.
10			eaſterly, freſh breeze, fair weather—Evening, high wind at ſouth-weſt.
11			ſouth-weſt, freſh breeze, fair weather.
12			ſoutherly, freſh breeze, fair weather.
13			eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.
14			eaſterly, cloudy weather.
15			eaſterly, fair weather.
16			eaſterly, fair weather.
17			eaſterly, cloudy and cold—Afternoon, ſprinkling rain—A fall of ſnow in the night, on the mountains.
18			eaſterly, fair weather, air cold.
19			eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.
20			eaſterly, ſhowers.
21			eaſterly, ſprinkling ſhowers.
22			eaſterly, at five in the morning a ſtorm of thunder, hail, and heavy rain—A fall of ſnow on the mountains.
23			eaſterly, at four in the morning, rain—Forenoon, cloudy.
24			eaſterly, rain in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.